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REPUTED TO REPRESENT BEN JONSON AND SHAKESPEARE PLAYING CHESS

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The
Columbia University Course
in
Literature



Shakespeare to Dryden



New York

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FROM SHAKESPEARE TO DRYDEN

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

THERE were many reasons (primarily, no doubt, the insular separation from the Continent) that made England lag behind Italy, France, and Spain in that revival of literature and the arts which we call the Renaissance. Chaucer, as we have seen, had been in contact with the upspringings of the new learning and the new literature in Italy and France, and had added to what he took from them the rich treasures of his own original genius. His successors were less gifted and less fortunate. Upon the exhaustion caused by the Hundred Years' War with France, there followed the civil disorders of the Wars of the Roses. Henry VII, by his prudent and economical government of the nation, laid the foundations of peace and prosperity; but dissension was again threatened by the religious troubles that arose in the reign of Henry VIII. The nation was apparently not ready for the reforming zeal of Edward VI's Protestant advisers, and was not at ease under the Catholic reaction led by Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain. Elizabeth initiated the policy of compromise between religious extremes which has enabled the Church of England to keep its place as a national institution for over three centuries. She insisted on national independence of foreign entanglements, and as long as she could she kept the country out of war. At the same time, she succeeded in arousing, not only among her courtiers, but among her people, a spirit of enthusiastic devotion to her personality so that they ultimately identified her with the glory of England and recognized her as a symbol and center of patriotic emotion. The extravagant expressions of affectionate laudation seem to us in our very different circumstances to reach the utmost limit of flattery, but Elizabeth (though her appetite for flattery was inordinate) was shrewd enough to know the value of queen-worship as an element of peace and security. It is not without reason that the most brilliant period in English literature is known as the Elizabethan Age, although she had little to do personally with its literary achievements, and indeed had been on the throne for over a quarter of a century before the most important of those literary achievements came to light. When we speak of the Elizabethan drama and of Elizabethan literature in general, what we have in mind is the period beginning about the time of the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 and extending for some years after the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603.

THE NEW WORLD

For the production of a great national literature, the establishment of a firm and orderly government, such as Elizabeth gave England, seems to be a

primary necessity; but this is not in itself enough. There must be also a sufficient stimulus to intellectual endeavor and imaginative interest, to artistic production and patriotic enthusiasm; this usually takes the form of a crisis which affords to the nation an opportunity for elevation of spirit and keen consciousness of its own achievements and power. Such a stimulus Elizabethan England found in the struggle with Spain for the control of the sea and a share of the New World. The discovery of America, by adding the trade routes of the Atlantic Ocean to those of the Mediterranean Sea, had shifted the commercial center of the world from the neighborhood of Genoa or Venice to somewhere on the coast of Western Europe. France, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands seemed likely at various times in the earlier period of exploration and settlement to take the lead, but to Spain by her predominant power and the Pope's decree was accorded a priority which guaranteed to her an enormous and immensely valuable transatlantic empire. At the opening of Elizabeth's reign England had no vestige of a colonial empire, and no claim to any beyond the very shadowy right conferred by Sebastian Cabot's discovery of the coast of North America when sailing under the flag of Henry VII of England in 1497. During Elizabeth's reign Martin Frobisher and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh not only broke in upon the monopoly of Spain, but made remarkable achievements in the exploration and settlement of the New World. By the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 they established English supremacy upon the sea and opened the way to enduring achievements in exploration, trade, and settlement. But before this, Francis Drake, the champion privateer of this heroic age or any other time, had already, in 1577-1580, sailed round the world, with much incidental plunder of Spanish treasure ships, and on arrival in the Thames had been knighted by Queen Elizabeth on the deck of his own vessel. Martin Frobisher had conducted important expeditions of exploration on the North Atlantic coast. Sir Walter Raleigh had begun in 1584 the attempts at settlement in North America which after several failures culminated in the foundation of the Colony of Virginia (so named in honor of the Virgin Queen) and the birth there of the first white American — Virginia Dare. In 1583 — the year before Raleigh's first venture — his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had laid the foundation of the British Colonial Empire by taking possession of Newfoundland in the name of the queen. Not long afterwards trading companies were formed — notably in 1600 the British East India Company which ultimately added India to the British possessions — and the Italian merchant fleet made its last voyage to London; the tide of commerce had definitely set the other way and London became the center of a large and growing overseas trade, both east and west.

It would have been astonishing if these remarkable changes had had no effect upon the minds of Englishmen and had found no expression in literature. In prose the most striking evidence of contemporary interest is the collection made by Richard Hakluyt (?1552-1616) of contemporary accounts of 'The

Principal Navigations, Voiages, Traffiques, and Discoveries' of the English nation in his own day. Actuated by the patriotic desire to record the adventurous exploits of his countrymen, and by a shrewd commercial insight into the sources of the wealth of nations, he collected and printed all the accounts he could find of voyages or exploring expeditions to Russia, Tartary, India, and the Far East, and most important of all, to the New World. Among the interesting accounts thus preserved to us, we have 'The Last Fight of the Revenge,' in which the death of Sir Richard Grenville is narrated, the loss of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, "devoured and swallowed up of the sea," Raleigh's discovery of Guiana, and the American adventures of Sir Francis Drake.

In verse we have the stirring lines of Michael Drayton addressed to the Virginia Adventurers:

You brave heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honor still pursue,
 Go and subdue!
 Whilst loitering hinds
 Lurk here at home with shame.

And in regions far,
 Such heroes bring ye forth
 As those from whom we came!
 And plant our name
 Under that star
 Not known unto our North!

In comedy we have in 'Eastward Ho' lively ridicule of the promises held out to Virginia settlers; this was a play written by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston which landed the authors in jail, not because of their discouragement of the emigration of Englishmen to America, but because of their more pungent criticism of the immigration of Scotchmen into England. It is, however, their burlesque of the inducements held out to emigrants to Virginia which concerns us here: —

Scapethrift. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Seagull. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping pans and their chamber pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather 'em by the sea-shore, to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'em.

Scapethrift. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Seagull. As ever the sun shone on; temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without sargeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out of it, in the world, than they are. And for my part, I would a hundred thousand of 'em were there, for we are all one countrymen now, you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here. Then for your means to advancement, there it is simple, and not preposterously mixed. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger; you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pandar; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villany nor the less wit.

Still more interesting is the play of Shakespeare's imagination about the reports of American exploration and settlement. There seems to be no doubt that the report of the wreck on the Bermudas of Lord Somers' expedition on its way to Virginia prompted Shakespeare to his romantic study of American aboriginal life in the character of Caliban in 'The Tempest.' Montaigne in his essay on the Cannibals had given rather a fanciful account of the virtues and wisdom of the inhabitants of the New World. Shakespeare in his play takes over a passage from Montaigne's essay, and suggests by his portrayal of Caliban (whose name is an obvious anagram of Canibal) that in the inhabitants of the New World the settlers from Europe would be likely to find more of the savage than of the philosopher. But seeing things also from the savage's point of view, Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Caliban a surprisingly accurate description of the relations of the aborigines to the new arrivals from Europe. He says to Prospero: —

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in it; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

CHRONOLOGY OF DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

1256-1323	Marco Polo, early voyager
1300-1372	Sir John Mandeville, <i>Travels</i>
c. 1305	Mariner's compass invented by Flavio Gioia
c. 1410	Roger Bacon suggests sailing westward to find Indies
1470-1521	Magellan
1486	B. Diaz sails around Cape of Good Hope
1492	Christopher Columbus lands at San Salvador
1497-1498	Vasco da Gama sails around Africa to India
1497	Cabot discovers the coast of North America
1499, 1501, 1503	Voyages of Amerigo Vespucci
1502	Last voyage of Columbus
1511	Discovery of the Moluccas
1513	Ponce de Leon discovers Florida; Balboa discovers the Pacific Ocean
1520	Strait of Magellan discovered
1522	Circumnavigation of the earth
1534	Cartier explores the St. Lawrence
1552-1618	Sir Walter Raleigh
1553-1616	Richard Hakluyt, editor of voyages
1564-1642	Galileo
1576-1578	Frobisher tries to find the Northwest Passage
1578	Cape Horn discovered
1600	East India Company chartered
1601	Australia discovered
1604	French settlement at Port Royal; Nova Scotia
1607	English colony at Jamestown
1608	Champlain founds Quebec
1619	Introduction of negro slavery into Virginia
1620	Pilgrim Fathers land at Plymouth Rock
1626	Peter Minuit founds Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island

THE NEW LEARNING

In the revival of classical learning, which formed so important a part of the intellectual life of the Renaissance, England was again considerably behind the leading continental nations, but was active in pursuit of the new studies after the impulse reached her scholars and her universities. Oxford, which had had in Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus distinguished leaders of medieval scholasticism, had a no less distinguished group of exponents of the new learning, when scholasticism declined, in "The Oxford Reformers." This group in-

cluded William Grocyn (?1440-1519), Thomas Linacre (c. 1460-1524), John Colet (?1467-?1519), and, greatest of all, Desiderius Erasmus (1467-1536), whose chief English follower was Sir Thomas More (1478-1535). These men helped to bring into England a new love of the classics and to instil into the minds of English writers the ideals of Italian Humanism, which can be traced back to the work of Petrarch (1304-1374) and Boccaccio (1313-1375). Erasmus in his 'Praise of Folly' ('Encomium Moriae,' 1511) and More in his 'Utopia' (1516), both written in Latin, stirred up the minds of Englishmen upon subjects of immediate interest and in close connection with the life of their own day. The former calls attention to the three great enemies of human progress, vice, ignorance, and superstition; and More gives us an ideal study of social conditions, especially from an economic and political point of view.

The New Learning soon found its way into the Grammar Schools founded in the reigns of Edward VI and Elizabeth, and its advantages were given wide circulation through the medium of the printing-press. As early as 1476, Caxton set up the first English printing-press at Westminster, and published 'The Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers' — the first of a long series of books which came from his press and which included such works as Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' and a rendering of the *Æneid*.

In science, England, like the rest of Europe, was still struggling to absorb the effects of the astronomical revolution of Copernicus (1473-1543), which made the sun and not the earth the center of things. Scientific progress, both in England and on the Continent, was necessarily slow, but some steps in advance had been made. Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), painter, anatomist, and engineer, perhaps the last of the universal geniuses, had hazarded some astonishingly accurate guesses at scientific truth, but they remained, if not unknown, at any rate unfruitful. Before 1550, a medical school, including a chair of botany, had been founded at Padua; Vesalius (1514-1564), the first scientific anatomist, had carried on his researches; Luca Ghini (1500-1556) had founded the first botanical gardens at Pisa; Ambroise Paré (1517-1590) had invented ligatures for arteries; Tycho Brahe (1546-1601), one of the greatest of astronomers, had discovered the variation of the moon; the microscope had been used as early as 1590; Galileo (1564-1642) established the isochronism of the pendulum, constructed thermometers and telescopes, and discovered Jupiter's satellites and the sun's spots; Kepler (1571-1630) formulated his first and second laws; Gilbert (1544-1603) made important discoveries in magnetism and electricity; and Harvey (1578-1657) discovered the circulation of the blood.

The progressive conquest of nature was well under way before Francis Bacon (1561-1626) died as the indirect result of an experiment in cold storage. With Bacon's political career, with his gradual rise to the position of Lord Chancellor and with his spectacular fall, we are not here concerned.

Bacon took all knowledge for his province and sought in his 'Advancement of Learning' to give a view of scientific method and achievement as it was then understood. In his 'New Atlantis' he projects an intellectual community devoted very largely to scientific investigation, and his "Solomon's House" is founded for the "interpreting of nature and the producing of great and marvelous works for the benefit of man." It is in his essays, however, that Bacon still interests the modern reader, and it is through them that he has had an appreciable influence upon the development of English prose. These "dispersed meditations" of his are the unstudied product of his rare leisure hours, the expression in simple prose of the pith of his philosophy of life — a philosophy which is compounded of insight into the workings of men's minds, of an ill-concealed selfishness, and a shrewd worldly wisdom. The epigrammatic terseness of his phrases has made his essays much quoted and his reputation as an aphorist or maker of pithy sayings is much greater than his value as a moralist.

Bacon's fame as a keen thinker and a writer of terse, epigrammatic prose is beyond dispute; Ben Jonson, who was not in haste to praise, admired the neatness, compactness, weight, and power of his style, even when he spoke off-hand. His position as a philosopher is more doubtful; it has often been pointed out that his method of induction from the particular to the general, with its stress on observation and experiment, was not a new idea; Bacon did not claim it as such, but his insistence on its importance has made more difference to the course of human life than many a rounded-out philosophical system that has a greater appearance of originality or at any rate of novelty. Though Bacon did little scientific research himself, he was the inspirer of the English Royal Society and the French Encyclopedia, and the founder of the school of British philosophy of which the successive leaders were Hobbes, Locke, and Bentham.

THE NEW POETRY

The beginnings of the new poetry are usually dated from 'Tottel's Miscellany,' a collection of verse by various hands issued by the publisher, Richard Tottel, in 1557, the year before Elizabeth came to the throne. The principal contributors to this collection were Sir Thomas Wyatt (?1503-1542) and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (?1516-1547) described by an Elizabethan critic as the "two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English poesie." The former, through travel on the Continent, came under the influence of the classics and the broad humanism of Petrarch's works; gifted with a cultivated taste, he imitated and translated the European authors then popular, introduced into England the "amoristic" genre of poetry, and experimented with the possibilities of English meter under the inspiring guidance of Italian forms. The Earl of Surrey, with a finer ear for metrical niceties than Wyatt, also cultivated the sonnet but is

chiefly significant for having translated two books of the *Æneid* into blank verse, which he introduced into England. This greatest of all English metrical forms was used with strength by Marlowe, with the utmost variety and skill and melody by Shakespeare, and with a sonorous organ-note by Milton, so that we have come to believe it to be the characteristic meter of tragedy and of epic poetry.

No other form of verse has perhaps endeared itself so much to the poet's heart as has the sonnet. If the epic may be compared to a tapestry or a mural painting, then the sonnet is most like a miniature, for it is suitable only for certain subjects and it requires, above all, a delicate art and a fine discriminating skill. Nowhere else in literature can we find so much beauty in so small a space, and the greatest artists in words from the time of Petrarch to the present day have delighted to distil the quintessence of their poetry into this fine and clear-cut form.

The sonnet consists of fourteen lines, divided into two sections: the first, known as the "octave," consists of eight lines in which the poet starts from some objective cause for his emotions and briefly and significantly describes the situation; the second, known as the "sestet," consists of the remaining six lines and is much more subjective in tone than the preceding part, for the poet now changes from the external to the internal, and, leaving aside the world, proceeds to reveal his inmost heart until he finally arrives at the climax of his emotion in the last line.

The rhyme scheme of the sonnet admits of certain variations. The Italian type, which Wordsworth occasionally follows, uses *abba abba* for the octave, and *cde cde*, or *cde dce*, or *cde edc* for the sestet. Wyatt, Surrey, and Shakespeare usually use *abab cdcd efef gg*, and Spenser, *abab bcbe cdcd ee*; but there are to be found a number of slight variations from these dominant types.

In the Elizabethan age, the sonnet had an enormous vogue. It was frequently addressed to patrons and was often written in a connected series known as a sequence or a cycle, of which Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella' (1591), Spenser's 'Amoretti' (1595), and Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' (c. 1594) are the most important as well as the most beautiful.

Two other poets are to be noted as precursors of Spenser. The first of these, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (1536-1618), contributed an 'Induction' to 'The Mirror for Magistrates,' a lengthy poem of composite authorship intended to be a continuation of Lydgate's 'Fall of Princes'; the other, George Gascoigne (?1536-1577), is notable for 'The Steel Glass' (1576), a strong satirical poem on contemporary conditions, and a number of minor poems, as well as for important contributions to early English classical drama.

There is real poetic power in Sackville's 'Induction,' but the others mentioned as precursors of Spenser are interesting rather for promise than for performance. With Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar' (1579), Elizabethan poetry in its abiding beauty and charm may be said to make its true beginning.

Not only does the poet show considerable metrical versatility, but his verse has real music, and he rises at times to real power of thought and expression. Beautiful though his sonnets and his shorter poems are, they pale in magnificence of conception and achievement before the 'Faery Queen.' In this work, Spenser, like Chaucer in his 'Canterbury Tales,' planned more than he could complete. His original intention was to write twenty-four books, portraying in a diffusive but picturesque allegory King Arthur and his knights in stories told at a twelve-day festival at the court of Queen Gloriana. Of the twenty-four books, Spenser completed only six, in which he celebrated the virtues of holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice, and courtesy. In addition to the moral allegory Spenser also attached a political significance to some of his characters, so that, for instance, the Faery Queen represents Elizabeth, and Duessa thinly disguises Mary Queen of Scots. The poem, however, is most interesting when it is read merely as a story, and not as a political puzzle or a piece of theological propaganda sugar-coated with poetry.

The stanza form in which the 'Faery Queen' is written is not only beautiful in itself but important in history of prosody. It closely resembles the Chaucerian stanza of 'The Monk's Tale' with an additional line. Spenser's stanza consists of eight five-stress lines, followed by a single alexandrine with the lines rhyming *abab, bcbc c*. It is admirably constructed to avoid monotony and is especially suited to the long narrative poem which Spenser contemplated writing.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) is one of the most charming of Elizabethan personalities. He is the ideal knight, the perfect gentleman, whose reputation depends rather upon what he was than upon what he wrote. His short life was nevertheless long enough to show forth abundantly those qualities of personal greatness which would shine in any age. His long pastoral romance, the 'Arcadia,' is a rambling tale, discursive and lacking in definite purpose or compact structure, but it has all the charm of that unreal land of shepherd and shepherdess which we find also in Lodge's 'Rosalynde,' and in Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' which was founded upon Lodge's story.

There are many other lyric poets of Elizabethan England, which has been fitly described as "a nest of singing birds"; while the dramatists were frequently given to adorning their plays with charming lyrics, which are still admired, though the plays containing them may have been long forgotten.

THE NEW DRAMA

The origin of the religious drama and its gradual development away from the services of the Church and clerical authorship to completely secular organization have been already related in the article on 'Medieval Drama' in Volume IV. At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign this transition was still going on, and it would have been possible to find examples of various intermediate steps of the evolutionary process still in existence, either as produced

on the stage or circulated through the medium of the printing press. Miracle plays existed in manuscript and were still being performed by the Guilds at city festivals; morality plays were printed and were being acted by private companies, attached to a nobleman's suite for the entertainment of himself or his friends, or wandering about the country on their own responsibility and resources as "strolling players," soon to be restricted by Act of Parliament and forced to find a noble patron or be treated as "rogues and vagabonds." In the "interludes" of John Heywood, who was attached to the court of Henry VIII, we have farces which have discarded all religious and allegorical elements and need only a little more space and dignity to be enlarged into regular comedies. The impulse to regularity of form came in due course from classical example and was exerted before the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, though it was not amalgamated with the drama of more popular origin until long after. We must distinguish between the dramas founded on the classical model, usually presented by some school, college, or learned society, and the popular entertainments offered by untutored amateurs such as Shakespeare ridicules in the performances of the country bumpkins of 'Love's Labor's Lost' or of the "base mechanicals" of the city in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' doubtless from recollections of artless dramatic efforts he had seen in his youth, in or about Stratford. These popular performances were by no means without significance in the history of the drama, though they fill a smaller space in the printed record than the imitations of classical tragedy and comedy put on the boards by learned associations. Of the latter we have an early example in 'Ralph Roister Doister,' an English comedy obviously indebted to Plautus, written by Nicholas Udall, master successively of Eton and Westminster; it has come down to us in a printed text ascribed to 1566, but was probably acted by pupils of the Westminster School in 1553-4. The earliest regular tragedy that has come down to us is 'Gorboduc,' presented before the queen in January, 1562, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, one of the law colleges of London, and written by two of their number, Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton. In its general tone and structure it is obviously indebted to the Roman tragedies ascribed to Seneca rather than to any of the Greek masterpieces which we now regard as models of classical tragedy.

Seneca was much more familiar to Elizabethan students than he is to classical scholars of the present day; they read him at school and college in the original Latin and also had access to him in translations, for all the ten plays with which he was credited were translated into English between 1559 and 1581. Not only the scholarly dramatists of the universities and the Inns of Court borrowed from him but also the writers for the popular stage. The Greek tragedians were not so accessible, for though translations into Latin existed, translations into English were few. Gascoigne's 'Jocasta,' acted at Gray's Inn in 1566 and printed in 1573, was offered by him as a translation from Euripides, and was for centuries accepted as such, but is now known to have been

translated from the Italian of Ludovico Dolce, who had in turn taken his play from a Latin translation of the 'Phœnissæ' of Euripides. Gascoigne also offered at the Gray's Inn festival a comedy in the classical manner translated from the Italian of Ariosto. A tragedy presented at the Inner Temple in 1567-8, 'Gismond of Salerne,' takes its plot from Boccaccio, but levies also largely upon Seneca and upon Dolce's Italian play, 'Didone.' A classical tragedy of a somewhat later date, 'The Misfortunes of Arthur,' written by Thomas Hughes, and presented at Gray's Inn in 1588, not only copies Seneca's structure and style, but borrows a large number of lines translated from various Seneca plays and put into the mouths of Arthur and his knights — generally philosophical reflections of an epigrammatic or rhetorical cast, which might be uttered by almost anybody anywhere. The Seneca influence on Elizabethan tragedy, both scholarly and popular, is one of the curiosities of literature; it helped, on the one hand, to give it both a certain rhetorical fulness and (at other times) an epigrammatic conciseness; it contributed also a tendency to philosophical reflection, a certain regularity of form, and a certain polish in the rhymed couplet (which was the earlier) and blank verse, the later standard form of popular tragedy. The influence of Plautus and Terence upon English comedy is not perhaps so clearly marked, though it was there. In comedy, again, access to the Greek was much more difficult; Aristophanes was not suitable for imitation or borrowing, and manuscripts of Menander have come within reach of the modern world only within the memory of people now living. Plautus was the regular channel through Latin to later Greek comedy, and his play the 'Menæchmi,' turning upon the mishaps of twin brothers who are mistaken for each other, was very popular, both in the original and translations, with European audiences during the Renaissance. Shakespeare's version of it, 'The Comedy of Errors,' still occasionally finds its way to the stage.

Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors' offers a very good example of the way in which classical drama became known to the professional theater and had a share in molding plays of the popular type. But the organization of the professional theater is an important topic which must be left for discussion till we come to deal with the achievements of the Elizabethan drama in greater detail.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE
G. R. LOMER

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
1558 Accession of Elizabeth	1552 Spenser born
	1561 Francis Bacon born
	1562 <i>Gorboduc</i> played
	1564 Shakespeare born
1568 Mary Queen of Scots arrives in England	
1570 Pius V excommunicates Elizabeth	
1572 Massacre of St. Bartholomew	
1577 Drake begins voyage round world	1579 Spenser, <i>Shepherd's Calendar</i>
1583 Irish rebellion suppressed	1587-88 Marlowe, <i>Tamburlaine</i>
1588 Spanish Armada defeated	1590 Spenser, <i>Faery Queen</i> , Books 1-3
	1591 Sidney, <i>Astrophel and Stella</i>
	Shakespeare, <i>Love's Labor's Lost</i>
1596 English attack Cadiz	1596 Spenser, <i>Faery Queen</i> , Books 4-6
	1597 Bacon, <i>Essays</i>
	1598 Jonson, <i>Every Man in His Humor</i>
	1601 Shakespeare, <i>Twelfth Night</i>
	1602-3 Shakespeare, <i>Hamlet</i>
1603 Elizabeth dies, James I king	1604 Shakespeare, <i>Othello</i>
1604 Hampton Court Conference	1605-6 Shakespeare, <i>King Lear</i>
1605 Gunpowder Plot	1606 Shakespeare, <i>Macbeth</i>
1607 First English settlements in America	
1611 Ulster colonized by English and Scots	1611 Authorized version of Bible
	Shakespeare, <i>Tempest</i>
1618 Raleigh executed	1616 Shakespeare dies
1621 Fall of Bacon	1620 Bacon, <i>Novum Organum</i>

ROGER ASCHAM

THIS noted scholar owes his place in English literature to his pure, vigorous English prose. John Tindal and Sir Thomas More, his predecessors, had perhaps equaled him in the flexible and simple use of his native tongue, but they had not surpassed him. The usage of the time was still to write works of importance in Latin, and Ascham was master of a good Ciceronian Latin style. It is to his credit that he urged on his countrymen the writing of English, and set them an example of its vigorous use.

He was the son of John Ascham, house steward to Lord Scrope of Bolton, and was born at Kirby Wiske, near Northallerton, in 1515. At the age of fifteen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he applied himself to Greek and Latin, mathematics, music, and penmanship. He had great success in teaching and improving the study of the classics; but seems to have had a somewhat checkered academic career, both as student and teacher. His poverty was excessive, and he made many unsuccessful attempts to secure patronage and position; till at length, in 1545, he published his famous treatise on Archery, 'Toxophilus,' which he presented to Henry VIII in the picture gallery at Greenwich, and which obtained for him a small pension. The treatise is in the form of a dialogue, the first part being an argument in favor of archery, and the second, instructions for its practice. In its pages he makes a plea for the literary use of the English tongue.

After long-continued disappointment and trouble, he was finally successful in obtaining the position of tutor to the Princess Elizabeth, in 1548. She was fifteen years old, and he found her an apt scholar; but the life was irksome, and in 1550 he resigned the post to return to Cambridge as public orator. Going abroad shortly afterward as secretary to Sir Richard Morysin, ambassador to Charles V, he remained with him until 1553, when he received the appointment of Latin secretary to Queen Mary. It is said that he wrote for her forty-seven letters in his fine Latin style, in three days.

At the accession of Elizabeth he received the office of the queen's private tutor. Poverty and "household griefs" still gave him anxiety; but during the five years which elapsed between 1563 and his death in 1568, he found some comfort in the composition of his 'Schoolmaster,' which was published by his widow in 1570. It was suggested by a conversation at Windsor with Sir William Cecil, on the proper method of bringing up children. Sir Richard Sackville was so well pleased with Ascham's theories that he, with others, entreated him to write a practical work on the subject. 'The Schoolmaster' argues in favor of gentleness rather than force on the part of an instructor. Then he

commends his own method of teaching Latin by double translation, offers remarks on Latin prosody, and touches on other pedagogic themes. Both this and the 'Toxophilus' show a pure, straightforward, easy style. He has remained, the best known type of a great teacher in the popular memory; in part, perhaps, through his great pupil.

ON GENTLENESS IN EDUCATION

From 'The Schoolmaster'

YET some will say that children, of nature, love pastime, and mislike learning; because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome. Which is an opinion not so true as some men ween. For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old; nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For, beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, you shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book; knock him always when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, you shall have him very loth to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent; that if ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than other, to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth. This, lewd and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young. And this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. "Every man seeth (as I said before) new wax is best for printing, new clay fittest for working, new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing, new fresh flesh for good and durable salting." And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder-house, but out of his school-house, of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. "Young grafts grow not only soonest, but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit; young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak." And so, to be short, if in all

other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in their behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning; surely children kept up in God's fear, and governed by His grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and their country, both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocence, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with wilfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience; surely it is hard with gentleness, but impossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it: and so, instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness; the furthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much behold-ing. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Plato's 'Phædo' in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccacio. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would leese [lose] such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me: "I wisse, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madame," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name, for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think

all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

RICHARD HAKLUYT

RICHARD HAKLUYT has himself told how, when he was one of Queen Elizabeth's scholars at Westminster, he was inspired to the study of cosmography by a visit to the chamber of a kinsman, a gentleman of the Inner Temple in London. He saw there all manner of books on geography, and resolved thereupon to make their acquaintance. And while studying for holy orders at Oxford, and afterward in France, as chaplain to Sir Edward Stafford, both reading and observation gave him knowledge of English slothfulness in maritime discovery and enterprise.

Before Hakluyt was sent as ambassador's chaplain to Paris, however, he had published his first work, 'Divers Voyages touching the Discoverie of America, and the Islands adjacent unto the same, made first of all by our Englishmen, and afterwards by the Frenchmen and Britons: And certaine notes of advertisements for observations, necessarie for such as shall hereafter make the like attempt, With two mappes annexed hereunto, for the plainer understanding of the whole matter. — Imprinted at London for Thomas Woodcocke, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Blacke Beare,' 1582. The book, which appeared when he was thirty (he was born about 1552), was dedicated "To the right worshipfull and most vertuous Gentleman, master Phillip Sidney Esquire"; and in the address to his patron, Hakluyt complains of England's failure to possess herself of lands rightly hers.

This was to preface a plea for the establishment of a lectureship to advance the art of navigation; — "for which cause I have dealt with the right worshipfull Sir Frances Drake, that, seeing God hath blessed him so wonderfully, he would do this honor to himselfe and benefite to his countrey, to be at the coste to erecte such a lecture." But his efforts proved futile.

The most memorable fruit of Hakluyt's life in Paris was 'A particuler discourse concerning the greate necessitie and manifolde commodities that are like to growe to this Realme of Englande by the Westernne discoveries lately attempted, written in the yere 1584, by Richarde Hackluyt of Oxforde, at the requeste and direction of the righte wershshipfull Mr. Walter Rayhly, now Knight, before the comynge home of his twoo barkes,' a part of which notable paper is given at the end of this article. The energy, zeal, vigor, and conviction the piece displays bear out the claims of Robertson, who in his 'History of America' asserts that it is the Elizabethan preacher "to whom England is more indebted for its American possessions than to any man of that age." Hakluyt's faith and earnestness were so eager that he even had a thought of personal hazard, as a second letter to Walsingham bears evidence.

During a visit to England in 1584 he had presented his 'Particuler discourse concerning Western discoveries,' "along with one in Latin upon Aristotle's 'Politicks,'" to his royal mistress, who in recognition of his pains and loyalty had given him a prebend at Bristol. In May 1585 he brought in person, before the chapter of the cathedral at Bristol, the queen's order for the preferment. Upon this and like ecclesiastical stipends he lived and did his work — "the most versed man in that skill" (cosmography), says Hacket, "that England bred." While in Paris Hakluyt translated and published in 1587 Laudonnière's 'Histoire Notable de la Florida,' under the title 'A notable historie containing foure voyages made by certayne French Captaynes into Florida.' At the same time and in the same year he was preparing and publishing 'De Orbe Novo Petri Martyris Anglerii Decades octo illustratæ, labore et industria Richardi Hackluyti.' In this work is the copperplate map upon which the name of Virginia is for the first time set down. In 1588 Hakluyt returned to England, and in the following year published a solitary volume, the precursor of his *magnum opus*, 'The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation,' which appeared in London in three folio volumes between 1598 and 1600.

"In a word," says Thomas Fuller in his 'Worthies,' "many of such useful tracts of sea adventure, which before were scattered as several ships, Mr. Hakluyt hath embodied into a fleet, divided into three squadrons, so many several volumes: a work of great honor to England; it being possible that many ports and islands in America which, being bare and barren, bear only a bare name for the present, may prove rich places for the future. And then these voyages will be produced and pleaded, as good evidence of their belonging to England, as first discovered and denominated by Englishmen."

The work is invaluable: a storehouse of the facts of life, the habits of thinking and doing, of the discoveries abroad of the Englishmen of the high seas in Elizabeth's day. The salt air of the northern seas blows over Hakluyt's pages, as well as the hot simoom and baffling winds. We run aground with the castaways, adventure in bargaining with natives, and in company with the mariners lament the casting overboard, to save our good bark, of three tons of spice. The men of that day were seekers after a golden fleece, the Argonauts of the modern world, and their rough-hewn stories are untellable save in their hardy vernacular. Some of them were traders, with now and then the excitement of a skirmish or a freebooting expedition — a salt to harden the too tender flesh of easy commerce. All were self-gainers and all soldiers of fortune, and by the simplest facts the forerunners of the seventeenth-century buccaneers, and every sort of excess and turpitude that name connotes.

After Hakluyt had completed his great work he edited a translation from the Portuguese, 'The Discoveries of the World' (1601), and in 1609 published his own translation of De Soto's discoveries in Florida. In this work, called 'Virginia Richly Valued,' he endeavored to promote the interests of the

infant settlement. Certain of his manuscripts fell after his death into the hands of Samuel Purchas, and were by him edited and included in his 'Pilgrimes' (1625-26).

"He paid his last debt to nature," says Anthony à Wood, "23 Nov. in sixteen hundred and sixteen, and was buried in the abbey church of Westminster, dedicated to S. Peter, on the 26th of the same month."

The 'Particuler Discourse' was first printed from a contemporary manuscript by Dr. Woods of Bowdoin College and Charles Dean of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1877. Dr. Woods had trace of the paper while searching in England for historical documents in behalf of the Historical Society of Maine. The copy from which he made his transcript was doubtless one of the four which Hakluyt prepared at the time he presented this 'Discourse' to Queen Elizabeth. Its object was evidently to gain Elizabeth's support for Raleigh's adventure, which he had undertaken under a patent granted him in March 1584. The MS. is most curious and valuable, and was exhibited in New York at the Hakluyt Tercentenary (1916). Besides proving that Hakluyt had sagacity, penetrative insight, and an imagination that could seize upon and construct in practical affairs, it is typical of the English attitude through all centuries.

Hakluyt's memory has been fittingly preserved in the admirable publications of the Hakluyt Society, which in the wide scope of its interest and the accuracy of its scholarship has nobly realized the vast designs of the great Englishman whose name it commemorates.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM

From the first edition of the 'Voyages,' 1589

RIGHT honorable, I do remember that being a youth, and one of her Majesty's scholars at Westminster, that fruitful nursery, it was my hap to visit the chamber of Mr. Richard Hakluyt, my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, well known unto you, at a time when I found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography, with a universal map. He, seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance by showing me the division of the earth into three parts after the old account, and then according to the latter, and better distribution, into more. He pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bays, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories of each part, with declaration also of their special commodities, and particular wants, which, by the benefit of traffic and intercourse of merchants, are plentifully supplied. From the map he brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107th Psalm,

directed me to the 23rd and 24th verses, where I read, that they which go down to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep, &c. Which words of the prophet, together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature), took in me so deep an impression that I constantly resolved, if ever I were preferred to the university, where better time and more convenient place might be ministered for these studies, I would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature, the doors whereof, after a sort, were so happily opened before me.

According to which my resolution, when, not long after, I was removed to Christ Church in Oxford, my exercises of duty first performed, I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant either in the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portugal, French, or English languages, and in my public lectures was the first that produced and showed both the old imperfectly composed, and the new lately reformed maps, globes, spheres, and other instruments of this art for demonstration in the common schools, to the singular pleasure and general contentment of my auditory. In continuance of time, and by reason principally of my insight in this study, I grew familiarly acquainted with the chiefest captains at sea, the greatest merchants, and the best mariners of our nation; by which means having gotten somewhat more than common knowledge, I passed at length the narrow seas into France with Sir Edward Stafford, her Majesty's careful and discreet Ligier, where during my five years' abode with him in his dangerous and chargeable residence in her Highness' service, I both heard in speech, and read in books other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English of all others for their sluggish security, and continual neglect of the like attempts, especially in so long and happy a time of peace, either ignominiously reported, or exceedingly condemned; which singular opportunity, if some other people, our neighbors, had been blessed with, their protestations are often and vehement, they would far otherwise have used. . . . Thus both hearing and reading the obloquy of our nation, and finding few or none of our own men able to reply herein; and further, not seeing any man to have care to recommend to the world the industrious labors and painful travels of our countrymen: for stopping the mouths of the reproachers, myself being the last winter returned from France with the honorable the Lady Sheffield, for her passing good behavior highly esteemed in all the French court, determined notwithstanding all difficulties to undertake the burden of that work wherein all others pretended either ignorance or lack of leisure, or want of sufficient argument, whereas (to speak truly) the huge toil and the small profit to ensue were the chief causes of the refusal. I call the work a burden in consideration that these voyages lay so dispersed, scattered, and hidden in several hucksters' hands, that I now wonder at myself to see how I was able to endure the delays, curiosity, and back-

wardness of many from whom I was to receive my originals, so that I have just cause to make that complaint of the maliciousness of divers in our time which Pliny made of the men of his age: *At nos elaborata iis abscondere atque suppressere cupimus, et fraudare vitam etiam alienis bonis, &c.* [But we desire to hide away and suppress their achievements, and to rob life even of the glories of others.]

To harp no longer upon this string, and to speak a word of that just commendation which our nation do indeed deserve: it cannot be denied, but as in all former ages they have been men full of activity, stirrers abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world, so in this most famous and peerless government of her most excellent Majesty, her subjects, through the special assistance and blessing of God, in searching the most opposite corners and quarters of the world, and to speak plainly, in compassing the vast globe of the earth more than once, have excelled all the nations and people of the earth. For which of the kings of this land before her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian sea? which of them hath ever dealt with the emperor of Persia as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? who ever saw, before this regiment, an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and which is more, who ever heard of Englishman at Goa before now? what English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate? pass and repass the unpassable (in former opinion) Strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, further than any Christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the princes of the Moluccas and the isle of Java, double the famous cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the isle of St. Helena, and last of all return home most richly laden, with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done?

EXPECTATIONS OF AMERICA

A PARTICULAR DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE GREATE NECESSITIE AND MANIFOLDE COMMODYTIES THAT ARE LIKE TO GROWE TO THIS REALME OF ENGLANDE BY THE WESTERNE DISCOUERIES LATELY ATTEMPTED, WRITTEN IN THE YERE 1584, BY RICHARDE HACKLUYT OF OXFORDE, AT THE REQUESTE AND DIRECTION OF THE RIGHTE WERSHIPFULL MR. WALTER RAYHLY, NOWE KNIGHT, BEFORE THE COMYNGE HOME OF HIS TWOO BARKES. . . .

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SEINGE that the people of that parte of America from 30. degrees in Florida northwarde unto 63 degrees (which ys yet in no Christian princes actuall possession) are idolaters; and that those which Stephen Gomes broughte from the coaste of NORUMBEGA in the yere 1524. worshipped the sonne, the moone, and the starres, and used other idolatrie, . . . it remayneth to be thoroughly weyed and considered by what meanes and by whome this moste godly and Christian work may be perfourmed of inlarginge the glorious gospell of Christe. . . . Nowe the Kinges and Queenes of England have the name of Defendours of the Faithe. By which title I thinke they are not onely chardged to mayneteyne and patronize the faithe of Christe, but also to enlarge and advaunce the same. Neither oughte this to be their laste worke, but rather the principall and chefe of all others, accordinge to the commaundemente of our Saviour, Christe, Mathewe 6, Ffirste seeke the kingdome of God and the righteousnes thereof, and all other thinges shalbe mynistred unto you.

Nowe the meanes to sende suche as shall labour effectually in this busines ys, by plantinge one or twoo colonies of our nation upon that fyrme, where they shall remaine in safetie, and firste learne the language of the people nere adjoyninge (the gifte of tongues being nowe taken awaye) and by little and little acquainte themselves with their manner, and so with discretion and myldenes distill into their purged myndes the swete and lively liquor of the gospel. . . . Now therefore I truste the time ys at hande when by her Majesties forwardnes in this enterprise, not only this objection and such like shalbe answered by our frutefull labour in Godds harvest among the infidells, but also many inconveniences and strifes amongst ourselves at home, in matters of ceremonies, shalbe ended. For those of the clergie which by reason of idlenes here at home are nowe alwayes coyninge of newe opynions, havinge by this voyage to set themselves on worke in reducinge the savages to the chefe principles of our faith will become lesse contentious, and be contented with the truthe in relligion alreadie established by authoritie. So they that shall beare the name of Christians shall shewe themselves worthye of their vocation. . . .

The nexte thinge ys that nowe I declare unto you the comodities of this

newe westerne discoverie, and what marchandize are there to be had, and from thence to be expected; wherein firste you are to have regarde unto the scituation of the places which are left for us to be possessed. The contries therefore of AMERICA whereunto we have just title, as beinge firste discovered by Sebastian Gabote, at the coste of that prudente prince Kinge Henry the Seaventh, from Florida northewarde to 67. degrees (and not yet in any Chrestian princes actuall possession), beinge aunswerable in clymate to Barbary, Egipt, Siria, Persia, Turkey, Greece, all the islandes of the Levant sea, Italie, Spaine, Portingale, Fraunce, Flaunders, Highe Almayne, Denmarke, Estland, Poland, and Muscovye, may presently or within a shorte space afforde unto us, for little or nothings, and with moche more safetie, eyther all or a greate parte of the comodities which the aforesaid contries do yelde us at a very dere hande and with manifolde daungers.

Firste, therefore, to begyn at the southe from 30. degrees, and to quote unto you the leafe and page of the printed voyadges of those which personally have with diligence searched and viewed these contries. John Ribault writeth thus, in the first leafe of his discourse, extant in printe bothe in Frenche and Englishe: Wee entred (saith he) and viewed the contrie, which is the fairest, frutefullest, and pleasauntest of all the worlde, aboundinge in honye, waxe, venison, wild fowle, fforestes, woodds of all sorts, palme trees, cipresses, cedars, bayes, the highest and greatest, with also the fairest vines in all the worlde, with grapes accordinge, which naturally withoute arte or mans helpe or trymmynge will growe to toppes of oakes and other trees that be of wonderfull greatness and heichte. And the sighte of the faire meadowes is a pleasure not able to be expressed with tongue, full of herons, curlues, bitters, mallardes, egripts, woodcocks, and all other kinde of small birdes, with hartes, hinds, bucks, wild swyne, and all other kynd of wilde beastes, as wee perceaved well bothe by their footinge there, and also afterwarde in other places by their crye and roaringe in the nighte. Also there be conies and hares, silkwormes in marvelous number, a great deale fairer and better than be our silkwormes. Againe, in the sixte leafe and seconde page: They shewed unto us by signes that they had in the lande golde and silver and copper, whereof wee have broughte some home. Also leade like unto ours, which wee shewed them. Also turqueses and greate aboundance of perles, which as they declared unto us they tooke oute of oysters, whereof there is taken ever alonge the rivers side and amongst the reedes and in the marishes, in so marvelous aboundaunce as it scante credible. And wee have perceaved that there be as many and as greate perles founde there as in any contrie in the worlde. In the seaventh leafe it followeth thus: The scituation is under 30. degrees, a good clymate, healthfull, and of goodd temperature, marvelous pleasaunt, the people goodd and of a gentle and amyable nature, which willingly will obey, yea be contented to serve those that shall with gentlenes and humanitie goe aboute to allure them, as yt is necessarie for those that be sente thither hereafter so to doe. In the

eighth leafe: It is a place wonderfull fertile and of strong scituation, the ground fatt, so that it is like that it would bringe forth the wheate and all other corne twice a yere.

Verarsana, fallinge in the latitude of 34. degrees, describeth the scituation and commodities in this manner: Beyond this we sawe the open contrie risinge in heighte above the sandie shoare, with many faire feeldes and plaines full of mightie greate wooddes, some very thicke and some very thynne, replenished with divers sortes of trees, and pleasaunt and delectable to behold as ys possible to ymagine. And youre Majestie may not thinke that these are like the wooddes of Hyrcinia, or the wilde desertes of Tartaria, and the northerne coastes, full of fruteles trees; but full of palme, date-trees, bayes, and highe cypresses, and many other sortes of trees to un unknownen in Europe, which yelde moste swete savours farr from the shoare; neyther doe wee thinke that they, partakinge of the easte worlde rounde aboute them, are altogether voyde of drugs and spicerie, and other riches of golde, seinge the colour of the lande dothe altogether argue yt. And the lande is full of many beastes, as redd dere, falowe dere, and hares, and likewise of lakes and pooles of freshe water, with greate plentie of fowles convenient for all pleasaunt game. This lande is in latitude 34. degrees with goodd and holesome ayre, temperate betwene hote and colde; no vehement windes doe blowe in these regions, &c. Againe, in the fourthe leafe as it is in Englishe, speaking of the nexte contrie, he saith: Wee sawe in this contrie many vines growinge naturally, which springinge upp tooke holde of the trees as they doe in Lombardye, which, if by husbandmen they were dressed in goodd order, withoute all doubt they woulde yelde excellent wyne; for havinge oftentimes scene the frute thereof dryed, which was swete and pleasaunte and not differinge from oures, wee thinke they doe esteeme of the same, because that in every place where they growe they take away the under braunches growinge rounde aboute, that the frute thereof may ripen the better. Wee founde also roses, violetts, lillies, and many sortes of herbes and swete and odoriferous flowers. And after, in the sixte leafe, he saith: Wee were oftentimes within the lande V. or VI. leagues, which wee founde as pleasaunte as is possible to declare, apte for any kinde of husbandrye of corne, wine, and oile. For therein there are plaines 25. or 30. leagues broad, open and withoute any impedymente of trees, of suche frutefulness that any seede beinge sown therein will bringe furthe moste excellent frute. Wee entered afterwarde into the woodds, which wee founde so greate and thicke that an armye (were it never so greate) mighte have hydd it selfe therein, the trees whereof were oakes, cypresses, and other sortes unknownen in Europe. Wee founde pomi appij, plomes, and nuttes, and many other sortes of frutes to us unknownen. There are beastes in greate aboundaunce, as redd dere and falowe dere, leoparden and other kindes, which they take with their bowes and arrowes, which are their cheffeste weapons. This land is scituate in the paral-

lelle of Rome in 41. degrees and 2. terces. And towards the ende he saithe: Wee sawe many of the people weare earinges of copper hanginge at their eares. Thus farr oute of the relation of Verarsana. . . .

This coaste, from Cape Briton C. C. [200] leagues to the south west, was again discovered at the chardges of the cardinall of Burbon by my frende Stephen Bellinger of Roan, the laste yere, 1583. who founde a towne of fourscore houses, covered with the barkes of trees, upon a rivers side, about C. leagues from the aforesaid Cape Briton. He reporteth that the contrie is of the temperature of the coaste of Cascoigne and Guyañ. He broughte home a kinde of mynerall matter supposed to holde silver, whereof he gave me some: a kynde of muske called castor; divers beastes skynnes, as bevers, otters, marternes, lucernes, seales, buffs, dere skynnes, all dressed, and painted on the innerside with divers excellent colours, as redd, tawnye, yellowe, and vermillyon — all which thinges I sawe; and divers other marchandize he hath which I saw not. But he tolde me that he had CCCC. and xl. crownes for that in Roan, which, in trifles bestowed upon the savages, stode him not in fortie crownes. . . .

The nature and qualitie of thother parte of America from Cape Briton, beinge in 46 degrees unto the latitude of 52. for iij C. leagues within the lande even to Hochelaga, is notably described in the twoo voyadges of Iacques Cartier. In the fifte chapter of his second relation thus he writeth: From the 19. till the 28. of September wee sailed upp the ryver, never loosinge one houre of tyme, all which space wee sawe as goodly a contrie as possibly coulde be wisshed for, full of all sortes of goodly trees; that is to say, oakes, elmes, walnut-trees, cedars, fyrres, ashes, boxe, willoughes, and greate store of vynes, all as full of grapes as coulde be, that if any of our fellowes wente on shoare, they came home laden with them. There were likewise many cranes, swannes, geese, mallardes, fesauntes, partridges, thrusshes, black birdes, turtles, finches, reddbreastes, nightingales, sparrowes, and other sortes of birdes even as in Fraunce, and greate plentie and store. Againe in the xlth chapter of the said relation there ys mention of silver and golde to be upon a ryver that is three monethes' saylinge, navigable southwarde from Hoghelaga; and that redd copper is yn Saguinay. All that contrie is full of sondrie sortes of woodde and many vines. There is great store of stagges, redd dere, fallowe dere, beares, and other suche like sorts of beastes, as conies, hares, marterns, foxes, otters, bevers, squirrels, badgers, and rattes exceedinge greate, and divers other sortes of beastes for huntinge. There are also many sortes of fowles as cranes, swannes, outardes, wilde geese white and graye, duckes, thrusshes, black birdes, turtles, wild pigeons, lynnetts, finches, redd breastes, stares, nightingales, sparrowes, and other birdes even as in Fraunce. Also, as wee have said before, the said ryver is the plentifullest of fyshe that ever hath bene seene or hearde of, because that from the heade to the mouthe of yt you shall finde all kinde

of freshe and salte water fyshe accordinge to their season. There are also many whales, porposes, sea horses and adhothuis, which is a kinde of fishe which wee have never seene nor hearde of before. And in the xllth chapter thus: Wee understoode of Donaconna and others that . . . there are people cladd with clothe as wee are, very honest, and many inhabited townes, and that they had greate store of golde and redd copper; and that within the land beyonde the said firste ryver unto Hochelaga and Saguyney, ys an iland envyrond rounde aboute with that and other ryvers, and that there is a sea of freshe water founde, and as they have hearde say of those of Saguyney, there was never man hearde of that founde out the begynnynge and ende thereof. Finally, in the postscripte of the seconde relation, wee reade these wordes: They of Canada saye, that it is a moones sailinge to goe to a lande where cynamonde and cloves are gathered. . . .

Thus having alleaged many printed testimonies of these credible persons, which were personally betwene 30. and 63. degrees in America, as well on the coaste as within the lande, which affirmed unto the princes and kinges which sett them oute that they found there, . . . I may well and truly conclude with reason and authoritie, that all the comodities of all our olde decayed and daungerous trades in all Europe, Africa, and Asia haunted by us, may in shorte space for little or nothings, and many for the very workmanship, in a manner he had in that part of America which lieth between 30. and 60. degrees of northerly latitude, if by our slacknes we suffer not the Frenche or others to prevente us.

CAP. IV. *That this enterprize will be for the manifolde ymployment of nombers of idle men, and for breeding of many sufficient, and for utteraunce of the great quantitie of the comodities of our realme.*

It is well worthe the observation to see and consider what the like voyages of discoverye and plantinge in the Easte and Weste Indies hath wroughte in the kingdomes of Portingale and Spayne; bothe which realmes, beinge of themselves poore and barren and hardly able to susteine their inhabitants, by their discoveries have founde such occasion of employmente, that these many yeres we have not herde scarcely of any pirate of those twoo nations; whereas wee and the Frenche are moste infamous for our outeraigious, common, and daily piracies. Againe, when hearde wee almoste of one theefe amongst them? The reason is, that by these their newe discoveries, they have so many honest wayes to set them on worke, as they rather wante men than meanes to ymploye them. But wee, for all the statutes that hitherto can be devised, and the sharpe execution of the same in poonishinge idle lazye persons, for wante of sufficient occasion of honest employmente cannot deliver our commonwealthe from multitudes of loyterers and idle vagabondes. Truthe it is that throughe our longe peace and seldome sicknes (twoo singuler bless-

inges of Almightye God) wee are growen more populous than ever heretofore; so that nowe there are of every arte and science so many that they can hardly lyve one by another, nay rather they are readie to eate uppe one another; yea many thousandes of idle persons are within this realme, which, havinge no way to be sett on worke, be either mutinous or seeke alteration in the State, or at leaste very burdensome to the commonwealth, and often fall to pilferinge and thevinge and other lewdnes, whereby all the prisons of the lande are daily pestred and stuffed full of them, where either they pitifully pyne awaye or els at length are miserably hanged, even xx^{ti} at a clappe oute of some one jayle. Whereas yf this voyadge were put in execution, these pety theves mighte be condempned for certain yerres in the westerne partes, especially in Newefounde lande, in sawinge and felling of tymber for mastes of shippes, and deale boordes; in burninge of the firres and pine-trees to make pitche, tarr, rosen, and sope ashes: in beatinge and workinge of hempe for cordage; and in the more southerne partes, in settinge them to worke in mynes of golde, silver, copper, leade, and yron; in dragginge for perles and currall; in plantinge of sugar canes, as the Portingales have done in Madera; in mayneteynaunce and increasinge of silke wormes for silke, and in dressinge the same; in gatheringe up cotten whereof there is plentie; in tillinge of the soile there for graine; in dressinge of vines whereof there is greate aboundaunce for wyne; olyves, whereof the soile ys capable, for oyle; trees for oranges, lymons, almondes, figges and other frutes, all which are founde to growe there already; in sowinge of woade and madder for diers, as the Portingales have don in the Azores; in dressinge of raw hides of divers kindes of beastes; in makinge and gatheringe of salte, as in Rochel and Bayon, which may serve for the newe lande fisshinge; in killinge the whale, seale, porpose, and whirlepoole for trayne oile; in fisshinge, saltinge, and dryenge of linge, codde, salmon, herringe; in makinge and gatheringe of hony, waxe, turpentine; in hewing and shapinge of stone, as marble, jeate, christall, freestone, which will be goodd ballaste for our shippes homewardes, and after serve for noble buildinges; in makinge of caskes, oares, and all other manner of staves; in buildinge of fortes, townes, churches: in powdringe and barrellinge of fishe, fowles, and fleshe, which will be notable provision for sea and land; in dryenge, sortinge, and packinge of fethers, whereof may be had there marvelous greate quantitie.

Besides this, such as by any kinde of infirmitie can not passe the seas thither, and nowe are chardgeable to the realme at home, by this voyadge shalbe made profitable members, by employinge them in England in makinge of a thousande triflinge thinges, which will be very goodd marchandize for those contries where wee shall have moste ample vente thereof.

And seinge the savages of the Graunde Baye, and all alonge the mightie ryver ronnethe upp to Canada and Hochelaga, are greatly delighted with any cappe or garment made of course wollen clothe, their contrie beinge colde and sharpe in the winter, yt is manifeste wee shall finde greate utteraunce of our

clothes, especially of our coursest and basest northerne doosens, and our Irishe and Welshe frizes and rugges; whereby all occupations belonginge to clothinge and knittinge shalbe freshly sett on worke, as cappers, knitters, clothiers, wollmen, carders, spynners, weavers, fullers, sheremen, dyers, drapers, hatters, and such like, whereby many decayed townes may be repaired.

In somme, this enterprice will mynister matter for all sortes and states of men to worke upon; namely, all severall kindes of artificers, husbandmen, seamen, merchaunts, souldiers, capitaines, phisitions, lawyers, devines, cosmographers, hidrographers, astronomers, historiographers; yea, olde folkes, lame persons, women, and younge children, by many meanes which hereby shall still be mynistred unto them, shalbe kepte from idlenes, and be made able by their owne honest and easie labour to finde themselves, withoute surchardginge others. . . .

Whatsoever clothe wee shall vente on the tracte of that firme, or in the ilands of the same, or in other landes, ilandes, and territories beyonde, be they within the circle articke or withoute, all these clothes, I say, are to passe oute of this realme full wroughte by our naturall subjectes in all degrees of labour. And if it come aboute in tyme that wee shall vente that masse there that wee vented in the Base Contries, which is hoped by greate reason, then shall all that clothe passe oute of this realme in all degrees of labour full wroughte by the poore naturall subjectes of this realme, like as the quantitie of our clothe dothe passe that goeth hence to Russia, Barbarie, Turkye, Persia, &c. And then consequently it followeth, that the like number of people alleaged to the Emperour shal be sett on worke in England of our poore subjectes more then hath bene; and so her Majestie shall not be troubled with the pitefull outcryes of cappers, knytters, spynners, &c.

And on the other side wee are to note, that all the comodities wee shall bringe thence, we shall not bringe them wroughte, as wee bringe now the comodities of Fraunce and Flaunders, &c., but shall receive them all substaunces unwroughte, to the ymployment of a wonderfull multitude of the poore subjectes of this realme in returne. And so to conclude, what in the number of thinges to goe oute wroughte, and to come in unwroughte, there nede not one poore creature to steale, to starve, or to begge, as they doe.

And to answer objections: where fooles for the swarming of beggars alleage that the realme is too populous, Salomon saith that the honour and strengthe of a prince consisteth in the multitude of the people. And if this come aboute, that worke may be had for the multitude, where the realme hath now one thousande for the defence thereof, the same may have fyve thousande. For when people knowe howe to live, and howe to mayneteyne and feede their wyves and children, they will not abstaine from marriage as nowe they doe. And the soile thus aboundinge with corne, fleshe, mylke, butter, cheese, herbes, rootes, and frutes, &c., and the seas that envyron the same so infynitely aboundinge in fishe, I dare truly affirme, that if the number in this

realme were as greate as all Spaine and Ffraunce have, the people beinge industrious, I say, there shoulde be founde victualls ynoughe at the full in all bounty to suffice them all. And takinge order to cary hence thither our clothes made in hose, coates, clokes, whoodes, &c., and to returne thither hides of their owne beastes, tanned and turned into shoes and bootes, and other skynnes of goates, whereof they have store, into gloves, &c., no doubt but wee shall sett on worke in this realme, besides sailers and suche as shalbe seated there in those westerne discovered contries, at the leaste C. M. subjectes, to the greate abatinge of the goodd estate of subjectes of forreine princes, enemies, or doubtfull frendes, and this *absque injuria*, as the lawyers say, albeit not *sine damno*. . . .

CHAP. XV. *That spedie plantinge in divers fitt places is moste necessarie upon these laste luckye westerne discoveries, for feare of the danger of beinge prevented by other nations which have the like intention, with the order thereof, and other reasons therewithall alleaged.*

HAVINGE by God's goodd guidinge and mercifull direction atchieved happily this presente westerne discoverye, after the seekinge the advauncement of the kingedome of Christe, the second chefe and principall ende of the same is traficque, which consisteth in the vente of the masse of our clothes and other comodities of England, and in receavinge backe of the nedefull comodities that wee nowe receive from all other places of the worlde. But forasmoche as this is a matter of greate ymportaunce and a thinge of so greate gaine as forren princes will stomacke at, this one thinge is to be don withoute which it were in vaine to goe aboute this; and that is, the matter of plantinge and fortificacion, withoute due consideracion whereof in vaine were it to think of the former. And therefore upon the firste said viewe taken by the shippes that are to be sente thither, wee are to plante upon the mouthes of the greate navigable rivers which are there, by stronge order of fortification, and there to plante our colonies. And so beinge firste setled in strengthe with men, armour, munition, and havinge our navy within our bayes, havens, and roades, wee shall be able to lett the entraunce of all subjectes of forren princes, and so with our freshe powers to encounter their shippes at the sea, and to renewe the same with freshe men, as the sooden feightes shall require; and by our fortes shalbe able to hold faste our firste footinge, and readily to annoyne such weary power of any other that shall seke to arryve; and shalbe able with out navye to sende advertisemente into England upon every sooden whatsoever shall happen. And these fortifications shall kepe the naturall people of the contrye in obedience and goodd order. And these fortes at the mouthes of those greate portable and navigable ryvers may at all tymes sende upp their shippes, barkes, barges, and boates into the inland with all the comodities of England, and returne unto the said fortes all the comodities of the inlandes that wee shall

receave in exchange, and thence at pleasure convey the same into England. And thus settled in those fortes, yf the nexte neighbours shall attempte any annoye to our people wee are kepte safe by our fortes; and wee may, upon violence and wronge offred by them, ronne upon the rivers with our shippes, pynnesses, barkes, and boates, and enter into league with the petite princes their neighbours, that have alwayes lightly warres one with an other, and so entringe league nowe with the one and then with the other, wee shall purchase our owne safetie, and make our selves lordes of the whole.

Contrarywise, withoute this plantinge in due time, wee shall never be able to have full knowledge of the language, manners, and customes of the people of those regions, neither shall wee be able thoroughly to knowe the riches and comodities of the inlandes, with many other secretes whereof as yet wee have but a small taste. And althoughe by other meanes we might attaine to the knowledge thereof, yet beinge not there fortified and strongly seated, the French that swarme with multitude of people, or other nations, mighte secretly fortifie and settle themselves before us, hearinge of the benefit that is to be reaped of that voyadge: and so wee shoulde beate the bushe and other men take the birdes; wee shoulde be at the chardge and travell and other men reape the gaine. . . . Yf wee doe procrastinate the plantinge (and where our men have nowe presently discovered, and founde it to be the beste parte of America that is lefte, and in truthe more agreeable to our natures, and more nere unto us, than Nova Hispania), the Frenche, the Normans, the Brytons, or the Duche, or some other nation, will not onely prevente us of the mightie Baye of St. Lawrence, where they have gotten the starte of us already, though we had the same revealed to us by bookes published and printed in Englishe before them, but also will depriue us of that goodd lande which nowe wee have discovered. . . .

God, which doth all thinges in his due time, and hath in his hande the hertes of all Princes, stirr upp the mynde of her Majestie at lengthe to assiste her moste willinge and forwarde subjectes to the perfourmaunce of this moste godly and profitable action; which was begonne at the chardges of Kinge Henry the viiith her grandfather, followed by Kinge Henry the Eighte, her father, and lefte as it semeth to be accomplished by her (as the three yeres golden voyadge to Ophir was by Salomon), to the makinge of her realme and subjectes moste happy, and her selfe moste famous to all posteritie. Amen.

A REPORT OF VIRGINIA

From 'a brief and true report of the new-found land of Virginia, of the commodities there found and to be raised, as well merchantable as others. Written by Thomas Heriot, servant to Sir Walter Raleigh, a member of the colony and there employed in discovering a full twelvemonth.'

THERE is an herb which is sowed apart by itself, and is called by the inhabitants *uppowoc*. In the West Indies it hath divers names, according to the several places and countries where it groweth and is used; the Spaniards generally call it *tobacco*. The leaves thereof being dried and brought into powder, they use to take the fume or smoke thereof by sucking it, through pipes made of clay, into their stomach and head, from whence it purgeth superfluous phlegm and other gross humors, and opens all the pores and passages of the body; by which means the use thereof not only preserveth the body from obstructions, but also (if any be, so that they have not been of too long continuance) in short time breaketh them, whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievous diseases, wherewithal we in England are often times afflicted.

This *uppowoc* is of so precious estimation amongst them, that they think their gods are marvelously delighted therewith. Whereupon sometimes they make hallowed fires, and cast some of the powder therein for a sacrifice. Being in a storm upon the waters, to pacify their gods, they cast some up into the air and into the water. So a weir for fish being newly set up, they cast some therein and into the air. Also, after an escape of danger, they cast some into the air likewise; but all done with strange gestures, stamping, sometime dancing, clapping of hands, holding up of hands, and staring up into the heavens, uttering therewithal, and chattering strange words and noises.

We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to suck it after their manner, as also since our return, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the virtues thereof, of which the relation would require a volume by itself. The use of it by so many of late, men and women of great calling, as else, and some learned physicians also, is sufficient witness.

DRAKE IN CALIFORNIA

From 'the famous voyage of Sir Francis Drake into the South Sea, and therehence about the whole globe of the earth begun in the year of our Lord, 1577.'

THE fifth day of June, being in 43 degrees towards the pole Arctic, we found the air so cold that our men, being grievously pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof; and the further we went, the more the cold increased upon us. Whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek the land, and did so, finding it not mountainous, but low plain land, till we came within 38 degrees towards the Line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same.

In this bay we anchored, and the people of the country, having their houses close by the water's side, showed themselves unto us, and sent a present to our general.

When they came unto us, they greatly wondered at the things that we brought, but our general (according to his natural and accustomed humanity) courteously entreated them, and liberally bestowed on them necessary things to cover their nakedness, whereupon they supposed us to be gods, and would not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents which they sent to our general were feathers and cauls of network.

Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the uttermost brims of the circle cliffs of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm.

Their bed is the ground with rushes strewed on it, and lying about the house, have the fire in the midst. The men go naked, the women take bulrushes and comb them after the manner of hemp, and thereof make their loose garments, which being knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of deer with the hair upon it. These women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they were departed from us, they came and visited us the second time and brought with them feathers and bags of tobacco for presents. And when they came to the top of the hill (at the bottom whereof we had pitched our tents) they stayed themselves, where one appointed for speaker wearied himself with making a long oration, which done, they left their bows upon the hill, and came down with their presents.

In the meantime the women, remaining on the hill, tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived that they were about a sacrifice. In the meantime our general with his company

went to prayer and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentive, and seemed greatly to be affected with it. But when they were come unto us, they restored again unto us those things which before we bestowed upon them.

The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came down, and amongst them the king himself, a man of goodly stature and comely personage, with many other tall and warlike men; before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our general to signify that their king was coming, in doing of which message their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our general to send something by their hand to their king as a token that his coming might be in peace, wherein our general having satisfied them, they returned with glad tidings to their king, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner; and as they drew near unto us, so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness.

In the forefront was a man of goodly personage, who bore the scepter or mace before the king, whereupon hung two crowns, a less and a bigger, with three chains of a marvelous length. The crowns were made of knit work wrought artificially with feathers of divers colors; the chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are admitted to wear them; and of that number also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, and so forth. Next unto him which bare the scepter was the king himself with his guard about his person, clad with cony skins, and other skins. After them followed the naked common sort of people, everyone having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colors, and having in their hands one thing or another for a present, not so much as their children, but they also brought their presents.

In the meantime our general gathered his men together and marched within his fenced place, making against their approaching a very warlike show. They being trooped together in their order and a general salutation being made, there was presently a general silence. Then he that bear the scepter before the king, being informed by another, whom they assigned to that office, with a manly and lofty voice proclaimed that which the other spoke to him in secret, continuing half an hour; which ended, and a general amen, as it were, given, the king with the whole number of men and women (the children excepted) came down without any weapon; who descending to the foot of the hill, set themselves in order.

In coming towards our bulwarks and tents, the scepter-bearer began a song, observing his measurers in a dance, and that with a stately countenance; whom the king with his guard, and every degree of persons, following, did in like manner sing and dance, saving only the women, which danced and kept silence. The general permitted them to enter within our

bulwark, where they continued their song and dance a reasonable time. When they had satisfied themselves, they made signs to our general to sit down, to whom the king and divers others made several orations, or rather supplications, that he would take their province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king, making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title of the whole land, and become his subjects. In which, to persuade us the better, the king and the rest with one consent and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, did set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains, and offered unto him many other things, honoring him by the name of *Hioh*, adding thereunto, as it seemed a sign of triumph, which thing our general thought not meet to reject, because he knew not what honor and profit it might be to our country. Wherefore in the name and to the use of her Majesty he took the scepter, crown, and dignity of the said country into his hands, wishing that the riches and treasure thereof might so conveniently be transported to the enriching of her kingdom at home, as it aboundeth in the same.

The common sort of people leaving the king and his guard with our general, scattered themselves together with their sacrifices among our people, taking a diligent view of every person; and such as pleased their fancy, (which were the youngest) they, inclosing them about, offered their sacrifices unto them with lamentable weeping, scratching, and tearing the flesh from their faces with their nails, whereof issued abundance of blood. But we used signs to them of disliking this, and stayed their hands from force, and directed them upwards to the living God, whom only they ought to worship. They showed unto us their wounds, and craved help of them at our hands, whereupon we gave them lotions, plasters, and ointments, agreeing to the state of their griefs, beseeching God to cure their diseases. Every third day they brought their sacrifices to us, until they understood our meaning that we had no pleasure in them. Yet they could not be long absent from us, but daily frequented our company to the hour of our departure, which departure seemed so grievous unto them that their joy was turned into sorrow. They entreated us that being absent we would remember them, and by stealth provided a sacrifice, which we misliked.

Our necessary business being ended, our general with his company traveled up into the country to their villages, where we found herds of deer by 1000 in a company, being most large and fat of body.

We found the whole country to be a warren of a strange kind of conies, their bodies in bigness as be the Barbary conies, their heads as the heads of ours, the feet of a want, and the tail of a rat, being of great length. Under her chin is on either side a bag, into the which she gathereth her meat, when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eat their bodies and make great account of their skins, for their king's coat was made of them.

Our general called this country Nova Albion, and that for two causes:

the one in respect of the white banks and cliffs which lie towards the sea; and the other because it might have some affinity with our country in name, which sometime was so called.

There is no part of earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not some probable show of gold or silver.

At our departure hence our general set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same, namely a plate, nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraven her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her Majesty's hands, together with her highness' picture and arms in a piece of six pence of current English money under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our general.

FROM RALEIGH'S DISCOVERY OF GUIANA

UPON this river one Captain George, that I took with Berreo, told me there was a great silver mine, and that it was near the banks of the said river. But by this time as well Orinoco, Caroli, as all the rest of the rivers were risen four or five feet in height so as it was not possible by the strength of any men, or with any boat whatsoever to row into the river against the stream. I therefore sent Captain Thyn, Captain Grenville, my nephew John Gilbert, my cousin Butthead Gorges, Captain Clark, and some thirty shot more to coast the river by land, and to go to a town some twenty miles over the valley called Amnatapoi. And they found guides there to go farther towards the mountain foot to another great town called Capurepana, belonging to a casique called Haharacoa (that was a nephew to old Topiawari, king of Arromaia, our chieftest friend) because this town and province of Capurepana adjoined to Macureguarai, which was a frontier town of the empire. And the meanwhile myself with Captain Gifford, Captain Calfield, Edward Hancock, and some half a dozen shot marched overland to view the strange overfalls of the river of Caroli which roared so far off, and also to see the plains adjoining, and the rest of the province of Canuri. I sent also Captain Whiddon, William Connocke, and some eight shot with them, to see if they could find any mineral stone amongst the riverside. When we were come to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli, and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, above twenty miles off. And there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church-tower, which fell with that fury that the rebound of water made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen

over some great town. For mine own part, I was well persuaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman, but the rest were all so desirous to go near the said strange thunder of waters, as they drew me on by little and little, till we came into the next valley, where we might better discern the same. I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects, hills so raised here and there over the valleys, the river winding into divers branches, the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass, the ground of hard sand, easy to march on, either for horse or foot, the deer crossing in every path, the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes, cranes, and herons of white, crimson, and carnation perching in the riverside, the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stooped to take up, promised either gold or silver by its complexion. Your lordship shall see of many sorts, and I hope some of them cannot be bettered under the sun; and yet we had no means but with our daggers and fingers to tear them out here and there, the rocks being most hard, of that mineral spar aforesaid, which is like a flint, and is altogether as hard or harder; and besides the veins lie a fathom or two deep in the rocks. But we wanted all things requisite, save only our desires and good will, to have performed more if it had pleased God. To be short, when both our companies returned, each of them brought also several sorts of stones that appeared very fair, but were such as they found loose on the ground, and were for the most part but colored, and had not any gold fixed in them; yet such as had no judgment or experience kept all that glistened, and would not be persuaded but it was rich because of the luster, and brought of those and of marquesite withal, from Trinidad, and have delivered of those stones to be tried in many places, and have thereby bred an opinion that all the rest is of the same. Yet some of these stones I showed afterward to a Spaniard of the Caracas, who told me that it was *el madre del oro*, that is, the mother of gold, and that the mine was farther in the ground. . . .

I will enter no further into discourse of their manners, laws, and customs, and because I have not myself seen the cities of Inca, I cannot avow on my credit what I have heard, although it be very likely that the Emperor Inca hath built and erected as magnificent palaces in Guiana as his ancestors did in Peru, which were for their riches and rareness most marvelous and exceeding all in Europe, and I think of the world, China excepted; which also the Spaniards (which I had) assured me to be true, as also the nations of the borderers, who, being but savages to those of the inland, do cause much treasure to be buried with them. For I was informed of one of the casiques of the valley of Amariocapana, which had buried with him, a little before our arrival, a chair of gold most curiously wrought, which was made either in Macureguaray adjoining, or in Manoa. But if we should have grieved them in their religion at the first, before they had been taught better, and

have digged up their graves, we had lost them all. And therefore I held my first resolution that her Majesty should either accept or refuse the enterprise ere anything should be done that might in any sort hinder the same. And if Peru had so many heaps of gold, whereof those Incas were princes, and that they delighted so much therein; no doubt but this which now liveth and reigneth in Manoa, hath the same honor, and I am assured hath more abundance of gold within his territory than all Peru and the west Indies.

For the rest, which myself have seen, I will promise these things that follow, which I know to be true. Those that are desirous to discover and to see many nations may be satisfied within this river, which bringeth forth so many arms and branches leading to several countries and provinces, above 2000 miles east and west, and 800 miles south and north, and of these the most either rich in gold or in other merchandises. The common soldier shall here fight for gold, and pay himself, instead of pence, with plates of half a foot broad, whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provant and penury. Those commanders and chieftains that shoot at honor and abundance, shall find there more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchers filled with treasure than either Cortez found in Mexico, or Pizarro in Peru; and the shining glory of this conquest will eclipse all those so far extended beams of the Spanish nation. There is no country which yieldeth more pleasure to the inhabitants, either for those common delights of hunting, hawking, fishing, fowling, or the rest, than Guiana doth. It hath so many plains, clear rivers, abundance of pheasants, partridges, quails, rails, cranes, herons, and all other fowl, deer of all sorts, porks, hares, lions, tigers, leopards, and divers other sorts of beasts, either for chase or food. It hath a kind of beast called *cama*, or *anta*, as big as an English beef, and in great plenty.

To speak of the several sorts of every kind, I fear would be troublesome to the reader, and therefore I will omit them and conclude that both for health, good air, pleasure, and riches I am resolved it cannot be equaled by any region either in the east or west. Moreover the country is so healthful, as of an hundred persons and more (which lay without shift more sluttishly, and were every day almost melted with heat in rowing and marching, and suddenly wet again with great showers, and did eat of all sorts of corrupt fruits, and meals of fresh fish without seasoning, of tortugas, of lagartos or crocodiles, and of all sorts good and bad, without either order or measure, and besides lodged in the open air every night) we lost not any one, nor had one ill disposed to my knowledge, nor found any calentura or other of those pestilence diseases which dwell in all hot regions, and so near the equinoctial line.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

NO man was more typical of the variety and initiative of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth than Sir Walter Raleigh. Like many of the other worthies of that time, his character was mingled of baseness and ideality, mendacity and magnanimity, and his life was spent in a series of daring inroads into almost every field of human activity that offered reward for enterprise. Soldier and courtier, capitalist and adventurer, pirate and poet; wherever gold or glory beckoned, he led the foremost ranks.

Before he had finished at Oxford, he had served as a volunteer with the Huguenot army in France. At twenty-six he commanded the *Falcon* of one hundred tons in an expedition for discovery and plunder under his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. A few months later he was fighting bravely in Ireland, and also putting six hundred Spanish prisoners to the sword. By 1582 he was at court and in high favor with the queen, perhaps because of the famous episode of his new plush coat spread over a muddy place for her majesty to walk upon. At all events, within a few years he had been knighted and presented with great domains and rich monopolies. But he was not content with a life of ease. In 1584 he fitted out the first English expedition to the New World, and gave the name Virginia to a long stretch of the Atlantic seaboard. Within five years he had spent £40,000 in fruitless attempts to establish the colony, and had won undying fame as the pioneer of the British Empire.

It is not so clear that he deserves his fame as the introducer of the potato to Ireland and tobacco to England; but his use of the pipe seems to have started the fashion of smoking which quickly spread to all classes. He was one of the commission that drew up the plan of defense against the Spanish Armada, and for the rest of his life was the ever-active foe of Spain. In 1592 his love affair with Elizabeth Throgmorton lost him the favor of the jealous queen and sent him to the Tower. A partial reconciliation was arranged, and Raleigh was permitted to marry the lady. His famous voyage to Guiana in search of gold in 1595, his brilliant fighting at Cadiz in 1596, his action at Fayal and quarrel with his chief Essex in 1597, were followed by some years of court intrigue in which Raleigh became involved in conspiracy against the accession of James I.

He was tried for treason and sentenced to death in 1603; but finally was deprived of his estate and committed to the Tower where he remained a prisoner until 1616. He was released in order that he might conduct another expedition for the gold mine on the Orinoco. This second voyage to Guiana

was fateful. After surmounting perils of storm, fever, and mutiny, the adventurers were forced to attack the Spanish settlement of San Tomas and were finally barred from approach to the mine. Raleigh's son had fallen in the attack; his men and captains refused to venture farther, and he returned to disgrace and death in England. The Spanish Ambassador Gondomar, now high in favor with James, demanded vengeance. On the old sentence of 1603, Raleigh was executed for treason in 1618. As there was some discussion as to how his head should be placed on the block, he spoke his last words, "What matter how the head lie, so the heart be right."

In these brief notes of the most striking activities of his busy life, no mention has yet been made of his literary labors. Yet Raleigh probably devoted more time to the pursuit of literature than to business, intrigue, or fighting. From his youth he was a great reader, and his commendatory verses to Gascoigne's 'Steel Glass' in 1576 indicate that he had begun his long acquaintanceship with both poets and poetry. He must have met Spenser in 1580, and their friendship was later celebrated by both poets. Raleigh's most ambitious poem 'Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea,' survives only in a fragment in which he refers to himself as 'The Shepherd of the Ocean,' the picturesque title that Spenser had conferred upon him. His best-known poems are the two commendatory of the 'Faery Queen,' and the charming reply to Marlowe's 'Come, live with me.'

Of his prose works the 'Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores' (the *Revenge*) and the 'Discovery of the Empire of Guiana' have been reprinted by the Hakluyt Society and are known to everyone who loves the tales of the Elizabethan sea-rovers. His 'History of the World,' which occupied seven or eight years of his imprisonment in the Tower, is not so well known today, though it was extremely popular through the seventeenth century. The portion finished surveys the affairs of the known world from creation down to the Roman conquest of Macedonia, but there are many digressions on events of his own day which give it interest and value for the reader of the present. The whole history, planned with imagination, and carried through by arduous and extended reading, is a noble monument to its author and to that spirit of intellectual and imaginative enterprise which is one of the great glories of Elizabeth's England. The sublimity of that enterprise stirred Raleigh's pen as he wrote the great apostrophe to Death with which the 'History' ends.

Raleigh was the friend and associate of men of learning and letters throughout his life. With Archbishop Parker, Selden, and Cotton he was a member of the Society of Antiquaries. With Marlowe and others he formed a club for the discussion of philosophical themes, which brought some of its members under charges of atheism. Raleigh is credited with having suggested the meetings at the Mermaid Tavern, later famous for the wit combats between Jonson and Shakespeare. Ben Jonson regarded him as "father";

and the friend of Spenser, Marlowe, and Jonson must have known Shakespeare. There is, however, no record of their acquaintance, and Shakespeare seems to have been a partisan of Raleigh's enemy Essex.

The two men ought to have been friends for they both have given astounding records of the abounding power of human individuality. Shakespeare's plays celebrate the magnitude and the variety of individuals, and in a way Raleigh's life is the best commentary on those plays. It records the amazing variety of impulses and motives that one life could compass in those stirring times; and in its essays in literature it has left for posterity some suggestions of what the greater poet has celebrated so completely — the allurements of beauty, the great horizons of inquiry, the magnificence of human struggle.

A. H. THORNDIKE

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

From 'A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores, the last of August, 1591, betwixt the Revenge, one of her Majesty's ships and an armada of the King of Spain. Penned by the honorable Sir Walter Raleigh, knight.'

THE Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark Raleigh, and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight; many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could, either for money, or by force, recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and rummaging, everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable; for in the Revenge there were ninety diseased, in the Bonaventure not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the Defiance, which was admiral; the Revenge, vice-admiral; the Bonaventure, commanded by Captain Cross; the Lion, by George Fenner; the Foresight, by Mr. Thomas Vavasour; and the Crane, by Duffield. The Foresight and the Crane being but small ships, only the others were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark Raleigh, commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last

that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship, for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the Revenge. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great San Philip, being in the wind of him and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm; so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the Revenge aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard, of which the next was the admiral of the Biscayans, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittandona. The said Philip carried three tiers of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the Revenge was entangled with this Philip, four others boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight, thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great San Philip, having received the lower tier of the Revenge, discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers—in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the Revenge, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the George Noble of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the Revenge, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight

had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada, and the admiral of the hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company brought home in a ship of Lima from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight, and then, being shot into the body with a musket, as he was dressing was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned, which examinations the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge* as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast; a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead, either for flight or defense. Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured, in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of

great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard should be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered, that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the General Don Alfonso Bazan. Who (finding none overhasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition) yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the further condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

“WHEN I was a boy nine years old,” says Aubrey the antiquary, “I was with my father at one Mr. Singleton’s, an alderman and woolen draper, in Gloucester, who had in his parlour over the chimney the whole description of Sir Philip Sidney’s funerall, engraved and printed on papers pasted together, which at length was, I believe, the length of the room at least. But he had contrived it to be twined upon two pinnes, that turning one of them made the figures march all in order. It did make such a strong impression on my young tender phantasy that I remember it as if it were but yesterday.” The pageantry of Sir Philip Sidney’s life and death is still potent to impress the tender fancy, young or old; it cannot be forgotten by anybody who today would meddle with the estimate put upon him by his contemporaries. That he was the embodied ideal of all the Elizabethan world held noble in life and art, there is an almost inconceivable amount of tribute to testify. All England and most of Europe went into mourning at his death; and while he lived, the name of Astrophel was one that poets conjured with. Bruno the philosopher, Languet the Huguenot, enshrined him in their affections; and Sir Fulke Greville the thinker, in the never-to-be-forgotten epitaph, was proud to remember that beside having been servant to Queen Elizabeth and counselor to King James, he had been also Sir Philip Sidney’s friend.

The extraordinary charm of this celebrated personality is hardly to be accounted for completely by the flavor of high romance about him, or by attributing to him what nowadays has been called personal magnetism. Something of temperamental magic there must have been, to be sure; but even in his short life there was something also of distinct purpose and achievement. When in his thirty-second year — for he was born November 29, 1554, and died October 5, 1586 — he received his death wound at the siege of Zutphen, he had already gained the reputation of more than ordinary promise in statesmanship, and had made himself an authority in questions of letters. The results of modern scholarship seem to show, on the whole, that his renown was more richly deserved than subsequent opinion has always been willing to admit.

In the first place, Sidney’s devotion to art was steadfast and sincere. Throughout his travels on the Continent, whether in the midst of the terrors of St. Bartholomew in Paris, or in Italy, which for its manifold temptations old Roger Ascham declared a Circe’s court of vice, he held a high-spirited philosophy which kept him alike from evil and from bigotry. Dante and Pe-

trarch more than any fleshly following were his companions in Italy. On the grand tour or in his foreign missions, as his writings always show, he was ever the true observer. In the splendors of Elizabeth's court — such as, for instance, the Kenilworth progress, which his uncle the Earl of Leicester devised for the gratification of the Queen's Majesty — he had always an eye for the romantic aspects of things, and a thought for the significance of them. The beautiful face in the Warwick Castle portrait — lofty with the truth of a soul that derives itself from Plato — cannot have been the visage of a nature careless of its intellectual powers or its fame; but of one most serious, as his friend Fulke Greville testifies, and strenuous in his public duty. The celebrated romance of 'Arcadia' — which he wrote for his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in retirement at Penshurst, his birthplace, after his courageous letter of remonstrance to the queen concerning the French match — is entirely the outcome of a mind that did its own thinking, and made even its idle thoughts suggestive in the study of the literature.

At first sight the Countess of Pembroke's 'Arcadia' may seem, indeed, but the "vain amatorious poem" which Milton condemned Charles I for using upon the scaffold. Sidney himself might have called it a poem: for "it is not rhyming and versing," he says, "that maketh a poet; but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by": and he did call it, in his dedication, "an idle work," "a trifle and trifling handled." But it is to be noted that what Charles used of it was a prayer put originally in the mouth of Pamela, and that Dr. Johnson declared his use of it was innocent. Pamela also, in spite of the trifling diversions of Philip and his sister the Countess, has a way of pretty often growing eloquent on serious matters. "You say yesterday was as today," she exclaims. "O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish since wit makes you foolish, what does that argue but that there is a constancy in the everlasting governor?" And Pamela's exposition of her faith, in Book iii, is more theology than many a trifler would care to read or write today. Altogether this elaborate compound of Spanish, Italian, and Greek pastoral, and romantic incident, has its fair share of the moral element which the English nature inevitably craves.

Another element in it, less peculiar to the Saxon race, but always characteristic of Sidney, is its strong instinctive art. In form, of course, though Sidney had a leaning toward the unities, it is purely romantic. Its art is to be found in the most distinctive characteristic of the Elizabethans — the art of putting together canorous words and phrases. When Sidney retired to Penshurst in 1580, the whole world was reading John Lyly's 'Euphues'; in which the love of elaborate language found vent in complicated systems of alliteration, antitheses, and similes borrowed from an artificial natural history. Sidney, though like Shakespeare after him he did not entirely escape this craze, was not slow to transmute the rather mechanical system of Lyly

into something more really musical. His style shows traces also of the foreign models he set himself; but in the end, like the matter he borrowed, it resolves itself into something individual, in its persistent aim in saying what it has to say simply (according to his lights) and beautifully. More specifically, its verse contains also many experiments in the classic meters, which Harvey, Spenser, and other literary men of the day hoped to introduce into English; but Sidney, whatever were his failures, never held anything but the loftiest estimate of the real poet or worker in words. His eloquent defense of "poesie," written soon after the 'Arcadia,' and before England had produced more than a very few of the works for which her literature is now famous, is a marvel of prophetic sympathy. In spite of his sometimes academic judgments, the very fact of his criticism shows that he had an interest in the then unfashionable and sordid theater; and more than any of the criticising pamphleteers of his time, he had an ear for the poetry of the common people. "Certainly," he says, in the famous passage in the 'Defense of Poesie,' "I must confess mine own barbarousness: I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evilly appareled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"

It is with this notion of Sidney as a literary man of wide sympathy and high thoughts, if of a somewhat too bookish Muse, that we can most easily apprehend his last and perhaps greatest work, the series of sonnets and poems called 'Astrophel and Stella.' Literary gossip and scholarship are still busy with the question whether the Stella of the sonnets, Penelope Devereux, was already Lady Rich, and so a married woman, when Astrophel made his poetical love to her. The important thing today is that there was a Stella at all. Lady Rich, married against her will to an unworthy spouse, remains true to him, in the sonnets at least; and Sidney in the end, having pledged his hand to Frances Walsingham, the daughter of his friend Sir Francis Walsingham, transcends his earthly love in a love of eternal and spiritual things. "The argument cruel Chastity," says Thomas Nash, his first editor; "the prologue Hope, the epilogue Despair." "My theory of the love which it portrays," says John Addington Symonds, one of his modern biographers, "is that this was latent up to the time of her betrothal, and that the consciousness of the irrevocable at that moment made it break into the kind of regretful passion which is peculiarly suited for poetic treatment." Certainly it was not the mere amatorious element in the poems which made the name of Astrophel dear to men like Jonson, Crashaw, Wither, and stately Sir Thomas Browne; nor is it the artificial element that need concern the reader in these days. Without either of these, there is plenty of lettered charm, searching thought into the relations of the body and the

soul, high and beautiful speculation on the conditions of earthly life, expressed everywhere in the spirit of one who, as Wotton says, was "the very essence of congruity."

PITTS DUFFIELD

THE ARRIVAL IN ARCADIA

MUSIDORUS (who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that, from which he saw no reason to disagree, and therefore (defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them) they took their journey together through Laconia: Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding), they gave way unto it for that day and the next — never troubling him either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor, dolorous discourses of their own and other folks' misfortunes. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet like one half asleep he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow: which wrought so in him that at length he grew content to mark their speeches; then to marvel at such wit in shepherds; after to like their company; and lastly to vouchsafe conference: so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep; and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus' eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of so many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice com-

forted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye), they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, as yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succor: a show as it were of an accompanable solitariness and of a civil wildness. I pray you (said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips), what countries be these we pass through which are so diverse in show—the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?

The country (answered Claius) where you were cast ashore, and now are past through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named Helots), hath in this sort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it: the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering for fear of being mistaken.

But the country where now you set your foot is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace, and (the child of peace) good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep; and therefore in the division of the Arcadian state are termed shepherds: a happy people, wanting little because they desire not much. What cause then, said Musidorus, made you venture to leave this sweet life, and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm? Guarded with poverty (answered Strephon) and guided with love. But now (said Claius), since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you, and of the young man you so much lament; that at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. Musidorus (according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names) answered, that he called himself Palladius, and his friend Daiphantus: but till I have him again (said he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing; his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate: and in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend.

They perceived he was not willing to open himself farther, and therefore, without farther questioning, brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an

honorable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected: each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good-fellowship: all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number, as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behavior; testifying even in their countenances, that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds as men who, though they were poor, their master greatly favored; and understanding by them that the young man with them was to be much accounted of — for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune — he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loath to be known.

No, said Kalander (speaking aloud); I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees: it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which (if this young man's face be not a false witness) do better apparel his mind than you have done his body. While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in show like a merchant's 'prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve, delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and to Claius from Urania; which they no sooner had read, but that with short leave-taking of Kalander (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter), and once again (though hastily) recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loath to part with them, for the good conversation he had had of them, and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them: and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him; and without hearkening unto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) got speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness (which the fight, the sea, and late travel had laid upon him) grow greatly: so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners; desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful, to find out and redeem a young man, naming him Daiphantus, as then in the hands of Laconian pirates.

But Kalander, seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed con-

veyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house; where, being possessed with an extreme burning fever, he continued some while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a creditable ambassador of his health; to the great joy of Kalander, who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his, that dwelt near the sea in Messenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succor Daiphantus, so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius.

For having found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit quite void of ostentation, high erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behavior so noble as gave a majesty to adversity — and all in a man whose age could not be above one-and-twenty years — the good old man was even enamored of a fatherly love towards him; or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him, once he acknowledged himself so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But Palladius having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself more than in any other delighted in. The back side of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard: or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees, of the most taste-pleasing fruits: but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were suddenly stept into a delicate green; of each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor, so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy Error and making order in confusion.

In the midst of all the place was a fair pond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens; one in deed, the other in shadows — and in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus: a naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places, to set forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breast she had her babe Æneas, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly — meanwhile the breast running.

Hard by was a house of pleasure, built for a summer-retiring place; whither, Kalander leading him, he found a square room full of delightful pictures, made by most excellent workmen of Greece. There was Diana, when Actæon

saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the painter had set such a color as was mixed between shame and disdain; and one of her foolish nymphs, who weeping, and withal lowering, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table was Atalanta; the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed, that if the eyes were only judges, as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many more, as of Helena, Omphale, Iole: but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table which contained a comely old man, with a lady of middle age, but of excellent beauty; and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there stood between them a young maid, whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her, but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference (being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living) was there between her and all the other, though goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed nothing on the other of new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill on the painter. Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest, he could not choose but ask who she was, that bearing show of one being indeed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. Kalander answered that it was made for Philoclea, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table; the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents: and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire, but that rude clown her guardian would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the prince, for fear of suspicion. Palladius perceived that the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would for modesty demand no farther: but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it; which Kalander perceiving — Well (said he), my dear guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfy it: neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no farther than the bounds of the question; but I will discover unto you, as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me; knowing so much in you (though not long acquainted) that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers. So then sitting down, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake: —

This country, Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation: partly for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which, as by their justice and providence, give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy; so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the Muses seem to ap-

prove their good determination, by choosing this country for their chief repairing-place; and by bestowing their perfections so largely here, that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince, whose picture you see, by name Basilius: a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country; where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing so much as the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only pass all his own foregoers, but as I think, all the princes living. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence; yet he is notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

He being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, Gynecia, daughter of the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity: but of so working a mind, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say, it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

Of these two are brought into the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to show that nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men (sharp-witted only in evil speaking) have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela; by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfection may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellences had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceedings as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners; Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellences, but by making that one of her excellences, to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince, and so in his private estate blessed as to have so excellent a wife and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, having made a journey to Delphos and safely returned, within short space he brake up his court and retired — himself, his

wife and children — into a certain forest hereby, which he called his desert: wherein (besides an house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household services) he hath builded two fine lodges; in the one of them himself remains with his young daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture), without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, surcharged, to music lendeth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure!
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heaven forgot all measure.

Who hath the lips where wit in fairness reigneth!
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet whose step all sweetness planteth!
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only to you her scepter Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast whose milk doth patience nourish!
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which, without stroke, subdueth!
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair which, loosest, fastest tieth!
Who makes a man live, then glad when he dieth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice which soul from senses sunders!
Whose force, but yours, the bolts of beauty thunders!

To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, o'ercharged, to music lendeth!

To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

SONNETS TO STELLA

THE curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bearing itself in my long-settled eyes,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise
With idle pains and missing aim do guess.
Some, that know how my spring I did address,
Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, because the prince of service tries,
Think that I think State errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambition's rage —
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place —
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
O fools, or otherwise! alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face:

What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;

I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace

To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then, even of fellowship, O moon, tell me,

Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Come, sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!
 With shield of proof shield me from out the press
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw —
 Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease.

I will good tribute pay, if thou do so:
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head;
 And if these things, as being thine in right,
 Move not thy heavy grace — thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Because I breathe not love to every one,
 Nor do not use set colors for to wear,
 Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
 Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
 The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
 Of them which in their lips love's standard bear,
 "What, he!" say they of me: "now I dare swear
 He cannot love; no, no, let him alone!"

And think so still, so Stella know my mind.
 Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
 But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
 That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
 Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
 They love indeed who quake to say they love.

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
 Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
 Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
 Thou web of will whose end is never wrought —
 Desire, desire! I have too dearly bought
 With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware;
 Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
 Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
 But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
 In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire;
 In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire:
 For virtue hath this better lesson taught —
 Within myself to seek my only hire,
 Desiring naught but how to kill desire.

Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and tumble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
That doth but shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

EDMUND SPENSER

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London in or shortly before the year 1552. Although the obscurity which hangs about the life and circumstances of the poet's father has never been quite dispelled, it seems at least certain that he belonged to the Lancashire branch of the Spensers; and the family was connected with the "house of auncient fame" of Spenser, which, down to our own day, has continued to bear so honorable a part in the public life of England. The first event in the poet's life of which we have definite knowledge — although even here the precise date is wanting — is his admission to the Merchant Taylors' School of his native city. This event is probably to be referred to the very first year of the existence of this famous school — 1560; but however this may be, in 1568 we find his name in the list of "poore scholers" who were assisted in obtaining their education by the charities of Dean Nowell — a list, it may be added, which in the subsequent years of the same century was destined to include still other names hardly less illustrious than Spenser's own. To Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, the poet was transferred in the spring of 1569; and there, amidst studies which apparently were often interrupted by ill health, he passed the next seven years of his life, receiving in due succession the degrees of bachelor and master; but — owing to some disfavor with the authorities, it would seem — making no application for a fellowship, such as would probably otherwise have been made by a student whose tastes were so scholarly and whose means were so limited.

The years of the poet's life which immediately follow his university career are again involved in obscurity. Shadowy, however, as are both the lady and the circumstances, we know that this period was marked by the love affair with Rosalind, whom he celebrated in 'The Shepherd's Calendar.' To these years too, most probably, we should refer the beginning of Spenser's fateful connection with Ireland, since in 1577 it appears that he accompanied to that unhappy country the then Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, father of Sir Philip. Two years later he is again in England, and in the house of the powerful Earl of Leicester, brother-in-law of the Lord Deputy Sidney. From here we find him carrying on a literary correspondence with his former college-mate, Gabriel Harvey; in which the perverse metrical theories and insufferable pedantry of the latter are almost atoned for by the genuineness of his friendship for the poet, and the stimulus he afforded to his literary activity. For this must indeed have been with Spenser — if we may judge by the list of works which are mentioned in the course of this correspondence, many of them lost — a period of such intense activity as can be paralleled from the lives of but few poets. The

range of his literary experiments extended even to the drama — the branch of literature which of all seems most alien to his genius; and we hear of the Nine Comedies by the side of the work with which he was about to open the great age of Elizabethan literature.

This work — 'The Shepherd's Calendar' — appearing towards the close of the year 1579, justified in the minds of contemporaries as well as posterity the title of "The New Poet," which the author tacitly accepted from his friend and commentator, "E. K." To say nothing of the varied command of metrical forms and of the music of verse which the eclogues in this collection revealed, readers of native poetry recognized in 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' for the first time since Chaucer, a work exhibiting the sustained vigor which is an essential of verse that is worthy of the name of literature. A plan had been adopted of no inconsiderable scope — one which admitted the treatment of a great if somewhat singular variety of subjects and situations; and notwithstanding occasional grotesqueness of diction or injudicious choice of material — matters as to which contemporary taste was by no means the same as our own — or even a curious deficiency in that imaginative glow which the poet was afterwards to exhibit so pre-eminently, this plan had been executed without flagging from beginning to end.

But the year following this great literary success saw Spenser finally drawn into those circumstances which were to determine the sum of his happiness and sorrow during the rest of his too brief career. In the summer of 1580, as secretary to the new Lord Deputy — Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, the stern Arthegall of 'The Faery Queen' — the poet once more turned his face toward Ireland; in which country, as a servant of the English Crown in various capacities, he was destined to spend the remaining years of his life. Only twice during this period did he revisit his native land before the final year of 1598; when, swept away from Ireland like many another Englishman by the storm of rebellion and devastation, he returned to die in London a broken man, in fortunes if not in spirit. In this savage and untamable Ireland of the closing sixteenth century, the poet who in his works stands furthest aloof of all men from the actual world, was called on to be a witness, and finally an actor, in some of the sternest of the world's work. He was in reality, however, not less an English gentleman than a poet; and possessed not only the sense of civic duty characteristic of his class, but the fiber necessary to support the burdens of public service. Accordingly, by a striking coincidence, we find him at the end of his career filling the prosaic yet responsible office of sheriff, at the time when the rebellion of Tyrone burst over Munster, the province of his residence.

After a more than ten years' interval, covering the earlier years of Spenser's life in Ireland — an interval in publication though not in composition — the first three books of 'The Faery Queen' appeared, in 1590. Six years more elapsed before the remaining books saw the light; but this latter period, including the final year, was marked by the publication of those minor poems, which

— in beauty of form at least — constitute a no less precious inheritance of English literature than 'The Faery Queen' itself. In surveying this great body of work, the impression one receives of its variety is hardly less than that of its power. 'Mother Hubbard's Tale,' 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' the marriage songs — to speak of no others — represent achievements, in the last case of the first rank, in the others of all but the first rank, in their respective literary forms; achievements all the more remarkable, one might say, in view of the absence of English models at the time. Who, for instance, would have suspected in the author of 'The Faery Queen' one of the keenest of satirists, but for the existence of the first of the above-named poems? Reflection upon the range of power which works so different exhibit causes us to regret even the loss of those earlier dramatic experiments.

But to the mind of the modern reader the name of Spenser is apt to call up simply the poet of 'The Faery Queen' — a work indeed which filled more completely the intellectual life of its author, during a larger proportion of the years of his maturity, than has been the case perhaps with any other poem in literature of equal rank; and it is this work alone which we shall be able to consider, briefly, within the limits of this essay.

We may perhaps best attain a just insight into the nature and essential characteristics of 'The Faery Queen' by a consideration of its relation to its undoubted model, the 'Orlando Furioso.' It was unquestionably the example of Ariosto which led Spenser to dedicate his genius to this new representation of the idealized life of chivalry; and it was his object no less than that of his exemplar to render in his pages all the immemorial charm of romance. But the absence of one element from the Italian model could not but be keenly perceptible to the grave, even Puritan, nature of the Northern poet: the element of moral seriousness, which hardly less than the love of beauty was of the very essence of Spenser's genius. To give then a moral basis to this ideal world seemed to Spenser necessary to render it complete even in its beauty, to say nothing of any more directly didactic object he may have had at heart. The method of allegory by which he attempts to supply this basis to the romance-epic, with his plan of the knights representing the twelve Moral and twelve Politic Virtues, seems a mechanical device for effecting his purpose, and indeed soon breaks down of its own weight; yet the nobility of Spenser's nature, his high moral seriousness from which the conception of the allegory sprang, diffuses itself through the whole poem, so that after all he might rightly appear to Milton as "a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

Even superior to these qualities of moral earnestness and purity, as an element of power in 'The Faery Queen,' is the passionate love of beauty to which the poet here gives the most luxuriant and vivid expression to be met with in English verse. In no English poet until Keats do we again find this pursuit of ideal beauty in the same degree the dominant element in the poet's genius; and here the superior moral vigor of Spenser supplied a check on the tenden-

cies to sensuous excess, which was wanting in the case of Keats. It is especially in the management of his verse, and in the exercise of his unequalled powers of description, that Spenser's sensibility to beauty and capacity for its expression appear most striking. From no metrical instrument, perhaps, has a poet drawn richer harmonies than Spenser from his immortal stanza; and his descriptive powers, whether applied to the heroic figures who are the actors in his story, or to such splendid conceptions as the Cave of Mammon or the Bower of Bliss, mark the limits perhaps of the achievement of poetry in this direction.

But after all, it is doubtless the ideal aloofness of the world of 'The Faery Queen' from that which lies about us, that gives its greatest charm to the poem. From this new world of the imagination the commonplace is excluded; and if we encounter here again evil and ugliness, they have taken on forms of terror which are hardly less ideal than those of purity and beauty. We wander on at will amidst this endless variety of incident and figure, all steeped in the colors of the imagination, without being reminded that there are bounds to the world we have entered, such as are recalled to us even in the depths of the Forest of Arden.

And finally, 'The Faery Queen' is not without its philosophy — a philosophy in conformity with the unsubstantiality of its world. In accordance with the nature of Spenser's genius, we must not expect to see him present the problems of destiny and moral evil with the direct and tragic power of the chief masters of human character, as exemplified above all in the dramas of his great contemporary. No other poet, however, has expressed with equal power the mystery of change as the most fundamental of all the conditions of existence, as subjecting to its law the very heart of the world. This mystery of "mutability" seemed to lie like a burden on Spenser's spirit; and it is the depth of his feeling and reflection on this idea which has imparted an incomparable sublimity to the posthumous cantos of 'The Faery Queen,' where the solution to the mystery which Nature proposes differs perhaps but little after all from that of ages maturer in science.

J. DOUGLAS BRUCE

PROTHALAMION; OR, A SPOUSALL VERSE

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
 Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
 Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
 When I (whom sullein care,
 Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay

In princes court, and expectation vayne
 Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
 Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne)
 Walkt forth to ease my payne
 Along the shoare of silver-streaming Themmes;
 Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hemmes,
 Was paynted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meades adorn'd with dainty gemmes,
 Fit to decke maydens bowres,
 And crowne their paramours,
 Against the brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
 A flocke of Nymphes I chauncèd to espy,
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
 As each had bene a bryde;
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entraylèd curiously,
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
 And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
 The tender stalkes on hye.
 Of every sort which in that meadow grew
 They gathered some: the violet, pallid blew,
 The little dazie, that at evening closes,
 The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegroomes posies
 Against the brydale day, which was not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
 Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
 So purely white they were,

That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heavens light,
 Against their brydale day, which was not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones, the Nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
 As they came floating on the cristal flood;
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
 Their wondring eyes to fill:
 Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
 Of fowles so lovely that they sure did deeme
 Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
 Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
 For sure they did not seeme
 To be begot of any earthly seede,
 But rather angels, or of angels breede:
 Yet were they bred of Somers heat, they say,
 In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
 The earth did fresh aray;
 So fresh they seem'd as day,
 Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
 All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
 When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
 Scattered with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
 That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store,
 Like a brydes chamber flore.
 Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two garlands bound
 Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array,
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crown'd,

Whilst one did sing this lay,
 Prepar'd against that day —
 Against their brydale day, which was not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire ornament,
 And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
 Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
 Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
 Of your loves couplement!
 And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
 With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
 Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
 All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
 For ever to assoile.
 Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
 And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;
 And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
 Which may your foes confound,
 And make your joyes redound
 Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweet Themes! runne softly, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her undersong,
 Which said, their brydale day should not be long:
 And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound.
 So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along
 Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,
 As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
 Making his streame run slow.
 And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
 'Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser stars. So they, enrangèd well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came —
 To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
 That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
 Though from another place I take my name,
 An house of auncient fame:
 There when they came whereas those bricky towres
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
 There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
 Till they decay'd through pride;
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
 Where oft I gaynèd giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
 Whose want too well now feels my freendles case;
 But ah! here fits not well
 Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
 Against the brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
 Great Englands glory, and the worlds wide wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
 And Hercules two pillors standing neere
 Did make to quake and feare:
 Faire branch of honour, flower of chevalrie!
 That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
 And endlese happinesse of thine owne name
 That promiseth the same;
 That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes,
 Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
 And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
 Through all the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
 Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following,
 Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
 In th' ocean billowes he hath bathèd fayre,
 Descended to the rivers open vewing,
 With a great traine ensuing.

Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
 Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of any queene,
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the Twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
 Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright;
 They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
 Receiv'd those two faire Brides, their loves delight;
 (Which, at th' appointed tyde,
 Each one did make his Bryde)
 Against their brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

BELPHŒBE THE HUNTRESS

From 'The Faery Queen'

EFTSOONES there steppèd forth
 A goodly lady clad in hunters weed,
 That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemèd not,
 But heavenly portrait of bright angels hue,
 Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions due;
 And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
 The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
 And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Makers light,
 And darted fiery beams out of the same,
 So passing persaunt and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustful fire
 To kindle oft essay'd, but had no might;
 For, with dread majesty and awful ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did itself dispread,
 For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
 And write the battles of his great godhead:
 All good and honour might therein be read;
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweet words like dropping honey she did shed;
 And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even brows,
 Working belgrades and amorous retrate;
 And every one her with a grace endows,
 And every one with meekness to her bows:
 So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
 And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
 How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
 For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace? . . .

Her yellow locks, crispèd like golden wire,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
 They wavèd like a pennon wide dispread,
 And low behind her back were scatterèd;
 And whether art it were or heedless hap,
 As through the flow'ring forest rash she fled,
 In her rude hairs sweet flow'rs themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON

From 'The Faery Queen'

AT length they came into a larger space,
 That stretched itself into an ample plain,
 Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
 That Straight did lead to Pluto's griesly reign:
 By that way's side there sate infernal Pain,
 And fast beside him sate tumultuous Strife;
 The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
 The other brandishèd a bloody knife;
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On th' other side in one consort there sate
 Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
 Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
 But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
 And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place where safe he shroud him might;
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie;
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hue
 Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
 And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
 The hateful messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings:
 Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That heart of flint asunder could have rift;
 Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
 By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
 But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
 Did feed his eyes, and fill'd his inner thought.
 At last him to a little door he brought,
 That to the gate of hell, which gapèd wide,
 Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought;
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
 That did the House of Riches from Hell-mouth divide.

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
 Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleep once thither-ward
 Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to Death is Sleep to be compared,
 Therefore his house is unto his annex:
 Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both betwixt.

So soon as Mammon there arrived, the door
 To him did open and afforded way:
 Him follow'd eke Sir Guyon evermore;
 Ne darkness him ne danger might dismay.

Soon as he ent'red was, the door straightway
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt
 An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day;
 The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,
 And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.

Well hopèd he, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand or lustful eye
 Or lips he laid on thing that liked him best,
 Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,
 Should be his prey; and therefore still on high
 He over him did hold his cruel claws,
 Threat'ning with greedy gripe to do him die,
 And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
 If ever he transgress'd the fatal Stygian laws.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
 Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hung
 Embost with massy gold of glorious gift;
 And with rich metal loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
 And over them Arachne high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
 Enwrappèd in foul smoke and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof and floor and walls were all of gold,
 But overgrown with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkness, that none could behold
 The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day
 Did never in that house itself display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light:
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
 Or as the moon, clothèd with cloudy night,
 Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
 But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
 All barr'd with double bands, that none could ween
 Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
 On every side they placèd were along.
 But all the ground with skulls was scatterèd
 And dead men's bones, which round about were flung;
 Whose lives, it seemèd, whylome there were shed,
 And their vile carcasses now left unburièd.

They forward pass; ne Guyon yet spoke word
Till that they came unto an iron door,
Which to them openèd of his own accord,
And show'd of riches such exceeding store
As eye of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth which is or was of yore
Could gather'd be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said: —
"Lo, here the world's bliss! lo, here the end
To which all men do aim, rich to be made!
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

"Certes," said he, "I n'll thine off'red grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend!
Another bliss before mine eyes I place,
Another happiness, another end.
To them that list, these base regards I lend;
But I in arms, and in achievements brave,
Do rather choose my fleeting hours to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have
Than them to have myself, and be their servile slave."

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieved, so long to lack his greedy prey:
For well he weenèd that so glorious bait
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;
Had he so done, he had him snatch'd away
More light than culver in the falcon's fist:
Eternal God thee save from such decay!
But whenas Mammon saw his purpose miss'd,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought
Unto another room, whose door forthright

To him did open as it had been taught;
Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright:
By every furnace many fiends did bide —
Deformèd creatures, horrible in sight;
And every fiend his busy pains applied
To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

One with great bellows gather'd filling air,
And with forced wind the fuel did inflame;
Another did the dying brands repair
With iron tongs, and sprinkled of the same,
With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who, mast'ring them, renew'd his former heat;
Some scumm'd the dross that from the metal came;
Some stirr'd the molten ore with ladles great;
And every one did swinck, and every one did sweat.

But when an earthly wight they present saw
Glist'ring in arms and battailous array,
From their hot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day,
They never creature saw that came that way:
Their staring eyes, sparkling with fervent fire
And ugly shapes, did nigh the Man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retire;
Till that him thus bespake their sovereign lord and sire: —

“Behold, thou Faery's son, with mortal eye
That living eye before did never see!
The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late show'd by me
Proceeded, lo! now is reveal'd to thee.
Here is the fountain of the worldès good!
Now therefore if thou wilt enrichèd be,
Advise thee well, and change thy willful mood;
Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.”

“Suffice it then, thou money-god,” quoth he,
“That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have: what needeth me
To covet more than I have cause to use?”

With such vain shows thy worldlings vile abuse;
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
 Mammon was much displeased, yet n'ote he choose
 But bear the rigor of his bold mesprise:
 And thence him forward led, him further to entice.

SIR GUYON AND THE PALMER VISIT AND DESTROY THE BOWER OF BLISS

From 'The Faery Queen'

THUS being ent'red they behold around
 A large and spacious plain on every side
 Strowèd with pleasaunce; whose fair grassy ground
 Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
 With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
 When forth from virgin bow'r she comes in th' early morn.

Thereto the heavens always jovial
 Look'd on them lovely, still in steadfast state,
 Ne suff'red storm nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
 But the mild air with season moderate
 Gently attemp'red and disposed so well,
 That still it breath'd forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore
 A giant babe, herself for grief did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
 Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair,
 Whenever they their heavenly bow'rs forlore;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fair;
 Or Eden self, if ought with Eden mote compare.

Much wond' red Guyon at the fair aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suff' red no delight
 To sink into his sense, nor mind affect;
 But passèd forth, and look'd still forward right,
 Bridling his will and mastering his might:
 Till that he came unto another gate;
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashionèd a porch with rare device,
 Arch'd overhead with an embracing vine,
 Whose bunches hanging down seem'd to entice
 All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gatherèd;
 Some deep empurplèd as the hyacine,
 Some as the ruby laughing sweetly red,
 Some like fair emeralds, not yet well ripenèd.

And them amongst some were of burnish'd gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
 As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
 That the weak boughs with so rich load opprest
 Did bow adown as overburdenèd.
 Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
 Clad in fair weeds but foul disorderèd,
 And garments loose that seem'd unmeet for womanhead.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fullness swell'd,
 Into her cup she scruzed with dainty breach
 Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,
 That so fair wine-press made the wine more sweet:
 Thereof she used to give to drink to each
 Whom passing by she happenèd to meet;
 It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon off' red it to taste,
 Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in pieces it was broken fond,

And with the liquor stainèd all the lond:
Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffer'd him to pass, all were she loth:
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others' happiness envy:
The painted flow'rs; the trees upshooting high;
The dales for shade; the hills for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace —
The art which all that wrought — appearèd in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scornèd parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others work more beautify;
So diff'ring both in wills agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure, and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd of lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue;
For the rich metal was so colorèd,
That wight, who did not well avised it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true.
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flow'rs they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake, it seem'd to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony:
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree;

The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemp'ed sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters' fall;
The waters' fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all.

The whiles some one did chant this lovely lay: —
“ Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flow'r the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty;
That fairer seems the less ye see her may!
Lo! see soon after how more bold and free
Her barèd bosom she both broad display;
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away!

“ So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flow'r;
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bow'r

Of many a lady and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflow'r;
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst lovèd be with equal crime."

He ceased; and then 'gan all the quire of birds
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvance of his pleasing words.
The constant pair heard all that he did say,
Yet swervèd not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady, with her lover loose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose. . . .

The noble elf and careful palmer drew
So nigh them, minding naught but lustful game,
That sudden forth they on them rush'd and threw
A subtle net, which only for that same
The skilful palmer formally did frame:
So held them under fast; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for fear of fouler shame.
The fair enchantress, so unwares opprest,
Tried all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wrest,

And eke her lover strove: but all in vain;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distract.
They took them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chains of adamant he tied,
For nothing else might keep her safe and sound;
But Verdant (so he hight) he soon untied,
And counsel sage instead thereof to him applied.

But all those pleasant bow'rs, and palace brave,
Guyon broke down with rigor pitiless;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness,
But that their bliss he turn'd to balefulness;
Their groves he fell'd; their gardens did deface;
Their arbors spoil; their cabinets suppress;
Their banquet-houses burn; their buildings raze;
And of the fairest late, now made the foulest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowful and sad:
 The way they came, the same return'd they right,
 Till they arrivèd where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild beasts that raged with fury mad;
 Which, now awaking, fierce at them 'gan fly,
 As in their mistress' rescue, whom they lad:
 But them the palmer soon did pacify.
 Then Guyon ask'd, what meant those beasts which there did lie?

Said he: "These seeming beasts are men indeed,
 Whom this enchantress hath transformèd thus;
 Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
 Now turnèd into figures hideous,
 According to their minds like monstrous."
 "Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
 And mournful meed of joys delicious!
 But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returnèd be unto their former state."

Straightway he with his virtuous staff them strook,
 And straight of beasts they comely men became:
 Yet being men, they did unmanly look
 And starèd ghastly; some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath to see their captive dame:
 But one above the rest in special
 That had an hog been late, hight Gryll by name,
 Repinèd greatly, and did him miscall
 That had from hoggish form him brought to natural.

Said Guyon: "See the mind of beastly man,
 That hath so soon forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth with vile difference
 To be a beast, and lack intelligence!"
 To whom the palmer thus: "The dunghill kind
 Delights in filth and foul incontinence:
 Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind;
 But let us hence depart whilst weather serves and wind."

THOMAS DELONEY

AS a novelist Thomas Deloney is a comparatively recent discovery, although he has long been known as a ballad-maker. His three novels enjoyed wide popularity in their day, as did his ballads; but later ages were not interested in realistic descriptions of weavers and shoemakers, and it was not until well on in Victorian days that the reading public took even a sentimental interest in the affairs of artisans. Consequently, although Deloney's novels were often reprinted through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and even in the early nineteenth were selling as twopenny books, they were apparently unknown to the historian of literature, or at least considered unworthy of his attention.

About the beginning of this century, however, critics were beginning to ask why the age of Elizabeth, which had achieved so much in drama and poetry and had experimented so widely in pastorals, romances, rogue tales, and other types of prose fiction, had so neglected the worthy workman of the time. Why, when the tradesman and artisan appeared for comic and serious purposes in drama, were they ignored in fiction? Was there no writer of prose who had recognized these literary possibilities?

Such a writer was found when the works of Thomas Deloney came to be examined. In 1905 'The Cambridge History of English Literature' assigned to him a place of honor among the great, but it was not until 1912 that the Clarendon Press of Oxford brought out his complete works, showing his real significance in the history of English literature. It is true that Swinburne, in his 'Age of Shakespeare,' praised Deloney's "admirable narrative, worthy of Defoe at his very best" in describing Old Cole's death in 'Thomas of Reading,' and went on to say that "had Deloney done more such work as this, and abjured the ineffectual service of an inauspicious Muse, his name would now be famous among the masters of realistic fiction." Still later Legouis and Chevalley awarded him unstinted praise, and after three centuries of neglect as a novelist he seems to have come into his own.

Deloney was a silk-weaver by trade. He was probably born in Norwich in 1543. Norwich was then a center for silk-weaving and a place of refuge for Protestant refugees from the Continent who fled there to escape religious persecution. Deloney's name would indicate that he was of French descent, and his work shows him to have been strongly anti-Catholic. He was early inducted into silk-weaving and was known, to Nash at least, as the "balletting" [ballad-making] silk-weaver of Norwich. Like Hans Sachs he managed to write poetry on the side, no doubt in order to eke out his meager income. Noth-

ing else is known about his life and early education, although if the first work that bears his signature (the Declaration of the Archbishop of Cologne) is authentic, he had at least a working knowledge of Latin. He seems also to have known French, and it is probable that he studied in an Elizabethan grammar school. From his later work we know that he must have read avidly everything that came his way, so that we may assume he was a man of broad interests and general culture.

Like popular writers of other days, and like the other balladists of his own time, he was subjected to some rather caustic criticism. Nash, for instance, did not hesitate to say that "his Muse, from the first peeping forth, hath stood at livery at an alehouse wisp, never exceeding a penny a quart, day or night." But his critics were not pointedly hostile; their attitude was rather one of good-natured contempt for the man of the people. In 1586 he moved to London. Elderton, "the bibbing fool" with "the ale-crowned nose," was then the favorite balladist of the day, but when he died in 1592 Deloney succeeded to his popularity, and by 1596 he had written some fifty ballads.

The Elizabethan ballad combined instruction and edification with amusement. It preached, it taught history, it enlightened as to political affairs, it told the latest news, or it merely entertained with a good story. Deloney's ballads made excursions into all these fields. He reported the "royal receiving of the Queen's Majesty into her camp at Tilbury" the day after it happened, "covered" such events as the 'Death and Execution of Fourteen most wicked Traitors,' paraphrased the Chronicles of Holinshed and Grafton, expounded religious and political matters in 'Truth and Ignorance' and 'Judith and Holofernes,' sermonized in 'Repent, England, Repent,' and retold sentimental tales. He naturally had his faults. His narratives lag at times, become prosy, and are apt to be "of mediocre value as poetry" except when the subject-matter fires his imagination as it does in the Armada ballads or at moments in his most ambitious work, 'Canaan's Calamity.' This last was an attempt at a short epic, unsuccessful on the whole because his poetic gift was not capable of such a sustained flight.

In 1596 he incurred official displeasure by his 'Ballad on the Want of Corn' and had to go into hiding. Before 1600 he had written his three prose novels, 'Jack of Newbury,' 'Thomas of Reading,' and 'The Gentle Craft.' On these novels, rather than on his poems, his fame rests today. In them we find "the clearest and nimblest and also the gayest prose of his time"; they are "the most direct evidence of that richness and variety of the life of the common people which Merry England attained before the domination of Puritanism," and "their spontaneity and vigor were not to be repeated by meaner hands." Soon after completing these works, he "died poorly," as Kemp tells the "private jigmongers" of his time, "and was honestly buried, which is much to be doubted of some of you."

The three novels are similar in construction and have certain other resem-

blances. Each is a glorification of a particular craft: 'Thomas of Reading' of clothiers, 'Jack of Newbury' of weavers, and 'The Gentle Craft' of shoemakers. They deal with the legends or history of the craft, and combine them with realistic descriptions of the everyday affairs of the crafts and craftsmen in Deloney's own time. They are full of homely narrative, excellent characterization, and quiet humor. He tells his tales simply and directly with a real feeling for the dignity and worth of the crafts. Two main trends are to be found in the Elizabethan novel. On the one hand, the romantic tradition had been handed down until it culminated in the stilted extravagance of Petty and Lyly. This tradition is unfortunately found in Deloney when he gets away from the artisan class to which he belongs and of which he can write so simply and feelingly. On the other hand, we have the development of realism as exemplified in the jest-book and popular satire. The jest-books were merely collections of jokes, some of them very well told, it must be admitted, but disconnected and unrelated until they were strung together after a while by being grouped about some central figure, such as 'Long Meg of Westminster' for instance, who was supposed to have participated in all the various incidents and thereby of necessity acquired some sort of individuality. The novels of Greene, Nash, and Deloney are all in this tradition, but Deloney is more successful than his contemporaries in attaining our conception of the novel — unity and homogeneity of atmosphere and character. His characters step out of the printed page, become real flesh and blood, and dominate the situation. This was largely because he was writing of and for the class he knew best and loved best, of commonplace human life, of the artisan, his domestic and business affairs, his ambition, his love, and his interests. Although he makes little effort to achieve unity of incident or to trace development of character, he tells his stories with a spirit and a wealth of detail found in no other writer of the time, and he helps to fill in the picture of contemporary life outlined only in part by other writers.

This was just what the Elizabethan novel needed. Romance had been wrecked on the rocks of Euphuism, and realism was lost in taverns and had become attached to vagabonds and rogues. All the warm pulsing life of the Elizabethan tradesman and artisan was crying for a spokesman and interpreter, and this was found in Deloney. Greene admittedly wrote for young gallants, Petty and Lyly for "gentlewomen," and Deloney for "the famous clothworkers in England," "the worshipful company of cordwainers," and "the good yeomen of the Gentle Craft [of shoemaking]." He warns us not to expect to find "any matter of light value, curiously penned with picked words, or choice phrases, but a quaint and plain discourse best fitting matters of merriment, seeing we have herein no cause to talk of courtiers or scholars." True to his promise he attempts to reproduce the language and ideas of his fellow-workers even to the point of imitating their broken English and dialects.

Deloney has been hailed as a prophet of the day when "the marvelous and

infinite richness of human labor will occupy the same place in literature as it does in life — second only to love. Some day after being emancipated from the struggle for bare existence, the workman will turn to the pen as well as the loom." He was not much by way of a prophet, but he was an attractive figure for his personal qualities, and of considerable significance in the historical development of the realistic novel.

KENNETH SULTZER

THE GENTLE CRAFT

CHAPTER VI

THE fame of Peachey running through England by means of the frays which he and his men had with Stuteley and Strangwidge, it made many of that occupation desirous to come and dwell with him, for beside that he was a tall man of his hands, he was also an excellent good workman, and therewithal a bountiful housekeeper. Among many other that was desirous of his service, there was one called Tom Drum, that had a great mind to be his man, a very odd fellow, and one that was sore infected with the sin of cogging [cheating]: this boasting companion, sitting on a time sadly at work in his master's shop at Petworth, and seeing the sun shine very fair, made no more to-do but suddenly shrouded up Saint Hugh's bones [his tools], and taking down his pike-staff, clapped his pack at his back, and called for his master, who, coming into the shop, and seeing his man prepared to be prancing abroad, demanded what the matter was that he followed not his business.

"O master," quoth he, "see you not how sweetly the sun shines, and how trimly the trees are decked with green leaves?"

"Well, and how then?" quoth his master.

"Marry, sir," quoth he, "having a great mind to hear the small birds sing, and seeing the weather fitter to walk than to work, I called you forth to take my leave and to bid you farewell. I hope, sir, I have no wager in your hand."

"Why, no," quoth his master, "thou wilt be sure to take an order for that, and therefore seeing thou wilt be gone, adieu."

"God be with you, good master," quoth he, "and farewell, all good fellows of the Gentle Craft," and therewith he departed.

The journeymen of the town hearing that Tom Drum went away, according to their ancient custom they gathered themselves together to drink with him, and to bring him out of town: and to this intent up they go with him to the sign of the Crown, where they parted not till they had drunk a stand of ale dry.

Which being done, they bring him a mile on his way, carrying a gallon of

beer with them: and lastly there once again they drink to his good health, and to Crispianus' soul: and to all the good fellows of Kirdford: which being done, they all shook him by the hand, and with halloing and whooping, so long as they can see him, they bid him a hundred times farewell.

So soon as he was gone out of their whooping, the sweat reeking in his hand, and the ale in his head, he trips so light in the highway, that he feels not the ground he goes on: and, therefore, being in a merry vein, and desirous to drive out the weary way, as he walks he begins thus pleasantly to sing:

The primrose in the green forest,
The violets they be gay:
The double daisies and the rest,
That trimly decks the way,
Doth move the spirits with brave delights,
Whose beauties darlings be:
With hey tricksie, trim goe tricksie,
Under the greenwood tree.

The singing of this song awakened a young gentleman whom sorrow had laid asleep on a green bank by the highway's side. Who having unadvisedly displeased his parents, in a choleric humor departed from them, betaking himself to travel, thereby to try how fortune would favor him abroad: but having now spent all his money, he was in a woeful taking, not knowing what to do, for never had he been brought up to any trade, whereby he might be able to get a penny at his need. Wherefore being in this distress, he was fully purposed to go to London, and there to learn some occupation, whereby he might keep himself a true man, and not to be driven to seek succor of his friends.

Now therefore when he heard Tom Drum so trimly tune it on the way, raising himself from the sad ground, he awaited his coming, at whose sudden sight Tom Drum started like one that had spied an adder: and seeing him provided with a good sword and buckler, supposed he had been one that waited for a fat purse: for which cause he began thus to enter parley with him.

"Good fellow," quoth he, "God give you good morrow, but ill speed!"

"Why sayest thou so?" quoth Harry.

"Because," said Tom, "by the good light of the day thou mayest see to pass beside me, and that by thy speeding ill, I may speed the better."

"What, hast thou such store of money," quoth Harry, "that thou art loth to lose it?"

"No, by my faith," quoth he, "I have so little that I cannot spare it: for I assure thee all my store is but one poor penny, and that thou mayest see under my little finger."

"Why, then," quoth Harry, "if I were minded to assault thee, it should be more to rob thee of thy manhood than thy money. But tell me what pack is that thou bearest at thy back?"

"Marry, they be Saint Hugh's bones."

"Saint Hugh's bones," quoth Harry, "what is that?"

"A kind of commodity," said Tom, "which I cannot miss, for they be my working tools."

"I pray thee," said Harry, "what occupation art thou?"

"Sir," quoth he, "I am a goldsmith that makes rings for women's heels."

"What meanest thou by that?" said Harry.

"I am," quoth Tom, "of the Gentle Craft, vulgarly called a shoemaker."

"The happier thou art," quoth Harry, "that thou hast a trade to live by, for by that means thou carriest credit with thee in every place. But tell me, good friend, what is thy name, and how far dost thou travel this way?"

"Sir," quoth he, "I travel to the next town, but my journey is to London, and as for my name, I am not ashamed to show it. For my name is a noun substantive that may be felt, heard, or understood, and to speak the truth I am called: who there I trust, sir, you ask for no hurt, you are no bailiff nor bailiff's man, are ye?"

"No, not I," said Harry.

"God's blessing on you," quoth he, "I love you the better! For I was never so fraid lest my hostess of the George in Petworth had sent you for to arrest me, for I think I owe her some ten groats of the score, set up in very fair chalk, as one of the principals of her house is able to testify: but I pray God send her meat, for I verily think I shall never send her money."

"But yet," quoth Harry, "I know not how to call your name."

"Verily," said he, "I am called Thomas Drum or Tom Drum, choose you whether."

"Well, Thomas," quoth Harry, "I perceive thou art a man and a good fellow; therefore I will not be strange to open my need unto thee. I have been unto my parents untoward, and more than that, not knowing when I was well, wilfully I came from them; and now that I have spent all my money and worn myself out of credit, I have utterly undone myself, for I am not worth a groat, nor no man will trust me for twopence."

"Why, then," quoth Tom, "thou art not worth so much as Goodman Luter's lame nag, for my lord of Northumberland's huntsman would have given half a crown for him to have fed his dogs: notwithstanding be of good cheer, if thou wilt go to London with me, I will bear thy charges, and, I faith, at the next town we will be merry and have good cheer."

"Alas," quoth Harry, "how can that be, seeing you have but one penny?"

"I tell thee what," quoth Tom, "wert thou a shoemaker as I am, thou mightest go with a single penny under thy finger, and travel all England over, and at every good town have both meat and drink and lodging of the best, and yet have thy penny in store, as when we come to Guildford you shall soon see."

"Believe me," quoth Harry, "that is more than any tradesmen in England else can do."

"Tush," quoth Tom, "shoemakers will not see one another lack, for it is our use if we know of a good fellow that comes to town, wanting either meat or money, and that he make himself known, he shall need to take no further care, for he shall be sure that the journeymen of that place will not only give him kind welcome, but also provide him all things necessary of free cost. And if he be disposed to work among them, he shall have a master provided by their means, without any suit made by himself at all."

"Verily," quoth Harry, "thou dost ravish me with the good report of thy passing kind and courteous trade, and I would spend part of my gentle blood, to be of the Gentle Craft: and for thy courtesy, if thou wouldst teach it me, I would anoint thee a gentleman forever."

"Wilt thou say and hold?" quoth Tom.

"Or else hang me!" said Harry.

"Then," said he, "anoint me a gentleman, and I will shape thee for a shoemaker straight."

Thereupon Harry took his knife, and, cutting his finger, all to-smear Tom Drum's face with his blood, that he made him look like the Image of Bread Street Corner, or rather like the Saracen's Head without Newgate.

Tom Drum, seeing him do so, said he might by that means as well anoint him a joiner, as a gentleman.

"Nay," said Harry, "I do not deceive thee, I warrant thee, seeing this blood did spring from a gentleman; if thou wilt not believe me, ask all the men in the town Malling, and they will say the like."

"Well, I'll take thy word," quoth Tom. "And therefore look that presently thou strip thyself, for I will cast thee in a shoemaker's mold by and by."

Harry perceiving his meaning did what he willed, and so he was suited in Tom's attire, and Tom in his; so that Harry bore the pikestaff and Saint Hugh's bones: and Tom swaggered with his sword and buckler; and coming in this sort to Guildford, they were both taken for shoemakers and very heartily welcomed by the journeymen of that place, especially Harry, because they never saw him before. And at their meeting they asked him and if he could sing, or sound the trumpet, or play on the flute, or reckon up his tools in rhyme, or manfully handle his pikestaff, or fight with a sword and buckler?

"Believe me," quoth Harry, "I can neither sound the trumpet, nor play on the flute: and beshrew his nose that made me a shoemaker, for he never taught me to reckon up my tools in rhyme nor in prose."

Tom, hearing him say so, told them that he made him of an old serving-man a new shoemaker.

"When was that?" quoth they.

"Marry," saith he, "when I was anointed a gentleman. I think this face can show that I have gentle blood about me."

"Why, then," quoth they, "thou art but a painted gentleman, but we must account this young man wise, that to avoid misery betakes himself to follow mystery, for cunning continueth when fortune fleeteth; but it will be hard for such as never were brought up to the bodily labor to frame their fine fingers to any coarse faculty."

"Not a whit," quoth Harry, "for labor by custom becometh easy."

"Thou sayest true," said Tom. "I durst lay a good wager I have made more shoes in one day than all the journeymen here have done in a month."

With that one of the journeymen began to chafe, saying, "How many a pair of shoes hast thou made in a day?"

"I made," quoth Tom, "when the days were at longest, eight score pair of shoes in one day."

"O monstrous detestable lie!" quoth they and thereupon one ran into the chimney and cried, "Come again, Clement, come again."

"Whom callest thou?" quoth Tom.

"I call Clement Carry-lie, that runs post betwixt the Turk and the Devil; that he may take his full loading ere he go, for the best journeyman that ever I knew, never made above ten pair in a day in his life: and I will lay my whole year's wages with thee, that thou canst not make twenty pair in a day as they ought to be. I should be ashamed but to do as much as another, and I never saw him yet that could outwork me, yet dare not I take upon me to make a dozen pair of shoes in a day: but it is an old saying, 'They brag most that can do least.'"

"Why, thou puppy," quoth Tom, "thou house-dove, thou cricket, that never crept further than the chimney-corner, tell me what countries thou hast traveled?"

"Far enough," quoth he, "to prove as good a workman as thou art."

"I deny that," quoth Tom, "for I have been where I have seen men headed like dogs, and women of the same shape, where if thou hadst offered them a kiss, they would have been ready to have snapped off thy nose; othersome I have seen, that one of their legs hath been as good as a penthouse to cover their whole bodies, and yet I have made them shoes to serve their feet, which I am sure thou couldst never do: nay, if thou wilt go with me, if thou seest me not make an hundred pair of shoes from sunrising to sunsetting, count me worse than a stinking mackerel."

"Now, verily, thy talk stinks too much," quoth they, "and if thou canst do so, never make further journey, but try the matter here."

"I tell you," quoth Tom, "I cannot try it in England, nor yet in France, Spain, or Italy, nor in any part of the low countries, nor in High Germany, Sweden, or Poland."

"We think no less," quoth they, "nor in any part of the world beside."

"Yes," quoth Tom, "I can do it as we travel to Russia, for there every day is five and fifty of our days in length: nay, I'll tell you further," quoth

Tom, "in some parts of the world where I have been, it is day for half a year together, and the other half year is continually night. And go no further," quoth he, "but into the further part of Scotland, and you shall find one day there (in the month of June) to be four and twenty hours long, and therefore, my masters, while you live, take heed how you contrary a traveler, for therein you shall but bewray your own ignorance, and make yourself mocking-stocks to men of knowledge."

"And travelers," quoth they, "uncontrolled, have liberty to utter what lies they list."

"Masters, tell me," quoth Tom, "were you not born in Arcadia?"

"No," quoth they, "but why ask you?"

"Because," said Tom, "what country doth more abound in plenty of asses, where they swarm as thick as bees in Sicily?"

"We have cause to give you thanks," quoth they, "for calling us asses so kindly."

"Not so," said Tom, "I did but ask a question; but seeing you are so cunning, tell me what country breeds the best hides, and leather, and from hence have we the best cork?"

"Our best cork comes from Portugal," quoth they, "but the best leather grows in our own land."

"I deny it," quoth Tom, "there is, I confess, good cork in Portugal, but the best grows in Sparta; but for hides and leather there is none comparable to that in Sicyon, where I have made a man a pair of shoes that hath lasted him a twelvemonth to toil in every day. O 'tis a gallant country, for I tell you what, there is never a shoemaker in England that kept so many men as I did at that time."

Then said the rest, "Thou speakest thou knowest not what. Master Peachey of Fleet Street keeps continually forty men a-work, and the Green King of Saint Martin's hath at this time little less than threescore journeymen."

"That is pretty well," quoth Tom, "but what say you to him that for half a year together, kept waiting on him above a hundred men that never did him a stitch of work? This was a shoemaker of some account."

"But who was that?" quoth they.

"Marry," quoth Tom, "simple though I stand here, it was myself, and yet I never made brags of it."

"O what a shameless liar art thou!" quoth they, "we never knew thee able to keep one man."

"Now, by this bread," said Tom, "you do me mighty wrong, and were it not that ye be all of this Gentle Craft, which science I do so greatly love and reverence, this iron and steel should make it good upon your flesh, for I tell you once again, I have been master of an hundred men, and put sixteen score to the hundred."

"I pray you tell us," quoth they, "what men were they?"

"What men were they?" quoth Tom, "They were vermin."

"In troth," quoth they, "we thought as much, and we commend you for telling truth, and we suppose if you were well searched we should find twenty vermin waiting on you still. But tell us, Tom, art thou minded to be Master Peachey's man?"

"I am," quoth he, "except he will make me his fellow."

"By the Mass," quoth they, "then wert thou best to have thy wards ready, and thy hilts sure, for he receives no servant before he tries his manhood."

"So much the better," quoth Tom, "and for that purpose I post up to London."

Thus having had at Guildford very good cheer, the journeymen of the town paid for all, and beside gave them money in their purses to spend by the way; and so toward London they went with all speed.

FRANCIS BACON

THE startling contrasts of splendor and humiliation which marked the life of Bacon, and the seemingly incredible inconsistencies which hasty observers find in his character, have been the themes of much rhetorical declamation, and even of serious and learned debate. From Ben Jonson in his own day, to James Spedding the friend of Tennyson, he has not lacked eminent eulogists, who look up to him as not only the greatest and wisest, but as among the noblest and most worthy of mankind: while the famous epigram of Pope, expanded by Macaulay into a stately and eloquent essay, has impressed on the popular mind the lowest estimate of his moral nature; and even such careful scholars as Charles de Rémusat and Dean Church, who have devoted careful and instructive volumes to the survey of Bacon's career and works, insist that with all his intellectual supremacy, he was a servile courtier, a false friend, and a corrupt judge. Yet there are few important names in human history of men who have left us so complete materials for a just judgment of their conduct; and it is only a lover of paradox who can read these and still regard Bacon's character as an unsolved problem.

James Spedding gave a long life of intelligent labor to the collection of every fact and document throwing light upon the motives, aims, and thoughts of the great "Chancellor of Nature," from the cradle to the grave. His 'Letters and Life of Francis Bacon' is a book of absolute candor as well as infinite research, giving with equal distinctness all the evidence which makes for its hero's dishonor and that which tends to justify the writer's reverence for him. Another work by Spedding, 'Evenings with a Reviewer,' in two volumes, is an elaborate refutation, from the original and authentic records, of the most damning charges brought by Macaulay against Bacon's good fame. It is a complete and overwhelming exposure of false coloring, of rhetorical artifices, and of the abuse of evidence, in the famous essay. As an entertaining and instructive piece of controversy, it deserves to be widely read. The unbiased reader cannot accept the special pleading by which, in his comments, Spedding makes every failing of Bacon "lean to virtue's side"; but will form upon the unquestioned facts presented a clear conception of him, will come to know him as no other man of an age so remote is known, and will find in his many-sided and magnificent nature a full explanation of the impressions which partial views of it have made upon his worshipers and his detractors.

It is only in his maturity, indeed, that we are privileged to enter into his mind and read his heart. But enough is known of the formative period of his life to show us the sources of his weaknesses and of his strength. The child

whom high authorities have regarded as endowed with the mightiest intellect of the human race was born at York House, on the Strand, in the third year of Elizabeth's reign, January 22, 1561. He was the son of the Queen's Lord Keeper of the Seals, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and his second wife Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, formerly tutor of King Edward VI. Mildred, an elder daughter of the same scholar, was the wife of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who for the first forty years of her reign was Elizabeth's chief minister. As a child Bacon was a favorite at court, and tradition represents him as something of a pet of the Queen, who called him "my young Lord Keeper." His mother was among the most learned women of an age when, among women of rank, great learning was as common and as highly prized as great beauty; and her influence was a potent intellectual stimulus to the boy, although he revolted in early youth from the narrow creed which her fierce Puritan zeal strove to impose on her household. Outside of the nursery, the atmosphere of his world was that of craft, all directed to one end; for the Queen was the source of honor, power, and wealth, and advancement in life meant only a share in the grace distributed through her ministers and favorites. Apart from the harsh and forbidding religious teachings of his mother, young Francis had before him neither precept nor example of an ambition more worthy than that of courting the smiles of power.

At the age of twelve he entered Trinity College, Cambridge (April 1573), and left it before he was fifteen (Christmas 1575); the institution meanwhile having been broken up for more than half a year (August 1574 to March 1575) by the plague, so that his intermittent university career summed up less than fourteen months. There is no record of his studies, and the names of his teachers are unknown; for though Bacon in later years called himself a pupil of Whitgift, and his biographers assumed that the relation was direct and personal, yet that great master of Trinity had certainly ended his teaching days before Bacon went to Cambridge, and had entered as Dean of Lincoln on his ecclesiastical career. University life was very different from that of our times. The statutes of Cambridge forbade a student, under penalties, to use in conversation with another any language but Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, unless in his private apartments and in hours of leisure. It was a regular custom at Trinity to bring before the assembled undergraduates every Thursday evening at seven o'clock such junior students as had been detected in breaches of the rules during the week, and to flog them. It would be interesting to know in what languages young Bacon conversed, and what experiences of discipline befell him; but his subsequent achievements at least suggest that Cambridge in the sixteenth century may have afforded more efficient educational influences than our knowledge of its resources and methods can explain. For it is certain that, at an age when our most promising youths are beginning serious study, Bacon's mind was already formed, his habits and modes of research were fixed, the universe of knowledge was an open field

before him. Thenceforth he was no man's pupil, but in intellectual independence and solitude he rapidly matured into the supreme scholar of his age.

After registering as a student of law at Gray's Inn, apparently for the purpose of a nominal connection with a profession which might aid his patrons in promoting him at court, Bacon was sent, in June 1576, to France in the train of the British Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet; and for nearly three years followed the roving embassy around the great cities of that kingdom. The massacre of St. Bartholomew had taken place four years before, and the boy's recorded observations on the troubled society of France and of Europe show remarkable insight into the character of princes and the sources of political movements. Sir Nicholas had hitherto directed his son's education and associations with the purpose of making him an ornament of the court, and had set aside a fund to provide Francis at the proper time with a handsome estate. But he died suddenly, February 20, 1579, without giving legal effect to this provision, and the sum designed for the young student was divided equally among the five children, while Francis was excluded from a share in the rest of the family fortune; and was thus called home to England to find himself a poor man.

He made himself a bachelor's home at Gray's Inn, and devoted his energies to the law, with such success that he was soon recognized as one of the most promising members of the profession. In 1584 he entered Parliament for Melcombe Regis in Somersetshire, and two years later sat for Liverpool. During these years the schism between his inner and his outer life continued to widen. Drawing his first breath in the atmosphere of the court, bred in the faith that honor and greatness come from princes' favor, with a native taste for luxury and magnificence which was fostered by delicate health, he steadily looked for advancement through the influence of Burghley and the smiles of the queen. But Burghley had no sympathy with speculative thought, and distrusted him for his confidences concerning his higher studies, while he probably feared in Bacon a dangerous rival of his own son; so that with expressions of kind interest, he refrained from giving his nephew practical aid. Elizabeth, too, suspected that a young man who knew so many things could not be trusted to know his own business well, and preferred for important professional work others who were lawyers and nothing besides. Thus Bacon appeared to the world as a disappointed and uneasy courtier, struggling to keep up a certain splendor of appearance and associations under a growing load of debt, and servile to a queen on whose caprice his prospects of a career must depend. His unquestioned power at the bar was exercised only in minor causes; his eloquence and political dexterity found slow recognition in Parliament, where they represented only themselves; and the question whether he would ever be a man of note in the kingdom seemed for twenty-five years to turn upon what the Crown might do for its humble suitor.

Meanwhile this laborious advocate and indefatigable courtier, whose labor

at the bar and in attendance upon his great friends were enough to fill the days of two ordinary men, led his real life in secret, unknown to the world, and uncomprehended even by the few in whom he had divined a capacity for great thought, and whom he had selected for his confidants. From his childhood at the university, where he felt the emptiness of the Aristotelian logic, the instrument for attaining truth which traditional learning had consecrated, he had gradually formed the conception of a more fruitful process. He had become convinced that the learning of all past ages was but a poor result of the intellectual capacities and labors which had been employed upon it; that the human mind had never yet been properly used; that the methods hitherto adopted in research were but treadmill work, returning upon itself, or at best could produce but fragmentary and accidental additions to the sum of knowledge. All nature is crammed with truth, he believed, which it concerns man to discover; the intellect of man is constructed for its discovery, and needs but to be purged of errors of every kind, and directed in the most efficient employment of its faculties, to make sure that all the secrets of nature will be revealed, and its powers made tributary to the health, comfort, enjoyment, and progressive improvement of mankind.

This stupendous conception, of a revolution which should transform the world, seems to have taken definite form in Bacon's mind as early as his twenty-fifth year, when he embodied the outline of it in a Latin treatise; which he destroyed in later life, unpublished, as immature, and partly no doubt because he came to recognize in it an unbecoming arrogance of tone, for its title was 'Temporis Partus Maximus' [The Greatest Birth of Time]. But six years later he defines these "vast contemplative ends" in his famous letter to Burghley, asking for preferment which will enable him to prosecute his grand scheme and to employ other minds in aid of it. "For I have taken all knowledge to be my province," he says, "and if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers, whereof the one with frivolous disputations, confutations, and verborities, the other with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils, I hope I should bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries: the best state of that province. This, whether it be curiosity or vain glory, or nature, or (if one take it favorably) *philanthropia*, is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed."

This letter reveals the secret of Bacon's life, and all that we know of him, read in the light of it, forms a consistent and harmonious whole. He was possessed by his vast scheme for a reformation of the intellectual world, and through it, of the world of human experience, as fully as was ever an apostle by his faith. Implicitly believing in his own ability to accomplish it, at least in its grand outlines, and to leave at his death the community of mind at work, by the method and for the purposes which he had defined, with the perfection of all science in full view, he subordinated every other ambition to this; and in seeking

and enjoying place, power, and wealth, still regarded them mainly as aids in prosecuting his master purpose, and in introducing it to the world. With this clearly in mind, it is easy to understand his subsequent career. Its external details may be read in any of the score of biographies which writers of all grades of merit and demerit have devoted to him, and there is no space for them here. For our purpose it is necessary to refer only to the principal crises in his public life.

Until the death of Elizabeth, Bacon had no place in the royal service worthy of his abilities as a lawyer. Many who, even in the narrowest professional sense, were far inferior to him, were preferred before him. Yet he obtained a position recognized by all, and second only in legal learning to his lifelong rival and constant adversary, Sir Edward Coke. Today, it is probable that if the two greatest names in the history of the common law were to be selected by the suffrages of the profession, the great majority would be cast for Coke and Bacon. As a master of the intricacies of precedent and an authority upon the detailed formulas of "the perfection of reason," the former is unrivaled still; but in the comprehensive grasp of the law as a system for the maintenance of social order and the protection of individual rights, Bacon rose far above him. The cherished aim of his professional career was to survey the whole body of the laws of England, to produce a digest of them which should result in a harmonious code, to do away with all that was found obsolete or inconsistent with the principles of the system, and thus to adapt the living, progressive body of the law to the wants of the growing nation. This magnificent plan was beyond the power of any one man, had his life no other task, but he suggested the method and the aim; and while for six generations after these legal giants passed away, the minute, accurate, and profound learning of Coke remained the acknowledged chief storehouse of British traditional jurisprudence, the seventh generation took up the work of revision and reform, and from the time of Bentham and Austin the progress of legal science has been toward codification. The contest between the aggregation of empirical rules and formulated customs which Coke taught as the common law, and the broad, harmonious application of scientific reason to the definition and enforcement of rights, still goes on; but with constant gains on the side of the reformers, all of whom with one consent confess that no general and complete reconstruction of legal doctrine as a science is possible, except upon the lines laid down by Bacon.

The most memorable case in which Bacon was employed to represent the Crown during Elizabeth's life was the prosecution of the Earl of Essex for treason. Essex had been Bacon's friend, patron, and benefactor; and as long as the earl remained faithful to the queen and retained her favor, Bacon served him with ready zeal and splendid efficiency, and showed himself the wisest and most sincere of counselors. When Essex rejected his advice, forfeited the queen's confidence by the follies from which Bacon had earnestly striven to deter him, and finally plunged into wanton and reckless rebellion, Bacon, with

whom loyalty to his sovereign had always been the supreme duty, accepted a retainer from the Crown, and assisted Coke in the prosecution. The crime of Essex was the greatest of which a subject was capable; it lacked no circumstance of aggravation; if the most astounding instance of ingratitude and disloyalty to friendship ever known is to be sought in that age, it will be found in the conduct of Essex to Bacon's royal mistress. Yet writers of eloquence have exhausted their rhetorical powers in denouncing Bacon's faithlessness to his friend. But no impartial reader of the full story in the documents of the time can doubt that throughout these events Bacon did his duty and no more, and that in doing it he not merely made a voluntary sacrifice of his popularity, but a far more painful sacrifice of his personal feelings.

In 1603 James I came to the throne, and in spite of the efforts of his most trusted ministers to keep Bacon in obscurity, soon discovered in him a man whom he needed. In 1607 he was made Solicitor-General; in 1613 Attorney-General; in March 1617, on the death of Lord Ellesmere, he received the seals as Lord Keeper; and in January following was made Lord Chancellor of England. In July 1618 he was raised to the permanent peerage as Baron Verulam, and in January 1621 received the title of Viscount St. Albans. During these three years he was the first subject in the kingdom in dignity, and ought to have been the first in influence. His advice to the king, and to the Duke of Buckingham who was the king's king, was always judicious. In certain cardinal points of policy, it was of the highest statesmanship; and had it been followed, the history of the Stuart dynasty would have been different, and the Crown and the Parliament would have wrought together for the good and the honor of the nation, at least through a generation to come. But the upstart Buckingham was supreme. He had studied Bacon's strength and weakness, had laid him under great obligations, had at the same time attached him by the strongest tie of friendship to his person, and impressed upon his consciousness the fact that the fate of Bacon was at all times in his hands. The new Chancellor had entered on his great office with a fixed purpose to reform its abuses, to speed and cheapen justice, to free its administration from every influence of wealth and power. In the first three months of service he brought up the large arrears of business, tried every cause, heard every petition, and acquired a splendid reputation as an upright and diligent judge. But Buckingham was his evil angel. He was without sense of the sanctity of the judicial character; and regarded the bench, like every other public office, as an instrument of his own interests and will. On the other hand, to Bacon the voice of Buckingham was the voice of the king, and he had been taught from infancy as the beginning of his political creed that the king can do no wrong. Buckingham began at once to solicit from Bacon favors for his friends and dependents, and the Chancellor was weak enough to listen and to answer him. There is no evidence that in any one instance the favorite asked for the violation of law or the perversion of justice; much less that Bacon would or did accede to such

a request. But the Duke demanded for one suitor a speedy hearing, for another a consideration of facts which might not be in evidence, for a third all the favor consistent with law; and Bacon reported to him the result, and how far he had been able to oblige him. This persistent tampering with the source of justice was a disturbing influence in the Chancellor's court, and unquestionably lowered the dignity of his attitude and weakened his judicial conscience.

Notwithstanding this, when the Lord Chancellor opened the Parliament in January 1621 with a speech in praise of his king and in honor of the nation, he seemed to be at the summit of earthly prosperity. No voice had been lifted to question his purity and worth. He was the friend of the king, one of the chief supports of the throne, a champion indeed of high prerogative, but an orator of power, a writer of fame, whose advancement to the highest dignities had been welcomed by public opinion. Four months later he was a convicted criminal, sentenced for judicial corruption to imprisonment at the king's pleasure, to a fine of £40,000, and to perpetual incapacity for any public employment. The pathos of Bacon's fall is the sudden moral ruin of a life which had been built up in honor for sixty years. An intellect of the first rank, which from boyhood to old age had been steadfast in the pursuit of truth and in the noblest services to mankind, which in a feeble body had been sustained in vigor by all the virtues of prudence and self-reverence; a genial nature, winning the affection and admiration of associates, hardly paralleled in the industry with which its energies were devoted to useful work, a soul exceptional among its contemporaries for piety and philanthropy — this man is represented to us by popular writers as having habitually sold justice for money, and as having become in office "the meanest of mankind."

But this picture, as so often drawn, and as seemingly fixed in the popular mind, is not only impossible, but is demonstrably false. To review all the facts which correct it in detail would lead us far beyond our limits. It must suffice to refer to the great work of Spedding, in which the entire records of the case are found, and which would long ago have made the world just to Bacon's fame, but that the author's comment on his own complete and fair record is itself partial and extravagant. But the materials for a final judgment are accessible to all in Spedding's volumes, and a candid reading of them solves the enigma. Bacon was condemned without a trial, on his own confession, and this confession was consistent with the tenor of his life. Its substance was that he had failed to put a stop effectually to the immemorial custom in his court of receiving presents from suitors, but that he had never deviated from justice in his decrees. There was no instance in which he was accused of yielding to the influence of gifts, or passing judgment for a bribe. No act of his as Chancellor was impeached as illegal, or reversed as corrupt. Suitors complained that they had sent sums of money or valuable presents to his court, and had been disappointed in the result; but no one complained of injustice in a decision. Bacon was a conspicuous member of the royal party; and when the

storm of popular fury broke in Parliament upon the court, the king and the ministry abandoned him. He had stood all his life upon the royal favor as the basis of his strength and hope; and when it was gone from under him, he sank helplessly, and refused to attempt a defense. But he still in his humiliation found comfort in the reflection that his ruin would put an end to "anything that is in the likeness of corruption" among the judges. And he wrote, in the hour of his deepest distress, that he had been "the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes that have been since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time." Nor did any man of his time venture to contradict him, when in later years he summed up his case in the words, "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years."

No revolution of modern times has been more complete than that which the last two centuries have silently wrought in the customary morality of British public life, and in the standards by which it is judged. Under James I every office of state was held as the private property of its occupant. The highest places in the government were conferred only on condition of large payments to the king. He openly sold the honors and dignities of which he was the source. "The making of a baron," that is, the right to sell to some rich plebeian a patent of nobility, was a common grant to favorites, and was actually bestowed on Bacon, to aid him in maintaining the state of his office. We have the testimony of James himself that all the lawyers, of whom the judges of the realm were made, were "so bred and nursed in corruption that they cannot leave it." But the line between what the king called corruption and that which he and all his ministers practised openly and habitually, as part of the regular work of government, is dim and hard to define. The mind of the community had not yet firmly grasped the conception of public office as a trust for the public good, and the general opinion which stimulates and sustains the official conscience in holding this trust sacred was still unformed. The courts of justice were the first branch of the government to feel the pressure of public opinion, and to respond to the demand for impersonal and impartial right. But this process had only begun when Bacon, who had never before served as judge, was called to preside in Chancery. The Chancellor's office was a gradual development: originally political and administrative rather than judicial, and with no salary or reward for hearing causes, save the voluntary presents of suitors who asked its interference with the ordinary courts, it step by step became the highest tribunal of the equity which limits and corrects the routine of law, and still the custom of gifts was unchecked. A careful study of Bacon's career shows that in this, as every other branch of thought, his theoretic convictions were in advance of his age; and in his advice to the king and in his inaugural promises as Chancellor, he foreshadows all the principles on which the wisest reformers of the public service now insist. But he failed to apply them with that heroic self-sacrifice which alone would have availed him, and

the forces of custom and example continually encroached upon his views of duty. Having through a long life sought advancement and wealth for the purpose of using leisure and independence to carry out his beneficent plans on the largest scale, he eagerly accepted the traditional emoluments of his new position, in the conviction that they would become in his hands the means of vast good to mankind. It was only the public exposure which fully awakened him to a sense of the inconsistency and wrong of his conduct; and then he was himself his severest judge, and made every reparation in his power, by the most unreserved confession, by pointing out the danger to society of such weakness as his own in language to whose effectiveness nothing could be added, and by devoting the remainder of his life to the noblest work for humanity.

During the years of Bacon's splendor as a member of the government and as spokesman for the throne, his real life as a thinker, inspired by the loftiest ambition which ever entered the mind of man, that of creating a new and better civilization, was not interrupted. It was probably in 1603 that he wrote his fragmentary 'Proœmium de Interpretatione Naturæ,' or 'Preface to a Treatise on Interpreting Nature,' which is the only piece of autobiography he has left us. It was found among his papers after his death; and its candor, dignity, and enthusiasm of tone are in harmony with the imaginative grasp and magnificent suggestiveness of its thought. Commending the original Latin to all who can appreciate its eloquence, we cite the first sentences of it in English: —

"Believing that I was born for the service of mankind, and regarding the care of the Commonwealth as a kind of common property which, like the air and water, belongs to everybody, I set myself to consider in what way mankind might be best served, and what service I was myself best fitted by nature to perform.

"Now, among all the benefits that could be conferred upon mankind, I found none so great as the discovery of new arts for the bettering of human life. For I saw that among the rude people of early times, inventors and discoverers were reckoned as gods. It was seen that the works of founders of states, lawgivers, tyrant-destroyers, and heroes cover but narrow spaces and endure but for a time; while the work of the inventor, though of less pomp, is felt everywhere and lasts forever. But above all, if a man could, I do not say devise some invention, however useful, but kindle a light in nature — a light which, even in rising, should touch and illuminate the borders of existing knowledge, and spreading further on should bring to light all that is most secret — that man, in my view, would be indeed the benefactor of mankind, the extender of man's empire over nature, the champion of freedom, the conqueror of fate.

"For myself, I found that I was fitted for nothing so well as for the study of Truth: as having a mind nimble and versatile enough to discern resemblances in things (the main point), and yet steady enough to distinguish the

subtle differences in them; as being endowed with zeal to seek, patience to doubt, love of meditation, slowness of assertion, readiness to reconsider, carefulness to arrange and set in order; and as being a man that affects not the new nor admires the old, but hates all imposture. So I thought my nature had a certain familiarity and kindred with Truth."

During the next two years he applied himself to the composition of the treatise on the 'Advancement of Learning,' the greatest of his English writings, and one which contains the seed-thoughts and outline-principles of all his philosophy. From the time of its publication in 1605 to his fall in 1621, he continued to frame the plan of his 'Great Instauration' of human knowledge, and to write out chapters, books, passages, sketches, designed to take their places in it as essential parts. It was to include six great divisions: first, a general survey of existing knowledge; second, a guide to the use of the intellect in research, purging it of sources of error, and furnishing it with the new instrument of inductive logic by which all the laws of nature might be ascertained; third, a structure of the phenomena of nature, included in one hundred and thirty particular branches of natural history, as the materials for the new logic; fourth, a series of types and models of the entire mental process of discovering truth, "selecting various and remarkable instances"; fifth, specimens of the new philosophy, or anticipations of its results, in fragmentary contributions to the sixth and crowning division, which was to set forth the new philosophy in its completeness, comprehending the truths to be discovered by a perfected instrument of reasoning, in interpreting all the phenomena of the world. Well aware that the scheme, especially in its concluding part, was far beyond the power and time of any one man, he yet hoped to be the architect of the final edifice of science, by drawing its plans and making them intelligible, leaving their perfect execution to an intellectual world which could not fail to be moved to its supreme effort by a comprehension of the work before it. The 'Novum Organum,' itself but a fragment of the second division of the 'Instauration,' the key to the use of the intellect in the discovery of truth, was published in Latin at the height of his splendor as Lord Chancellor, in 1620, and is his most memorable achievement in philosophy. It contains a multitude of suggestive thoughts on the whole field of science, but is mainly the exposition of the fallacies by which the intellect is deceived and misled, and from which it must be purged in order to attain final truth, and of the new doctrine of "prerogative instances," or crucial observations and experiments in the work of discovery.

In short, Bacon's entire achievement in science is a plan for an impossible universe of knowledge. As far as he attempted to advance particular sciences by applying his method to their detailed phenomena, he wrought with imperfect knowledge of what had been done, and with cumbrous and usually misdirected efforts to fill the gaps he recognized. In a few instances, by what seems an almost superhuman instinct for truth, rather than the laborious process of

investigation which he taught, he anticipated brilliant discoveries of later centuries. For example, he clearly pointed out the necessity of regarding heat as a form of motion in the molecules of matter, and thus foreshadowed, without any conception of the means of proving it, that for which, for investigators of the nineteenth century, proved a way to the secrets of nature. But the testimony of the great teachers of science is unanimous, that Bacon was not a skilled observer of phenomena, nor a discoverer of scientific inductions; that he contributed no important new truth, in the sense of an established law, to any department of knowledge; and that his method of research and reasoning is not, in its essential features, that which is fruitfully pursued by them in extending the boundaries of science, nor was his mind wholly purged of those "idols of the cave," or forms of personal bias, whose varying forms as hindrances to the "dry light" of sound reason he was the first to expose. He never appreciated mathematics as the basis of physics, but valued their elements mainly as a mental discipline. Astronomy meant little to him, since he failed to connect it directly with human well-being and improvement; to the system of Copernicus, the beginning of our insight into the heavens, he was hostile, or at least indifferent; and the splendid discoveries successively made by Tycho Brahe, Galileo, and Kepler, and brought to his ears while the 'Great Instauration' filled his mind and heart, met with but a feeble welcome with him, or none. Why is it, then, that Bacon's is the foremost name in the history of English, and perhaps, as many insist, of all modern thought? Why is it that "the Baconian philosophy" is another phrase, in all the languages of Europe, for that splendid development of the study and knowledge of the visible universe which since his time has changed the life of mankind?

A candid answer to these questions will expose an error as wide in the popular estimate of Bacon's intellectual greatness as that which has prevailed so generally regarding his character. He is called the inventor of inductive reasoning, the reformer of logic, the lawgiver of the world of thought; but he was no one of these. His grasp of the inductive method was defective; his logic was clumsy and impractical; his plan for registering all phenomena and selecting and generalizing from them, making the discovery of truth almost a mechanical process, was worthless. In short, it is not as a philosopher nor as a man of science that Bacon has carved his name in the high places of enduring fame, but rather as a man of letters. As a thinker his great service to the world consisted essentially in the contribution of two magnificent ideas to the common stock of thought: the idea of the utility of science, as able to subjugate the forces of nature to the use of man; and the idea of continued and boundless progress in the comfort and happiness of the individual life, and in the order and dignity of human society. It has been shown how, from early manhood, he was inspired by the conception of infinite resources in the material world, for the discovery and employment of which the human mind is adapted. He never wearied of pointing out the imperfection and fruitlessness

of the methods of inquiry and of invention hitherto in use, and the splendid results which could be rapidly attained if a combined and systematic effort were made to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. This led him directly to the conception of an improved and advancing civilization; to the utterance, in a thousand varied, impressive, and fascinating forms, of that idea of human progress which is the inspiration, the characteristic, and the hope of the modern world. Bacon was the first of men to grasp these ideas in all their comprehensiveness as feasible purposes, as practical aims; to teach the development of them as the supreme duty and ambition of his contemporaries, and to look forward instead of behind him for the Golden Age. Enforcing and applying these thoughts with a wealth of learning, a keenness of wit, a soundness of judgment, and a suggestiveness of illustration unequalled by any writer before him, he became the greatest literary power of modern times to stimulate minds in every department of life.

Bacon's instinct was for substance. His strongest passion was for utility. The artistic side of his nature was receptive rather than creative. Splendid passages in the 'Advancement' and 'De Augmentis' show his profound appreciation of all the arts of expression, but show likewise his inability to glorify them above that which they express. In his mind, language is subordinate to thought, and the painting to the picture, just as the frame is to the painting, or the binding to the book. He writes always in the grand style. His sentences are weighted with thought, as suggestive as Plato, as condensed as Thucydides. Full of wit, keen in discerning analogies, rich in intellectual ornament, he is yet too concentrated in his attention to the idea to care for the melody of language. He decorates with fruits, not with flowers. For metrical movement, for rhythmic harmony, he has no ear nor sense. Inconceivable as it is that Shakespeare could have written one aphorism of the 'Novum Organum,' it would be far more absurd to imagine Bacon writing a line of the Sonnets. With the loftiest imagination, the liveliest fancy, the keenest sense of precision and appropriateness in words, he lacks the special gift of poetic form, the faculty divine which finds new inspiration in the very limitations of measured language, and whose natural expression is music alike to the ear and to the mind. His powers were cramped by the fetters of meter, and his attempts to versify even rich thought and deep feeling were puerile. But his prose is by far the weightiest, the most lucid, effective, and pleasing of his day. Ben Jonson, who knew him well, describes his eloquence in terms which are confirmed by all we know of his Parliamentary career: —

"One, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for no imitator ever grew up to his author: likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (when he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more rightly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his

speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end."

The speeches of Bacon are almost wholly lost, his philosophy is a heap of fragments, the ambitions of his life lay in ruins about his dishonored old age; yet his intellect is one of the great moving and still vital forces of the modern world, and he remains, for all ages to come, in the literature which is the final storehouse of the chief treasures of mankind, one of

The dead yet sceptered sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS

OF TRUTH

From the 'Essays'

WHAT is Truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again, that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor: but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure as with poets, nor for advantage as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunk things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh

in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt; such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. . . . The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well:—"It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth" (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), "and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:" so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business: it will be acknowledged even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge. Saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave toward God and a coward toward men." For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, "he shall not find faith upon the earth."

OF REVENGE

From the 'Essays'

REVENGE is a kind of wild justice; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his

enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior: for it is a prince's part to pardon, and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offense." That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore, they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like. Therefore, why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then, let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more general; for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate: as that for the death of Cæsar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they infortunate.

OF SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION

From the 'Essays'

DISSIMULATION is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it. Therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers.

Tacitus saith, "Livia sorted well with the arts of her husband and dissimulation of her son"; attributing arts of policy to Augustus, and dissimulation to Tiberius. And again, when Mucianus encourageth Vespasian to take arms against Vitellius, he saith, "We rise not against the piercing judgment of Augustus, nor the extreme caution or closeness of Tiberius." These properties

of arts or policy, and dissimulation or closeness, are indeed habits and faculties several, and to be distinguished. For if a man have that penetration of judgment as he can discern what things are to be laid open, and what to be secreted, and what to be showed at half-lights, and to whom and when (which are arts of state and arts of life, as Tacitus well calleth them), to him a habit of dissimulation is a hindrance and a poorness. But if a man cannot obtain to that judgment, then it is left to him generally to be close, and a dissembler. For where a man cannot choose or vary in particulars, there it is good to take the safest and wariest way in general; like the going softly, by one that cannot well see. Certainly the ablest men that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity: but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn; and at such times when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith and clearness of dealing made them almost invisible.

There be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self. The first, Closeness, Reservation, and Secrecy; when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is. The second, Dissimulation, in the negative; when a man lets fall signs and arguments, that he is not that he is. And the third, Simulation, in the affirmative; when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not.

For the first of these, Secrecy: it is indeed the virtue of a confessor. And assuredly the secret man heareth many confessions; for who will open himself to a blab or a babbler? But if a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery, as the more close air sucketh in the more open; and as in confession the revealing is not for wordly use, but for the ease of a man's heart, so secret men come to the knowledge of many things in that kind: while men rather discharge their minds than impart their minds. In few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides (to say truth), nakedness is uncomely, as well in mind as body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's manners and actions, if they be not altogether open. As for talkers and futile persons, they are commonly vain and credulous withal; for he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not. Therefore set it down, that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral. And in this part it is good that a man's face give his tongue leave to speak; for the discovery of a man's self by the tracts of his countenance is a great weakness and betraying, by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.

For the second, which is Dissimulation: it followeth many times upon secrecy by a necessity; so that he that will be secret must be a dissembler in some degree. For men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an indifferent carriage between both, and to be secret, without swaying the balance on either side. They will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick it out

of him, that without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech. As for equivocations, or oraculous speeches, they cannot hold out long. So that no man can be secret, except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation; which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy.

But for the third degree, which is Simulation and false profession: that I hold more culpable and less politic, except it be in great and rare matters. And therefore a general custom of simulation (which is this last degree) is a vice rising either of a natural falseness or fearfulness, or of a mind that hath some main faults; which because a man must needs disguise, it maketh him practice simulation in other things, lest his hand should be out of use.

The great advantages of simulation and dissimulation are three. First, to lay asleep opposition, and to surprise; for where a man's intentions are published, it is an alarum to call up all that are against them. The second is, to reserve to a man's self a fair retreat; for if a man engage himself by a manifest declaration, he must go through or take a fall. The third is, the better to discover the mind of another; for to him that opens himself men will hardly show themselves adverse, but will fair let him go on, and turn their freedom of speech to freedom of thought. And therefore it is a good shrewd proverb of the Spaniard, "Tell a lie and find a troth"; as if there were no way of discovery but by simulation. There be also three disadvantages to set it even. The first, that simulation and dissimulation commonly carry with them a show of fearfulness; which in any business doth spoil the feathers of round flying up to the mark. The second, that it puzzleth and perplexeth the conceits of many that perhaps would otherwise co-operate with him, and makes a man walk almost alone to his own ends. The third and greatest is, that it depriveth a man of one of the most principal instruments for action; which is trust and belief. The best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign if there be no remedy.

OF TRAVEL

From the 'Essays'

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that traveth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well: so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or

discipline the place yielded. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbors; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses; warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities: and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them: yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long: nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another; which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth; that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel: that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors; for so in traveling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad; that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveler returneth home, let him

not leave the countries where he hath traveled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

OF FRIENDSHIP

From the 'Essays'

IT had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion toward society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures: and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo*"; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain: but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak; so great, as they

purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves; which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes; as if it were matter of grace or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them "*participes curarum*"; for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; "for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting." With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew; and this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him "*venefica*"—"witch"; as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height as, when he consulted with Mæcenus about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenus took the liberty to tell him, "that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa or take away his life: there was no third way, he had made him so great." With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, "*Hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi*" [These things, from our friendship, I have not concealed from you]; and the whole Senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also, in a letter to the Senate, by these words: "I love the man so well, as I wish he may overlive me." Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus

Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half-piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire: and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that toward his latter time "that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding." Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Louis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true: "*Cor ne edito*" — "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature: for in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, "That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure: whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to

give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best"; and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case: but the best receipt (best I say to work and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor." As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or, that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or, that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or, that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all: but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight: and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counseled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it: the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief, and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in a way for a present cure, but overthroweth your

health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient: but a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon the other inconvenience. And therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels: they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself: and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, "that a friend is another himself"; for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him, so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there, which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself. A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate, or beg, and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person: but to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

IN PRAISE OF KNOWLEDGE

From 'Letters and Life,' by James Spedding

SILENCE were the best celebration of that which I mean to commend; for who would not use silence, where silence is not made, and what crier can make silence in such a noise and tumult of vain and popular opinions?

My praise shall be dedicated to the mind itself. The mind is the man and the knowledge of the mind. A man is but what he knoweth. The mind itself is but an accident to knowledge; for knowledge is a double of that which is; the truth of being and the truth of knowing is all one.

Are not the pleasures of the affections greater than the pleasures of the

senses? And are not the pleasures of the intellect greater than the pleasures of the affections? Is not knowledge a true and only natural pleasure, whereof there is no satiety? Is it not knowledge that doth alone clear the mind of all perturbation? How many things are there which we imagine not? How many things do we esteem and value otherwise than they are! This ill-proportioned estimation, these vain imaginations, these be the clouds of error that turn into the storms of perturbation. Is there any such happiness as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, where he may have the prospect of the order of nature and the error of men?

But is this a vein only of delight, and not of discovery? of contentment, and not of benefit? Shall he not as well discern the riches of nature's warehouse, as the benefit of her shop? Is truth ever barren? Shall he not be able thereby to produce worthy effects, and to endow the life of man with infinite commodities?

But shall I make this garland to be put upon a wrong head? Would anybody believe me, if I should verify this upon the knowledge that is now in use? Are we the richer by one poor invention, by reason of all the learning that hath been these many hundred years? The industry of artificers maketh some small improvement of things invented; and chance sometimes in experimenting maketh us to stumble upon somewhat which is new; but all the disputation of the learned never brought to light one effect of nature before unknown. When things are known and found out, then they can descant upon them, they can knit them into certain causes, they can reduce them to their principles. If any instance of experience stand against them, they can range it in order by some distinctions. But all this is but a web of the wit, it can work nothing. I do not doubt but that common notions, which we call reason, and the knitting of them together, which we call logic, are the art of reason and studies. But they rather cast obscurity than gain light to the contemplation of nature. All the philosophy of nature which is now received, is either the philosophy of the Grecians, or that other of the Alchemists. That of the Grecians hath the foundations in words, in ostentation, in confutation, in sects, in schools, in disputations. The Grecians were (as one of themselves saith), "you Grecians, ever children." They knew little antiquity; they knew (except fables) not much above five hundred years before themselves; they knew but a small portion of the world. That of the Alchemists hath the foundation in imposture, in auricular traditions and obscurity; it was catching hold of religion, but the principle of it is, "*Populus vult decipi*." [The people wish to be deceived.] So that I know no great difference between these great philosophies, but that the one is a loud-crying folly, and the other is a whispering folly. The one is gathered out of a few vulgar observations, and the other out of a few experiments of a furnace. The one never faileth to multiply words, and the other ever faileth to multiply gold. Who would not smile at Aristotle, when he admireth the eternity and invariableness of the heavens, as there were not the like in the bowels of the earth? Those be the confines and

borders of these two kingdoms, where the continual alteration and incursion are. The superficies and upper parts of the earth are full of varieties. The superficies and lower part of the heavens (which we call the middle region of the air) is full of variety. There is much spirit in the one part that cannot be brought into mass. There is much massy body in the other place that cannot be refined to spirit. The common air is as the waste ground between the borders. Who would not smile at the astronomers? I mean not these new carmen which drive the earth about, but the ancient astronomers, which feign the moon to be the swiftest of all planets in motion, and the rest in order, the higher the slower; and so are compelled to imagine a double motion; whereas how evident is it, that that which they call a contrary motion is but an abatement of motion. The fixed stars overgo Saturn, and so in them and the rest all is but one motion, and the nearer the earth the slower; a motion also whereof air and water do participate, though much interrupted.

But why do I in a conference of pleasure enter into these great matters, in sort that pretending to know much, I should forget what is seasonable? Pardon me, it was because all [other] things may be endowed and adorned with speeches, but knowledge itself is more beautiful than any apparel of words that can be put upon it.

And let not me seem arrogant, without respect to these great reputed authors. Let me so give every man his due, as I give Time his due, which is to discover truth. Many of these men had greater wits, far above mine own, and so are many in the universities of Europe at this day. But alas, they learn nothing there but to believe: first to believe that others know that which they know not; and after [that] themselves know that which they know not. But indeed facility to believe, impatience to doubt, temerity to answer, glory to know, doubt to contradict, end to gain, sloth to search, seeking things in words, resting in part of nature; these, and the like, have been the things which have forbidden the happy match between the mind of man and the nature of things, and in place thereof have married it to vain notions and blind experiments. And what the posterity and issue of so honorable a match may be, it is not hard to consider. Printing, a gross invention; artillery, a thing that lay not far out of the way; the needle, a thing partly known before; what a change have these three made in the world in these times; the one in state of learning, the other in state of the war, the third in the state of treasure, commodities, and navigation. And those, I say, were but stumbled upon and lighted upon by chance. Therefore, no doubt the sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge; wherein many things are reserved, which kings with their treasure cannot buy, nor with their force command; their spials and intelligencers can give no news of them, their seamen and discoverers cannot sail where they grow. Now we govern nature in opinions, but we are thrall unto her in necessity; but if we would be led by her in invention, we should command her in action.

ROBERT BURTON

THERE are some books of which every reader knows the names, but of whose contents few know anything, excepting as the same may have come to them filtered through the work of others. Of these, Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is one of the most marked instances. It is a vast storehouse from which subsequent authors have always drawn and continue to draw, even as Burton himself drew from others — though without always giving the credit which with him was customary. Few would now have the courage to read it through, and probably fewer still could say with Dr. Johnson that it "was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise."

Of Robert Burton himself very little is known. He was born in 1577, probably at Lindley, in Leicestershire; and died at Oxford in 1640. He had some schooling at Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire, and was sent to Brasenose College at Oxford in 1593; was elected a student at Christ Church College in 1599, and took his degree of B. D. in 1614. He was then thirty-seven years of age. Why he should have been so long in reaching his degree, does not appear. Two years later he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church to the vicarage of St. Thomas in the suburbs of Oxford. To this, about 1630, through presentation by George, Lord Berkeley, was added the rectory of Segrave in Leicestershire, and he retained both livings until his death. This is about the sum and substance of his known history. Various legends remain regarding him; as, that he was very good and jolly company, a most learned scholar, very ready in quotations from the poets and classical authors — and indeed no reader of the 'Anatomy' could imagine otherwise. Yet he was of a melancholy disposition, and it is said that "he composed this book with a view of relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree that nothing could make him laugh but going to the foot-bridge and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter." He says himself, "I write of melancholy, by being busy, to avoid melancholy." He was expert in the calculation of nativities, and cast his own horoscope; having determined the time at which his death should occur, it was afterward shrewdly believed that he took measures to insure the fulfilment of the prophecy.

His life was almost wholly spent in his study at Oxford. He was a wide and curious reader, and the book to the composition of which he devoted himself quotes authorities without end. All was fish which came to his net: divines, poets, astrologists, doctors, philosophers, men of science, travelers,

romancers—he draws from the whole range of literature; and often page after page—scores and hundreds of pages—is filled with quotations, sometimes of two or three words only, sometimes translated and sometimes not, an almost inextricable network of facts, of fancies, and of phrases. He says: “As those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men’s wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots.”

Yet when he sets about it, his handling is steady and assured, and he has distinctly the literary touch; as well as the marks of genius; having a very great quaintness withal. The title of his famous book is ‘The Anatomy of Melancholy. What It Is, with All the Kinds, Causes, Symptoms, Prognostics, and several Cures of it. In three Partitions. With their several Sections, Members, and Sub-sections, Philosophically, Medically, Historically Opened and Cut Up. By Democritus Junior.’ The first edition appears to have been issued in 1621. He continued to modify and enlarge it from time to time throughout his life; and for the sixth edition, which appeared some years after his death, he prepared a long address to the reader, describing his student life, accounting for his choice of subject, and full of quaint fancies and scathing criticisms of the ill habits and weaknesses of mankind.

CONCLUSIONS AS TO MELANCHOLY

GENERALLY thus much we may conclude of melancholy: that it is most pleasant at first, I say, *mentis gratissimus error*, a most delightful humor, to be alone, dwell alone, walk alone, meditate, lie in bed whole days, dreaming awake as it were, and frame a thousand phantastical imaginations unto themselves. They are never better pleased than when they are so doing; they are in Paradise for the time; and cannot well endure to be interrupted; with him in the Poet:—

Pol! me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait.

You have undone him, he complains, if you trouble him: tell him what inconvenience will follow, what will be the event, all is one, *canis ad vomitum*, [the dog returns to his own vomit] ’tis so pleasant he cannot refrain. He may thus continue peradventure many years by reason of a strong temperature, or some mixture of business, which may divert his cogitations: but at the last *læsa imaginatio*, his phantasy is crazed, & now habituated to such toys, cannot but work still like a fate; the Scene alters upon a sudden; Fear and Sorrow supplant those pleasing thoughts, suspicion, discontent, and perpetual anxiety succeed in their places; so little by little, by that shoeing-horn of idleness, and

voluntary solitariness, Melancholy this feral fiend is drawn on, *et quantum vertice ad auras Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit*; "extending up, by its branches, so far towards Heaven, as, by its roots, it does down towards Tartarus"; it was not so delicious at first, as now it is bitter and harsh: a cankered soul macerated with cares and discontents, *tædium vitæ*, impatience, agony, inconstancy, irresolution, precipitate them unto unspeakable miseries. They cannot endure company, light, or life itself, some unfit for action, and the like. Their bodies are lean and dried up, withered, ugly; their looks harsh, very dull, and their souls tormented, as they are more or less entangled, as the humor hath been intended, or according to the continuance of time they have been troubled.

To discern all which symptoms the better, Rhasis the Arabian makes three degrees of them. The first is *falsa cogitatio*, false conceits and idle thoughts: to misconstrue and amplify, aggravating everything they conceive or fear: the second is *falso cogitata loqui*, to talk to themselves, or to use inarticulate incondite voices, speeches, obsolete gestures, and plainly to utter their minds and conceits of their hearts, by their words and actions, as to laugh, weep, to be silent, not to sleep, eat their meat, &c.; the third is to put in practice that which they think or speak. Savanarola, *Rub. 11, Tract. 8, cap. 1, de ægritudine*, confirms as much: when he begins to express that in words, which he conceives in his heart, or talks idly, or goes from one thing to another, which Gordonius calls *nec caput habentia nec caudam* [having neither head nor tail], he is in the middle way: but when he begins to act it likewise, and to put his fopperies in execution, he is then in the extent of melancholy, or madness itself. This progress of melancholy you shall easily observe in them that have been so affected, they go smiling to themselves at first, at length they laugh out; at first solitary, at last they can endure no company, or if they do, they are now dizzards, past sense and shame, quite moped, they care not what they say or do; all their actions, words, gestures, are furious or ridiculous. At first his mind is troubled, he doth not attend what is said, if you tell him a tale, he cries at last, What said you? but in the end he mutters to himself, as old women do many times, or old men when they sit alone; upon a sudden they laugh, whoop, halloo, or run away, and swear they see or hear Players, Devils, Hobgoblins, Ghosts, strike, or strut, &c., grow humorous in the end: like him in the Poet, *sæpe ducentos sæpe decem servos* [he often keeps two hundred slaves, often only ten], he will dress himself, and undress, careless at last, grows insensible, stupid or mad. He howls like a wolf, barks like a dog, and raves like Ajax and Orestes, hears Music and outcries which no man else hears. . . .

Who can sufficiently speak of these symptoms, or prescribe rules to comprehend them? As Echo to the painter in Ausonius, *vane, quid affectas*, &c. — foolish fellow, what wilt? if you must needs paint a voice, *et similem si vis pingere, pingere sonum*; if you will describe melancholy, describe a phantastical

conceit, a corrupt imagination, vain thoughts and different, which who can do? The four-and-twenty letters make no more variety of words in divers languages, than melancholy conceits produce diversity of symptoms in several persons. They are irregular, obscure, various, so infinite, Proteus himself is not so diverse; you may as well make the Moon a new coat, as a true character of a melancholy man; as soon find the motion of a bird in the air, as the heart of man, a melancholy man. They are so confused, I say, diverse, intermixed with other diseases. As the species be confounded (which I have shewed) so are the symptoms; sometimes with headache, *cachexia*, *dropsy*, stone (as you may perceive by those several examples and illustrations, collected by Hildesheim, *spicel.* 2, *Mercurialis*, *consil.* 118, *cap.* 6 *et* 11), with headache, epilepsy, *priapismus* (Trincavellius, *consil.* 12, *lib.* 1, *consil.* 49), with gout, *caninus appetitus* (Montanus, *consil.* 26, &c., 23, 234, 249), with falling-sickness, headache, *vertigo*, *lycanthopia*, &c. (J. Cæsar Claudinus, *consult.* 4, *consult.* 89 *et* 116), with gout, agues, hæmroids, stone, &c. Who can distinguish these melancholy symptoms so intermixed with others, or apply them to their several kinds, confine them into method? 'Tis hard I confess, yet I have disposed of them as I could, and will descend to particularize them according to their species. For hitherto I have expatiated in more general lists or terms, speaking promiscuously of such ordinary signs, which occur amongst writers. Not that they are all to be found in one man, for that were to paint a monster or chimæra, not a man; but some in one, some in another, and that successively, or at several times.

Which I have been the more curious to express and report, not to upbraid any miserable man, or by way of derision (I rather pity them), but the better to discern, to apply remedies unto them; and to shew that the best and soundest of us all is in great danger; how much we ought to fear our own fickle estates, remember our miseries and vanities, examine and humiliate ourselves, seek to God, and call to him for mercy, that needs not look for any rods to scourge ourselves, since we carry them in our bowels; and that our souls are in a miserable captivity, if the light of grace and heavenly truth doth not shine continually upon us; and by our discretion to moderate ourselves, to be more circumspect and wary in the midst of these dangers.

JOHN SELDEN

“**T**HE chief of learned men reputed in this land, John Selden,” wrote Milton. And he was indeed the author of many learned books: books upon the law, books upon the customs of the Hebrews, books upon all manner of abstruse subjects, books in English and in Latin; but that which remains of him is a book which he neither published nor wrote. Like White’s ‘Natural History of Selborne,’ and not a few other books which “were not born to die,” Selden’s ‘Table-Talk’ was a work which came without observation. Much of his deliberate work is dry as dry could be. Aubrey, who is relied upon in some measure for his biography, says that he was a poet, and quotes Sir John Suckling as authority; nothing would seem more improbable from what he has to say upon poetry: “’Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse; but when they come to be men they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. ’Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in verse. As ’tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely; but ’tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go.”

His father was “a sufficient plebeian,” of the village of Salvington in Sussex, and proficient in music; by which he is said to have won his wife, who was of somewhat higher station in life. John was born in his cottage at Salvington, December 16, 1584, in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and died, a man of great distinction and wealth, at Whitefriars in London, November 30, 1654, in the sixth year of the Commonwealth. Educated at the Free School in Chichester, and at Hart Hall, Oxford, he had hardly more than settled himself at the Inner Temple and reached man’s estate, when he had “not only run through the whole body of the law, but become a prodigy in most parts of learning; especially in those which were not common, or little frequented or regarded by the generality of students of his time. So that in a few years his name was wonderfully advanced, not only at home, but in foreign countries; and was usually styled the great dictator of learning of the English nation.”

In 1618, after issuing several other works, he published a ‘History of Tithes,’ which had been licensed without question by the censor, but nevertheless excited such an outcry that its author was summoned before the king, and subsequently before the High Commission Court, and forced to recant. He acknowledged the error that he had committed in publishing the book, but appears not to have acknowledged any error in the book. The book was suppressed, and afterward “confuted” by Dr. Montagu; and King James told Selden, “If you or your friends write anything against his confutation, I will

throw you into prison." He soon had an opportunity to test the king's prisons for other reasons. He was incarcerated for five weeks in 1621, for his share in the protest of the House of Commons in respect to the rights and privileges of the members; and again in 1629 he was imprisoned in the Tower for many months on the charge of sedition. He entered Parliament in 1624, and with the exception of Charles's first Parliament, and the Short Parliament, he appears to have been a member until his death. In the Long Parliament he represented Oxford University, being returned without opposition.

Selden was always a conservative, not so much in the political as in the natural, the literal, sense. During the earlier years of the long contest between the King and the Commons, he leaned toward the latter; but in after years his attitude was less satisfactory to them. He was the arch-supporter of the law — of human law: for the Higher Law, at all events for the *Jus Divinum* as interpreted by the clergy, he had slight esteem as against the law of the land.

His reputation was so great that his support was sought on all sides; but his independence caused him to reject some overtures, while it prevented others. King Charles thought to make him Keeper of the Great Seal; but was dissuaded on the ground that "he would absolutely refuse the place if it were offered to him." In 1647 he was elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but declined. It is said that he was so bent on preserving his thoughts that he would sometimes write while under the barber's hands.

For the last twenty years of his life, the Rev. Richard Milward was his amanuensis; and it was by him that the 'Table-Talk' was taken down bit by bit. It was not published until many years after the death of both. Says Milward in his dedication: "I had the opportunity to hear his discourse twenty years together; and lest all those excellent things that usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time I faithfully committed to writing . . . Truly the sense and notion here is wholly his, and most of the words." The book is a rich storehouse. Coleridge says: "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer."

In taking passages from it here and there, it should be premised that other samples might be found of a sense quite different.

FROM THE 'TABLE-TALK'

THE SCRIPTURES

THE text serves only to guess by: we must satisfy ourselves fully out of the authors that lived about those times.

In interpreting the Scripture, many do as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10 — meaning

four was but four unities, and five, five unities, etc., and that he had in all but ten pounds; the other that sees him, takes not the figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports that he hath five pounds in one bag, and six pounds in another bag, and nine pounds in another bag, &c., whenas in truth he has but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a text here and there to make it serve our turn; whereas, if we take it all together, and considered what went before and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

THE BISHOPS

The Bishops were too hasty, else with a discreet slowness they might have had what they aimed at. The old story of the fellow that told the gentleman that he might get to such a place if he did not ride too fast, would have fitted their turn.

Bishops are now unfit to govern, because of their learning. They are bred up in another law; they run to the text for something done amongst the Jews that nothing concerns England. 'Tis just as if a man would have a kettle, and he would not go to our brazier to have it made as they make kettles, but he would have it as Hiram made his brass work, who wrought in Solomon's Temple.

They that would pull down the Bishops and erect a new way of government, do as he that pulls down an old house and builds another in another fashion: there's a great deal of do, and a great deal of trouble; the old rubbish must be carried away, and new materials must be brought; workmen must be provided: and perhaps the old one would have served as well.

BOOKS

In answering a book, 'tis best to be short; otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides, in being long I shall give my adversary a huge advantage: somewhere or other he will pick a hole.

CEREMONY

Of all people, ladies have no reason to cry down ceremonies, for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony — with compliments and addresses, with legs, and kissing and hands — they were the pityfullest creatures in the word; but yet methinks to kiss their hands after their lips as some do, is like little boys, that after they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the apple.

CLERGY

The Clergy would have us believe them against our own reason, as the woman would have her husband against his own eyes. "What! will you believe your own eyes before your own sweet wife?"

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The House of Commons is called the Lower House in twenty Acts of Parliament; but what are twenty Acts of Parliament amongst friends?

COMPETENCY

That which is a competency for one man is not enough for another: no more than that which will keep one man warm will keep another man warm; one man can go in doublet and hose, when another man cannot be without a cloak and yet have no more clothes than is necessary for him.

CONSCIENCE

He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well weighed: he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.

A knowing man will do that which a tender conscience man dares not do, by reason of his ignorance: the other knows there is no hurt — as a child is afraid to go into the dark, when a man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

CONSECRATED PLACES

All things are God's already: we can give him no right by consecrating any, that he had not before; only we set it apart to his service. Just as when a gardner brings his lord and master a basket of apricocks, and presents them, his lord thanks him, perhaps gives him something for his pains; and yet the apricocks were as much his lord's before as now.

COUNCIL

They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General Councils; when the truth is, the old man is still the Holy Ghost.

DEVILS

A person of quality came to my chamber in the temple, and told me he had two devils in his head (I wondered what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me (with that I begun to be afraid, and thought he was

mad); he said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved to go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him if he would follow my directions to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the meantime I got a card, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta, and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his neck; withal charged him that he should not disorder himself, neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me: he had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. Well, said I, I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck: three days after, he came to me to my chamber and protest he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but my self and one physician more in the whole town, that could cure the devils in the head; and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wished him if ever he found himself ill in my absence to go to him, for he could cure his disease, as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

HUMILITY

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice; and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

JEWS

Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed, they thrive where'er they come; they are able to oblige the prince of their country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together: and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.

MARRIAGE

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

MEASURE OF THINGS

We measure the excellence of other men by some excellence we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough (as poets used to be), seeing an alderman with his gold chain, upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks: why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse!

NUMBER

All those mysterious things they observe in numbers, come to nothing, upon this very ground: because number in itself is nothing, has not to do with nature, but is merely of human imposition, a mere sound. For example, when I cry one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock — that is but man's division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in nature if those hours had been called nine, ten, and eleven. So when they say the seventh son is fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh: why is not he likewise fortunate?

OATHS

When men ask me whether they may take an oath in their own sense, 'tis to me as if they should ask whether they may go to such a place upon their own legs: I would fain know how they can go otherwise.

OPINION

Opinion and affection extremely differ: I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the handsomest woman in the world. I love apples the best of any fruit, but it does not follow I must think apples to be the best fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

'Tis a vain thing to talk of an heretic; for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the primitive times there were many opinions, nothing scarce but some or other held. One of these opinions being embraced by some prince, and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies; and his religion, which was but one of the several opinions, first is said to be orthodox, and so have continued ever since the apostles.

PLEASURE

Whilst you are upon earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy, and wish yourself in heaven. If a

king should give you the keeping of a castle, with all things belonging to it — orchards, gardens, etc. — and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to court, and to make you a privy councillor — if you should neglect your castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a privy counsellor, do you think the king would be pleased with you?

PRAYER

“God hath given gifts unto men.” General texts prove nothing: let him show me John, William, or Thomas in the text, and then I will believe him. If a man hath a voluble tongue, we say, He hath the gift of prayer. His gift is to pray long — that I see; but does he pray better?

We take care what we speak to men, but to God we may say anything.

Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty reasons why he should grant this or that: he knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give you reasons, “otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad, but he shall discredit you,” would you endure it? You know it better than he: let him ask a suit of clothes.

PREACHING

The main argument why they would have two sermons a day, is, because they have two meals a day; the soul must be fed as well as the body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two noses because I have two eyes, or two mouths because I have two ears. What have meals and sermons to do one with another?

PREFERMENT

When the pageants are a coming there’s a great thrusting and a riding upon one another’s backs, to look out at the window: stay a little, and they will come just to you; you may see them quietly. So ’tis when a new statesman or officer is chosen: there’s great expectation and listening who it should be; stay a while, and you may know quietly.

REASON

The reason of a thing is not to be inquired after, till you are sure the thing itself be so. We commonly are at “What’s the reason of it?” before we are sure of the thing. ’Twas an excellent question of my Lady Cotten, when Sir Robert Cotten was magnifying of a shoe which was Moses’ or Noah’s, and wondering at the strange shape and fashion of it: But, Mr. Cotten, says she, are you sure it is a shoe?

RELIGION

Men say they are of the same religion for quietness' sake; but if the matter were well examined, you would scarce find three anywhere of the same religion in all points.

Disputes in religion will never be ended, because there wants a measure by which the business would be decided. The Puritan would be judged by the Word of God: if he would speak clearly, he means himself, but he is ashamed to say so; and he would have me believe him before a whole Church, that has read the Word of God as well as he. One says one thing, and another another; and there is, I say, no measure to end the controversy. 'Tis just as if two men were at bowls, and both judged by the eye: one says 'tis his cast, the other says 'tis my cast; and having no measure, the difference is eternal. Ben Jonson satirically expressed the vain disputes of divines by Inigo Lanthorne, disputing with his puppet in a Bartholomew Fair: It is so; It is not so; It is so; It is not so — crying thus one to another a quarter of an hour together.

'Tis to no purpose to labor to reconcile religions, when the interest of princes will not suffer it. 'Tis well if they could be reconciled so far that they should not cut one another's throats.

THANKSGIVING

At first we gave thanks for every victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained; but since we have had many now we can stay a good while. We are just like a child: give him a plum, he makes his leg; give him a second plum, he makes another leg; at last when his belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do: then his nurse, or somebody else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his duty — *Where's your leg?*

WIFE

He that hath a handsome wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her and be in her company, but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never content with what we have.

You shall see a monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the garden, at length leap up to the top of the wall, but his clog hangs a great way below on this side; the bishop's wife is like that monkey's clog — himself is got up very high, takes place of the temporal Barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

'Tis reason a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.

ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEOAN LYRICS

SIR THOMAS WYATT

SIR THOMAS WYATT'S father, Sir Henry Wyatt of Allington Castle, Kent, was also a courtier, and of Henry VIII's suite at the memorable Field of the Cloth of Gold. He prepared a promising career for his son; and Sir Thomas had already borne many honorable responsibilities, and was fast becoming a trusted councilor of the king, when at thirty-nine he was sent to Falmouth to escort an ambassador from the emperor of Germany, and heat and hurry brought on a fever from which he died on the way.

It is quite likely that after finishing his course at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1518 and that of M.A. in 1520, Sir Thomas, like other young noblemen of his day, went to Italy for a time. He was certainly familiar with Italian literature; and his great title to consideration is that he introduced the sonnet into English poetry. He wrote also rondeaux and other lyrics, with grace and sweetness, and has left some spirited satiric verse. Most of his poems are wistful love songs — inspired, according to tradition, by a hopeless passion for unfortunate Anne Boleyn. Little is known of Lady Elizabeth Brooke, the young wife Wyatt married when he was eighteen; but his plaintive lines indicate a later and unhappy love. If the queen was the object, the fact did not lessen the King's friendship for Wyatt, or the latter's stanch loyalty. Although during her trial he was confined in the Tower on some charge now unknown, it was probably unconnected with her. Yet it is said that after her execution in 1536 he was a changed man. The dashing courtier, noted for his wit, became a sedate and thoughtful statesman. He seemed to leave youth behind, and grow suddenly mature; and his later poems reflect the change. Wyatt's verse, although uneven, is often pleasantly melodious. It has the charm of spontaneity; and although less skilful than that of Surrey, contains some homely similes that foreshadow Elizabethan vividness.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE

AFACE that should content me wondrous well
 Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
 Of lively look, all grief for to repel;
 With right good grace, so would I that it should
 Speak without word, such words as none can tell:
 Her tress also should be of crispèd gold;
 With wit and these perchance I might be tried,
 And knit again with knot that should not slide.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO
FORSAKE HIM

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay! say nay! for shame!
 To save thee from the blame
 Of all my grief and grame.
 And wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
 That hath lovèd thee so long,
 In wealth and woe among?
 And is thy heart so strong
 As for to leave me thus?
 Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
 That hath given thee my heart
 Never for to depart,
 Neither for pain nor smart?
 And wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
 And have no more pity,
 Of him that loveth thee?
 Alas! thy cruelty!
 And wilt thou leave me thus?
 Say nay! say nay!

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

HENRY HOWARD was the grandson of the Duke of Norfolk, and became by courtesy Earl of Surrey on his father's succession to the dukedom in 1524. He was born about 1517 and seems to have spent a somewhat riotous youth, for he was twice shut up in the Fleet Prison on charges of disorderly behavior. He was a gallant figure at the Field of the Cloth of Gold and at the tournament held in 1540 to celebrate the marriage of Henry VIII to Anne of Cleves. He distinguished himself also in military campaigns and was beheaded in 1547 in connection with the political intrigues in which his father was involved at that time. His most important contribution to literature was his use of blank verse for his translation of Vergil's *Æneid*, but he also carried to a higher point of technical perfection the verse forms introduced by Wyatt into English literature from Italian. His romantic adoration of Elizabeth FitzGerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, was a poetic convention, and the poems he addressed to her are largely translated from Petrarch.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain:
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;
The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, no governance;
Without disease, the healthful life:
The household of continuance:
The mean diet, no delicate fare:
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night dischargèd of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleep as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS,
SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

THE sweet season that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs:
 The hart has hung his old head on the pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale:
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale:
 The busy bee her honey now she mings.
 Winter is worn, that was the flower's bale:
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

THOMAS LODGE

LODGE'S father was Sir Thomas Lodge, Lord Mayor of London; and the son was born about 1558, either in London or at the family's country-seat in Essex. Thomas was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, and went up to Oxford about 1573, entering Trinity College as a servitor, and taking a B.A. presumably in 1577. Then he tried law study at Lincoln's Inn and gave it up for literature. As a result he was apparently in considerable financial difficulty at different times during his career. He made several sea voyages, visiting the Canaries and South America. He tried the military profession too; traveled a good deal on the Continent; became a Catholic in middle life; and after writing verse until 1596, forsook the Muses for medicine, and took an M.D. at Oxford in 1602. He had a successful practice among fellow-religionists, and continued to publish up to 1620. His death fell in 1625 at London.

Lodge was one of the early Elizabethan dramatists, but his literary triumphs were gained in prose romance and in poetry. The finest production in the former kind is 'Rosalind, Euphues' Golden Legacy' (1590), from which Shakespeare drew his 'As You Like It.' Various contemporary collections of poetry, such as 'England's Parnassus' and 'England's Helicon,' reprinted his best poems; he had a touch at once individual and lovely. The bulk of his literary work is now of small account; a few little songs and madrigals are his permanent legacy to after times.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, Wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night;
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, Wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offense;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee:
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

LOVE

TURN I my looks unto the skies,
 Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
 If so I gaze upon the ground,
 Love then in every flower is found;
 Search I the shade to fly my pain,
 Love meets me in the shade again;
 Want I to walk in secret grove,
 E'en there I meet with sacred Love;
 If so I bathe me in the spring,
 E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
 If so I meditate alone,
 He will be partner of my moan;
 If so I mourn, he weeps with me;
 And where I am, there will he be!

MICHAEL DRAYTON

DRAYTON came of a good Warwickshire family and was an honored friend of Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. He first attracted attention by a cycle of sixty-four sonnets and a collection of pastorals entitled 'Idea: the Shepherd's Garland,' in which under the name "Rowland" he celebrated an early love. It is strange that the intrinsic merit of these verses, and their undoubted popularity, should not have urged Drayton to continue in the same vein. Instead, however, he set about the composition of a series of historical and patriotic poems which extended over the next twenty-four years, and to which he gave the best energies of his life. The chief of these was the famous 'Polyolbion,' in thirty books, exceedingly popular with his contemporaries, but to us unreadable.

Fortunately for his fame, Drayton had in the meantime produced two other volumes of verse, which displayed the real grace and fancifulness of his charming Muse. The first of these, 'Poems Lyrical and Pastoral,' included the satire 'The Man in the Moon'; while in the second were printed the 'Ballad of Agincourt,' the most spirited of English martial lyrics, and that delightful fantasy 'Nymphidia, or the Court of Faery,' in which the touch is so light, the fancy so dainty, and the conceit so delicate, that the poem remains immortally fresh and young. His last effort was 'The Muses' Elizium,' published in 1630. A year later he died, and was buried in Westminster, where a monument was erected to him by the Countess of Dorset.

SONNET

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part —
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so clearly I myself can free:
 Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes —
 Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou mightst him yet recover!

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour —
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power,
 Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the King sending;

Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet, with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then; —
 "Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed;
 Yet have we well begun —
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
 "This my full rest shall be;
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me;
 Victor I will remain.
 Or on this earth lie slain;
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell;
 No less our skill is
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vaward led;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear —
 A braver man not there:
 O Lord! how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
 Armor on armor shone;
 Drum now to drum did groan —
 To hear was wonder;

That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arm with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother —

Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up.
 Suffolk his axe did ply;
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry;
 Oh, when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

QUEEN MAB'S EXCURSION

From 'Nymphidia, the Court of Faery'

HER chariot ready straight is made;
 Each thing therein is fitting laid,
 That she by nothing might be stayed,
 For naught must her be letting:
 Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 The harnesses of gossamer,
 Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
 Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 Which for the colors did excel —
 The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning;

The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterflee —
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce;
For fear of rattling on the stones,
 With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
 To wait on her were fitted,
But ran away herself alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
 As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
 Her special maids of honor;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
 Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
 The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they sparèd not,
 But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
 Lest any should espy them.

THOMAS CAMPION

DR. THOMAS CAMPION, lyric poet, musician, and doctor of medicine — who, of the three liberal arts that he practised, is remembered now mainly for his poetry — was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, the precise date and place being unknown. From an entry in the register of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, Fleet Street, London, we learn that Campion was buried there in February 1620.

He was admitted in 1586 at Gray's Inn, but from law he turned to medicine, took his M.D. at Cambridge, repaired to London, and began to practise as a physician — very successfully, as the names of some of his more distinguished patients show. A man of taste, in the very finest sense — cultured, musical, urbane — his first book of poems was a collection of Latin epigrams, which appeared in 1595. There is the same sense of style in his Latin verse that one finds in his English lyrics; but though he had a pretty wit, with a sufficient salt in it on occasion, his faculty was clearly more lyrical than epigrammatical.

His earliest collection of these exquisite little poems in English was not issued under his own name, but under that of Philip Rosetter the musician, who wrote the music for half the book; the other half being of Campion's own composition. This, the first of the delightful set of old music-books which are the only source we have to draw upon for his lyric poems, was published in 1601. There is no doubt that for many years previous to this, Campion had been in the habit of writing both the words and music of such songs for the private delectation of his friends and himself. Some of his very finest lyrics, as memorable as anything he has given us, appear in this first volume of 1601.

The second collection of Campion's songs was published, this time under his own name, probably in 1613. It is entitled 'Two Books of Airs': the 'Divine and Moral Songs' include some of the finest examples of their kind in English literature; the second book, 'Light Conceits of Lovers,' is very well described by its title. In 1617 two more, 'The Third and Fourth Books of Airs,' were published, containing many fine songs. His Masques are among the prettiest of their kind, and as full of lyrical moments as of picturesque effects.

Campion remained in the limbo of forgotten poets until Professor Arber and A. H. Bullen in their different anthologies and editions rescued him for us. His fame, without doubt, is destined to grow steadily, based as it is on poems which so perfectly and exquisitely satisfy the lyric sense and the lyric relationship between music and poetry.

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
 At whose command the waves obey;
 To whom the rivers tribute pay,
 Down the high mountains sliding;
 To whom the scaly nation yields
 Homage for the crystal fields
 Wherein they dwell;
 And every sea-god pays a gem
 Yearly out of his watery cell,
 To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring
 Before his palace gates do make
 The water with their echoes quake,
 Like the great thunder sounding:
 The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
 And the Syrens, taught to kill
 With their sweet voice,
 Make every echoing rock reply,
 Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
 The praise of Neptune's empery.

OF CORINNA'S SINGING

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,
 Her voice revives the leaden strings,
 And doth in highest notes appear
 As any challenged echo clear.
 But when she doth of mourning speak,
 E'en with her sighs the strings do break.
 And as her lute doth live and die,
 Led by her passions, so must I:
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,
 My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
 But if she do of sorrow speak,
 E'en from my heart the strings do break.

FROM 'DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS'

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
 Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
 Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
 O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise;
 Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapor dims our eyes:
 Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the Blessèd only see,
 O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee!

TO A COQUETTE

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
 White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finished love
 From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
 When thou hast told these honors done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

FROM 'LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS'

WHERE she her sacred bower adorns,
 The rivers clearly flow;
 The groves and meadows swell with flowers.
 The winds all gently blow.
 Her Sun-like beauty shines so fair,
 Her Spring can never fade:
 Who then can blame the life that strives
 To harbor in her shade?

Her grace I sought, her love I wooed;
 Her love though I obtain,
 No time, no toil, no vow, no faith,
 Her wishèd grace can gain.
 Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,
 And her will I adore;
 And from that love when I depart,
 Let heaven view me no more!

GIVE beauty all her right —
 She's not to one form tied;
 Each shape yields fair delight,
 Where her perfections bide.
 Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
 And Rosamond was as sweet as she.

Some, the quick eye commends;
 Some, swelling lips and red;
 Pale looks have many friends,
 Through sacred sweetness bred.
 Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
 Though Roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
 To one unmovèd clime
 She visits every ground,
 And favors every time.
 Let the old loves with mine compare,
 My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, born in 1585, was a cadet of the historic house which in 1357 gave in marriage to King Robert III the beautiful Annabella Drummond, who was destined to become the ancestress of the royal Stuarts of Scotland and England. In his own day the family, whose head was the Earl of Perth, was powerful in Scottish affairs, and Drummond was forced into political activity by circumstances rather than by choice. He had the instincts of a recluse and a scholar. He delighted in the society of literary men, and he was much engrossed in philosophical speculations.

In spite of the difficulties of distance, he managed to keep abreast of the thought of literary London, the London of Drayton and Webster, of Beau-

mont, Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford. His chief satisfaction was to know that his own work was not unacceptable to this brilliant group, and one of the great events of his life was a visit from Ben Jonson, who, making a walking tour of Scotland, found at Hawthornden that congenial hospitality in which his soul delighted. Of this famous visit, as of other important events, Drummond kept a record, in which he set down his guest's behavior, opinions, and confidential sayings. Warmly as he admired Jonson's genius, he found his personality oppressive, and intrusted his criticisms to his diary. When this was published, more than a century later, the gentle Scot was accused of bad taste, breach of confidence, and disloyalty to friendship. But his defense lies in the fact that the book was meant for no eyes but his own, and that the intimacy and candor of its revelations were intended to preserve his recollections of a memorable experience.

His career began in his twenty-ninth year with the publication of an elegy on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I. This poem, under the title 'Tears on the Death of Mœliades,' appeared in 1613, and reached a third edition within a twelvemonth. Drummond's second volume of poems commemorated the death of his wife and his love of her. It is in this work that the ultimate mood of the poet appears. Drummond's reputation is based upon the 'Poems,' and upon the Jeremy Taylor-like 'Cypress Grove,' published in 1623 in connection with the religious verses called 'Flowers of Sion.' 'Cypress Grove' is an essay on death, akin in spirit to the religious temper of the Middle Ages, and in philosophic breadth to the diviner mood of Plato. 'The History of the Five Jameses,' which Drummond was ten years in compiling and which was not published until six years after his death, added nothing to his reputation. He died in 1649, his death being hastened, it was said, by his passion of grief over the martyrdom of King Charles.

MADRIGAL

THIS world a-hunting is,
 The prey poor man, the Nimrod
 fierce is Death;
 His speedy greyhounds are
 Lust, sickness, envy, care,
 Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
 With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
 Now if by chance we fly
 Of these the eager chase,
 Old age with stealing pace
 Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

REASON AND FEELING

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to naught;
That fairest States have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of spirit, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought —
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will envassal Reason's power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

THE BRIEFNESS OF LIFE

LOOK, how the flower which lingeringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so my life, contentment being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen.

With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way —
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright,
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

THE UNIVERSE

OF this fair volume which we World do name,
 If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care —
 Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
 Find out his power, which wildest powers doth tame,
 His providence, extending everywhere,
 His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
 In every page and period of the same.
 But silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
 Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best;
 On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
 Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.

WILLIAM BROWNE

BORN at Tavistock of a good Devon family about 1591, Browne went to Exeter College, Oxford, and settled down in London at the Inner Temple in 1611. Little is known of his life, which appears to have been uneventful. He died about 1645. His best known poem is the charming elegy (given below) on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, to whose family he was indebted for generous patronage.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse:
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Fair and learned and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

 Marble piles let no man raise
 To her name: for after days
 Some kind woman, born as she,
 Reading this, like Niobe
 Shall turn marble, and become
 Both her mourner and her tomb.

GEORGE WITHER

GEORGE WITHER was born at Brentworth in Hampshire in 1588. Perhaps the two happiest years of his youth were those he spent at Magdalen College, Oxford. Unfortunately his father desired his aid in the management of his estate, and George was not allowed to take his degree. But he soon tired of country life, and went to London. It was there he formed the friendship with his fellow-poet, William Browne, to whose influence something of his grace and technical skill is due. Few poets have more ably handled octosyllabic verse.

With the outbreak of the civil war, Wither cast off king and court, and became an ardent Puritan. He sold his lands to equip a company of horse for the Parliamentary army; and henceforth all he wrote reflected his change of view. He was no longer the singer of love songs and light delights. Instead he composed 'Hymns and Songs of the Church' (1623); 'Britain's Remembrancer' (1628); 'Hallelujah' (1641); and other collections of religious and political poems, which show little of his earlier lyric quality.

A ROCKING HYMN

SWEET baby, sleep: what ails my dear?
 What ails my darling thus to cry?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessèd soul, what canst thou fear?
 What thing to thee can mischief do?
 Thy God is now thy father dear;
 His holy Spouse thy mother too.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
 A sacred bathing thou hast had;
 And though thy birth unclean hath been,
 A blameless babe thou now art made.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
 For thee great blessings ripening be:
 Thine eldest brother is a King,
 And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
 For whosoever thee offends,
 By thy Protector threatened are,
 And God and angels are thy friends.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
 In little babes he took delight;
 Such innocents as thou, my dear,
 Are ever precious in his sight.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was he,
 And strength in weakness then was laid
 Upon his virgin Mother's knee,
 That power to thee might be conveyed.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,
 Had not so much for outward ease;
 By him such dressings were not worn,
 Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
 Where oxen lay, and asses fed:
 Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
 An easy cradle or a bed.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that he did then sustain
 Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
 And by his torments and his pain,
 Thy rest and ease securèd be.
 My baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast yet more to perfect this —
 A promise and an earnest got
 Of gaining everlasting bliss,
 Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

THE AUTHOR'S RESOLUTION IN A SONNET

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May,
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well-disposèd nature
 Joinèd with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle-dove or pelican:
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her well-deservings known
 Make me quite forget mine own?
 Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may merit name of best:
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and die?
 She that bears a noble mind,
 If not outward helps she find,
 Thinks what with them he would do,
 That without them dares her woo.
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair.
 If she love me (this believe),
 I will die ere she shall grieve:
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

SO now is come our joyful'st feast,
 Let every man be jolly;
 Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
 And every post with holly.
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,
 Round your foreheads garlands twine;
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
 And let us all be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
 And no man minds his labor;
 Our lasses have provided them
 A bagpipe and a tabor.
 Young men and maids and girls and boys
 Give life to one another's joys,
 And you anon shall by their noise
 Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
 Their hall of music soundeth;
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
 So all things here aboundeth.

The country folk themselves advance,
 For Crowdy-mutton's come out of France;
 And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
 And all the town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
 And all his best apparel;
 Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
 With droppings of the barrel.
 And those that hardly all the year
 Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
 Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
 And all the day be merry.

The wenches with their wassail-bowls
 About the street are singing;
 The boys are come to catch the owls
 The wild mare in is bringing.
 Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box;
 And to the dealing of the ox
 Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
 And here they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
 Should we, I pray, be duller?
 No: let us sing our roundelays
 To make our mirth the fuller;
 And whilst thus inspired we sing,
 Let all the streets with echoes ring:
 Woods, and hills, and everything
 Bear witness we are merry.

FOR SUMMER-TIME

NOW the glories of the year
 May be viewèd at the best,
 And the earth doth now appear
 In her fairest garments dressed:
 Sweetly smelling plants and flowers
 Do perfume the garden bowers;
 Hill and valley, wood and field,
 Mixed with pleasure profits yield.

Much is found where nothing was;
 Herds on every mountain go;
 In the meadows flowery grass
 Makes both milk and honey flow.
 Now each orchard banquets giveth;
 Every hedge with fruit relieveth;
 And on every shrub and tree
 Useful fruits or berries be.

Walks and ways which winter marred,
 By the winds are swept and dried;
 Moorish grounds are now so hard
 That on them we safe may ride;
 Warmth enough the sun doth lend us,
 From his heat the shades defend us.
 And thereby we share in these,
 Safety, profit, pleasure, ease.

Other blessings, many more,
 At this time enjoyed may be,
 And in this my song therefore
 Praise I give, O Lord! to thee:
 Grant that this my free oblation
 May have gracious acceptation,
 And that I may well employ
 Everything which I enjoy.

JOHN DONNE

DONNE was born, in London, "of good and virtuous parents," says Walton, being descended on his mother's side from no less distinguished a personage than Sir Thomas More. In 1584, when he was eleven years old, with a good command both of French and Latin, he passed from the hands of tutors at home to Hare Hall, a much frequented college at Oxford. Here he formed a friendship with Henry Wotton, who, after the poet's death, collected the material from which Walton wrote his tender and sincere 'Life of Donne.'

After leaving Oxford he traveled for three years on the Continent, and on his return in 1592 became a member of Lincoln's Inn, with intent to study law; but his law never, says Walton, "served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction." While a member of Lincoln's Inn he became

one of the coterie of the poets of his youth. To this time are to be referred those of his 'Divine Poems' which show him a sincere Catholic. Stirred by the increasing differences between the Romanist and the Anglican denominations, Donne turned toward theological questions, and finally cast his lot with the new doctrines. His large nature, impetuously reacting from the asceticism to which he had been bred, turned to excess and overboldness in action, and an occasional license of phrasing in his poems.

The first of his famous 'Satires' are dated 1593, and all were probably written before 1601. During this time also he squandered his father's legacy of £3000. In 1596, when the Earl of Essex defeated the Spanish navy and pillaged Cadiz, Donne, now one of the first poets of the time, was among his followers. "Not long after his return into England . . . the Lord Ellesmere, the Keeper of the Great Seal, . . . taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and behavior, took him to be his chief secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some weighty employment in the State; . . . and did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table." Here he met the niece of Lady Ellesmere — the daughter of Sir George More, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower — whom at Christmas, 1600, he married, despite the opposition of her father. Sir George, transported with wrath, obtained Donne's imprisonment; but the poet finally regained his liberty and his wife, Sir George in the end forgiving the young couple. "Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience; he [being] out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife." The depth and intensity of Donne's feeling for this beautiful and accomplished woman are manifested in all the poems known to be addressed to her, such as 'The Anniversary' and 'The Token.'

Of 'The Valediction Forbidding Mourning' Walton declares: — "I beg leave to tell that I had heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them"; while from Lowell's unpublished 'Lecture on Poetic Diction' Professor Norton quotes the opinion that "This poem is a truly sacred one, and fuller of the soul of poetry than a whole Alexandrian Library of common love verses."

During this period of writing for court favors, Donne wrote many of his sonnets and studied the civil and canon law. After the death of his patron Sir Francis in 1606, Donne divided his time between Mitcham, whither he had removed his family, and London, where he frequented distinguished and fashionable drawing-rooms. At this time he wrote his admirable epistles in verse, 'The Litany,' and funeral elegies on Lady Markham and Mistress Bulstrode; but those poems are merely "occasional," as he was not a poet by profession. At the request of King James he wrote the 'Pseudo-Martyr,' published in 1610. In 1611 appeared his funeral elegy 'An Anatomy of the World,' and

one year later another of like texture 'On the Progress of the Soul,' both poems being exalted and elaborate in thought and fancy.

The king, desiring Donne to enter into the ministry, denied all requests for secular preferment, and the unwilling poet deferred his decision for almost three years. All that time he studied textual divinity, Greek, and Hebrew. He was ordained about the beginning of 1615. The king made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promised other preferments. "Now," says Walton, "the English Church had gained a second St. Austin, for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St. Ambrose after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellences of the other, the learning and holiness of both."

In 1621 the king made him Dean of St. Paul's, the vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. By these and other ecclesiastical emoluments "he was enabled to become charitable to the poor and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession or quality."

His first printed sermons appeared in 1622. The epigrammatic terseness and unexpected turns of imagination which characterize the poems, are found also in his discourses. Three years later, during a dangerous illness, he composed his 'Devotion.' He died March 31, 1631.

THE UNDERTAKING

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learned the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
Would love but as before:

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he who color loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
 Virtue attired in women see,
 And dare love that and say so too,
 And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd so,
 From profane men you hide,
 Which will no faith on this bestow,
 Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing
 Than all the Worthies did,
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keep that hid.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING

AS virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
 "The breath goes now," and some say "No,"

So let us melt and make no noise,
 No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;
 'Twere profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
 Men reckon what it did and meant;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
 Absence, because it doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assurèd of the mind,
 Care less eyes, lips, hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
 Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam,
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

SONG

GO and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me where all past years are,
 Or who cleft the devil's foot,
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
 Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee,
 Then, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear,
 Nowhere
 Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not: I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet;
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
 False, ere I come, to two or three.

LOVE'S GROWTH

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude and season as the grass;
 Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
 My love was infinite, if spring make it more.
 But if this medicine love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not only be no quintessence
 But mixed of all stuffs paining soul or sense,
 And of the sun his working vigor borrow,
 Love's not so pure and abstract as they use
 To say, which have no mistress but their muse,
 But as all else, being elemented too,
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
 Love by the spring is grown;
 As in the firmament
 Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,
 Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
 From love's awakened root do bud out now.
 If, as in water stirred, more circles be
 Produced by one, love such additions take,
 Thou, like so many spheres, but one heaven make,
 For they are all concentric unto thee;
 And though each spring do add to love new heat,
 As princes do in times of action get
 New taxes and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate the spring's increase.

SONG

SWEETEST Love, I do not go
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for me:
 But since that I
 Must die at last, 'tis best
 To use myself in jest
 Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet is here today;
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way.
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Speedier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

Oh, how feeble is man's power,
 That, if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour,
 Nor a lost hour recall!
 But come bad chance,
 And we join to it our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
 But sigh'st my soul away;
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
 My life's blood doth decay.
 It cannot be
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
 If in thine my life thou waste;
 Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethink me any ill;
 Destiny may take thy part,
 And may thy fears fulfil;

But think that we
 Are but turned aside to sleep:
 They who one another keep
 Alive, ne'er parted be.

GEORGE HERBERT

GEORGE HERBERT came of the line of Pembroke, the handsome and learned Lord Herbert of Cherbury being his elder brother. Himself handsome and ready-witted, full of parts and ambition, singled out by King James for special kindnesses, he naturally expected that advancement which less deserving courtiers found no difficulty in securing. But the death of the king in 1625 shattered his prospects. Not long after, he took orders; and in 1630 King Charles presented him, quite unexpectedly, with the benefice of Bemerton near Salisbury. "The third day after he was made rector," says Izaak Walton, "and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife (a kinswoman of the Earl of Danby), he said to her: — 'You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth.' And she was so meek a wife (though she was but lately wed, after a three-days' courtship) as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness."

Herbert took up his duties with an ardor that made them pleasures. In the first year of his priesthood he wrote: — "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for; and I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures — pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed."

Nor were good Herbert's grapes really sour. For there was that in his nature which made asceticism welcome. Indeed, the chief attribute of his poetry is its quaint sincerity, often expressed with the utmost artifice. With scarcely an exception, it is all of a religious character, frequently tinged with the ascetic's ever-present sense of his shortcomings. But such little poems as 'Virtue,' 'The Pulley,' and 'The Collar,' have force, condensation of thought, and withal poetic grace; while 'Life' and 'The Rose' possess Elizabethan freshness and charm.

Of Herbert's sincere and even passionate piety in later life, there is no doubt. He worked early and late for the bodies and souls of his flock, preaching, teaching, comforting, exposing himself to storms and to sickness, wearing himself out in their service. Three years of this terrible toil exhausted a constitution never strong, and he died at Bemerton, loved and honored, at the early age of thirty-nine.

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board and cried, "No more!
 I will abroad.
 What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
 My lines and life are free; free as the road,
 Loose as the wind, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me blood, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit?
 Sure, there was wine
 Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the year only lost to me?
 Have I no bays to crown it?
 No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
 All wasted?
 Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which petty thoughts have made, and make to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Awake, take heed:
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's-head there: tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load."

But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
 And I replied, "My Lord!"

LOVE

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of lust and sin.
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 "If I lacked anything."

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."

Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,

I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,

"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."

So I did sit and eat.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
 To run into an action;
 But still to make thee prepossest,
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
 On it may stay his eye;
 Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake;
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine:
 Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
 Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold;
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

THE PILGRIMAGE

I TRAVELED on, seeing the hill where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy cave of Desperation
 I left on the one, and on the other side
 The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
 With many a flower;
 Fain would I here have made abode.
 But I was quickened by my hour.
 So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
 Some call the wold;
 A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
 Here I was robbed of all my gold —
 Save one good angel,¹ which a friend had tied
 Close to my side.

¹ A gold angel was a piece of money of the value of ten shillings, bearing the figure of an angel.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill
 Where lay my hope,
 Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
 When I had gained the brow and top
 A lake of brackish waters on the ground
 Was all I found.

With that, abashed and struck with many a sting
 Of swarming fears,
 I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
 Can both the way and end be tears?"
 Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
 I was deceived.

My hill was farther; so I flung away,
 Yet heard a cry
 Just as I went — "None goes that way
 And lives." "If that be all," said I,
 "After so foul a journey, death is fair,
 And but a chair."

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by —
 "Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can:
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span."

So Strength first made a way;
 Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
 Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
 "Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

“ Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness:
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.”

VIRTUE

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

ROBERT HERRICK

THE “exquisite” Robert Herrick was born in Cheapside, London, in August 1591, the son of Nicholas Herrick, a goldsmith. He went to Cambridge in 1614, and took his degree in 1620. From this date until 1629, when, having become a clergyman, he was given by Charles I the living of Dean Prior, Devonshire, there is no record of his life. During this interval, or earlier, while he was apprenticed to his uncle, a goldsmith, he became familiar with London city life, and made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson, whom in his verse he constantly lauds. One ode seems to show Herrick as belonging to the circle of wits who met to drink sack and spiced wine at the Mermaid or the Triple Tun. It is addressed to Ben Jonson, and begins: —

Ah, Ben!
 Say, how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tun?
 Where we such clusters had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine!

Herrick wrote most of his verses at Dean Prior, where he lived as an old bachelor in his rustic vicarage, hung with the honeysuckle that he loved so well. His companions were Prudence Baldwin, his housekeeper; Tracy, a pet spaniel; Phil, a tame sparrow; a cat, a pet lamb, a goose, a few chickens, and a pig, which he taught to delight in the dregs of his ale jug. He commended Prudence in various verses for her loyalty, and when she died, wrote this epitaph: —

In this little urn is laid
 Prudence Baldwin (once my maid),
 From whose happy spark here let
 Spring the purple violet.

Herrick did not like Devonshire; he constantly sighed for London; he hated Cromwell and was turned out of Dean Prior by the government. Returning to London in 1648, he dropped his ecclesiastical habit and title and published 'Hesperides.' Charles II restored him in 1660 to Dean Prior, where he died in his eighty-fourth year, October 15, 1674.

His portait shows him in clerical garb with a Roman head, the profile of the voluptuous Roman emperors, and a broad bull-throat, which loved to quaff the blushing wine-cup or a tankard of frothing beer. He is at times an amatory poet, and at times a looker-on at country fairs and merrymakings, enjoying Twelfth Night revels, Christmas wassailings, Whitsun ales, May games, wakes, and bridals, morris dancers, mummers, and every manifestation of "nut-brown mirth."

The gay old vicar seems never so light of heart as when inditing his tiny lyrics to those imaginary beauties whom he addresses as Corinna, Silvia, Anthea, Electra, Diamene, Perilla, and Perinna. Julia was a real love. Her lips are cherries, her teeth "quarelets of pearl," her cheeks roses, her tears "the dew of roses," her voice silver, while her very shadow "breathes of pomander" [*pomme d'ambre*, a mixture of perfumes]. She is his "queen-priest"; when she is ill, the flowers wither in sympathy; and when he dies, he is sure the "myrrh of her breath" will be sufficient to embalm him. How splendid is her apparel!

her azure petticoat sprinkled with golden stars, under which her little feet play bo-peep; her jeweled stomacher; her slashed sleeves; and her lawn neckerchief smelling of musk and ambergris. How her silks shimmer, clinging to her as she walks or blowing from her like a flame! How lovely are the "roses on her bosom," her hair "filled with dew," the golden net that binds her ringlets, her lacing-strings, her fillet, her ring, her ribbons, and her bracelet!

Just as Herrick loves the coquetry of dress, he loves the goodies his Prudence makes him: the custards, mince pies, almond paste, frumenty, wassail, Twelfth Night cakes, possets of wine. He encourages himself to hospitality: —

Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir
Of singing Crickets by the fire;
And the brisk Mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed Kitling comes.

In his own day Herrick's verses were greatly admired, and many of them were set to music. Half-forgotten for two generations, Herrick was revived at the end of the eighteenth century, and his fame still stands secure.

A THANKSGIVING

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unflead.
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
 The pulse is thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by thee:
 The worts, the purslane, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth;
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
 That sows my land;
 All this, and better, dost thou send
 Me for this end:
 That I should render for my part
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resign
 As wholly thine;
 But the acceptance — that must be
 O Lord, by thee.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

IS this a fast — to keep
 The larder lean,
 And clean
 From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
 Or ragged to go,
 Or show
 A downcast look and sour?

No! 'Tis a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate;
 To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin —
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

TO FIND GOD

WEIGH me the fire: or canst thou find
 A way to measure out the wind;
 Distinguish all those floods that are
 Mixt in the watery theater;
 And taste thou them as saltless there
 As in their channel first they were;
 Tell me the people that do keep
 Within the kingdoms of the deep;
 Or fetch me back that cloud again,
 Beshivered into seeds of rain;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
 Of corn, when Summer shakes his ears;
 Show me thy world of stars, and whence
 They noiseless spill their influence:
 This if thou canst: then show me Him
 That rides the glorious cherubim.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon:
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

SHUT not so soon; the dull-eyed night
 Has not as yet begun
 To make a seizure on the light,
 Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are;
 No shadows great appear;
 Nor doth the early shepherds'-star
 Shine like a spangle here.

Stay ye but till my Julia close
 Her life-begetting eye;
 And let the whole world then dispose
 Itself to live or die.

THE CARNATIONS

STAY while ye will, or go;
 And leave no scent behind ye;
 Yet trust me, I shall know
 The place where I may find ye:

Within my Lucia's cheek
 (Whose livery ye wear),
 Play ye at hide-and-seek —
 I'm sure to find ye there.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew?
 Alas! ye have not known that shower
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of the blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warped, as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like unto orphans young,
 Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullaby?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?

No, no; this sorrow, shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read: —
 "That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

TO MEADOWS

YE have been fresh and green;
 Ye have been filled with flowers;
 And ye the walks have been
 Where maids have spent their hours;

Ye have beheld where they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home;

You've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round;
 Each virgin, like the spring,
 With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
 Whose silvery feet did tread,
 And with disheveled hair
 Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 You're left here to lament
 Your poor estates alone.

TO VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids of honor:
 You do bring
 In the Spring,
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many
 Fresh and fair;
 Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden posies,
 And so graced
 To be placed
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
 By-and-by
 Ye do lie,
 Poor girls, neglected.

THE NIGHT PIECE — TO JULIA

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting-stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o-th'-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee:
 But on thy way
 Not making stay,
 Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee
 Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

THOMAS CAREW

THOMAS CAREW, son of Sir Matthew Carew, was born in London about 1598 and died in 1639. He left Corpus Christi, Oxford, without a degree, and early fell into wild habits. In 1613 his father wrote to Sir Dudley Carleton that "one of his sons was roving after hounds and

hawks, and the other [Thomas] studying in the Middle Temple, but doing little at law." The result was that Carleton made Thomas his secretary, and took him to Venice and Turin, returning in 1615. Carew accompanied him to The Hague also, but resigned his post and again returned to England. In 1619 he went with Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the French court. He became sewer in ordinary to Charles I, and a gentleman of his privy chamber; and the King, who was particularly fond of him, gave him the royal domain of Sunninghill in Windsor Forest. Carew was an intimate friend of Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, John Selden, Sir Kenelm Digby, Davenant, Charles Cotton, and also of Lord Clarendon; who writes: — "Carew was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way) which for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time."

A SONG

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For in your beauty's orient deep,
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth stray
 The golden atoms of the day;
 For in pure love heaven did prepare
 These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat,
 She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downward fall in dead of night;
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
 The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THE PROTESTATION

NO more shall meads be decked with flowers,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers,
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
 Nor April violets paint the grove,
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
 The humble oak no flood shall know,
 When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
 If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
 The Sun refuse to shew his light,
 And day shall then be turned to night;
 And in that night no star appear,
 If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
 Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
 Nor joy above the heaven dwell,
 Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
 Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
 If I e'er leave bright Celia's love.

SONG

WOULD you know what's soft? I dare
 Not bring you to the down, or air,
 Nor to stars to shew what's bright,
 Nor to snow to teach you white;

Nor, if you would music hear,
 Call the orbs to take your ear;
 Nor, to please y^our sense, bring forth
 Bruisèd nard, or what's more worth;

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
 Bring you nectar, for a taste:
 Would you have all these in one,
 Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

THE SPRING

NOW that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
 Candies the grass or casts an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:

But the warm sun thaws the benumbèd earth,
 And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble-bee.
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
 In triumph to the world the youthful Spring:
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
 Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
 Now all things smile; only my love doth lower;
 Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
 To melt that marble ice which still doth hold
 Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold.
 The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields; and love no more is made
 By the fireside; but, in the cooler shade,
 Amyntas now doth with his Cloris sleep
 Under a sycamore, and all things keep
 Time with the season — only she doth carry
 June in her eyes, in her heart January.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S portrait by Van Dyck — that of fair-haired gallant, his long curls hanging over his shoulders, his eyes a steely blue, firm red lips, and a stalwart yet graceful figure arrayed in the richest silks and velvets — tells much of his story. But there are other characteristics less easily discovered. The king himself (Charles I) did not excel him in the gorgeousness of his entertainments, nor was there so prodigal a gamester in the kingdom; yet he was capable of giving the soundest and the most virtuous

advice, and of expressing the most edifying and Christian sentiments. His splendid, erratic, melancholy career left no trace either of sadness or sentiment in his poems. There is nothing of the troubadour, nothing of the minor strain of melancholy cheerfulness which touches the heart in Lovelace's gay lyrics. The poem beginning

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee why so pale?

is completely Suckling, and shows that his wreaths were not twined from the cypress-tree. Debt and love were both troublesome, with perhaps a slight difference in favor of debt. He never, according to the scanty facts known of his life, had a serious love affair, and certainly he sported with the *grande passion*.

Suckling's poems, all collected, are comprised in one thin volume. He set out to be a dramatist, but as a lyric poet alone he is likely to be remembered, and probably as the author of half a dozen short lyrics.

Few facts are known of his brief, brilliant career. His father, John Suckling, was a knight and a Secretary of State; the son was born at Winton in Middlesex, and baptized February 10, 1609. He was early attached to the court, and, says Sir William Davenant, "for his accomplishments and ready sparkling wit was the bull that was most baited; his repartee being most sparkling when set on and provoked." He went abroad, and served under Gustavus Adolphus. To aid Charles on his Scottish campaign, he raised a troop of horse; but though they cost him twelve thousand pounds, and were clad in white and red, when they came in sight of the army at Dunse they fled without the loss of a feather. He gave good advice to both king and queen in their subsequent troubles but at the fall of Stafford, fled to France where his faint heart and gay philosophy failed him. He died by his own hand in Paris in 1642.

SONG

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move:
 This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The Devil take her!

A BRIDE

From the 'Ballad Upon a Wedding'

THE maid — and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring —
 It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must),
It looked like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light:
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
 Who sees them is undone:
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly;
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

THE HONEST LOVER

HONEST lover whosoever;
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one wavering thought, if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same —

 Know this:

 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And, to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i' th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
 And in striving this to cover,
 Does not speak thy words twice over —

 Know this:

 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And, to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take,
 Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken
 When she hath little or nothing spoken —

 Know this:

 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And, to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
 Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again;
 And when thou answer'st, if it be
 To what was asked thee properly —

 Know this:

 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And, to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
 Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
 And, with much gazing on her face
 Does not rise hungry from the place —

Know this:


Thou lov'st amiss,
 And, to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect lover,
 And, desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew —

Know this:

Thou lov'st amiss,
 And, to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

THE CONSTANT LOVER

 UT upon it! I have loved
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
 Ere he shall discover,
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this
 A dozen dozen in her place.

VERSES

I AM confirmed a woman can
 Love this, or that, or any man:
 This day, she's melting hot,
 Tomorrow swears she knows you not;
 If she but a new object find,
 Then straight she's of another mind.
 Then hang me, ladies, at your door,
 If e'er I doat upon you more.

Yet still I love the fairsome — why?
 For nothing but to please my eye:
 And so the fat and soft-skinned dame
 I'll flatter to appease my flame;
 For she that's musical I'll long,
 When I am sad, to sing a song.
 Then hang me, ladies, at your door,
 If e'er I doat upon you more.

I'll give my fancy leave to range
 Through everywhere to find out change;
 The black, the brown, the fair shall be
 But objects of variety;
 I'll court you all to serve my turn,
 But with such flames as shall not burn.
 Then hang me, ladies, at your door,
 If e'er I doat upon you more.

THE ELIZABETHAN THEATER

THE England of Elizabeth was familiar, especially in the early part of the period, with various forms of stage, from the "pageant" or float dragged through the streets on wheels for the miracle plays, to the platforms erected in college halls for classical comedies and tragedies. When the drama began to emerge from a religious or scholarly atmosphere into that of a secular, commercial, and popular entertainment, it found its appropriate and convenient scene in the central court or "yard" of some great inn, in which the players erected a temporary stage and were able to collect pence for admission either to standing-room on the ground about the stage or to chairs placed in the galleries which ran round the yard and gave access to the inn bedrooms. It was upon this model that the first theaters were built in London in 1576-77, with a stage projecting into a yard open to the sky, in which stood the "groundlings" — the easy mark for jests (and sometimes solider missiles) thrown at them by the more fashionable spectators seated in the covered galleries running round the building and even on stools placed on the outside edges of the stage. The stage, projecting into the yard, was in close contact with the spectators standing round it or sitting upon it, and the "apron" or projecting part had no curtain, so that if the final scene was acted on this part of the stage, it had to be cleared by a procession such as marks the end of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'; obviously after a general slaughter, the characters could not get up and walk off the stage in view of the spectators; at the back of the stage, however, there was a curtained space, in which interior scenes could be acted, and above it there was a small gallery used in the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet' and on similar occasions. The combinations of these resources offered the dramatist opportunity for economy of time, as interior scenes could be set while the front part of the stage was in use by the actors. The scenic resources of the Elizabethan theater, especially in the earlier period, were, however, limited, consisting of a "trap" for ghosts, a "chair" to let down gods and goddesses from above, a machine for thunder, and a few other simple devices; the close association of the actor with the audience encouraged rhetorical speeches and the substitution of descriptive passages of dialogue for elaborate scenery, as in 'Macbeth': —

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,

By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
 The air is delicate.

Or in 'The Merchant of Venice': —

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep into our ears; soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica! Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

It was not till centuries later that such scenes were made the occasion for elaborate settings in which the art of the scene-painter and the stage-carpenter assisted the imagination of the spectator. The Elizabethan companies spent a great deal more upon dresses than upon scenery.

In the earlier days of the popular theater the inadequacy of the scenic decorations offered an easy subject for ridicule to critics more familiar with the classical or courtly stage. Sir Philip Sidney in the 'Apology for Poetry' (written in 1581, though not published before 1595), in a passage in which he commends 'Gorboduc' as "climbing to the height of Seneca his style," has the following sarcastic comment upon the changes of scene of the more popular dramas of that early period: —

"The player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

THE PLAYERS

EARLY in Elizabeth's reign the importance of the drama as a social influence was recognized by a proclamation forbidding the writers of plays to indulge in allusions to current political events, and later (in 1574) provision was made for the approval of plays by the Master of the Revels before their performance. To give the government some hold over the players, they were required by a statute of 1572 to be registered in the name of a nobleman, who acknowledged some vague kind of responsibility for them and supervision of their doings. The noblemen's privilege to license their companies to travel was abolished in 1604, and from that date until the theater was prohibited by the Puritan Parliament in 1642 public theatricals were restricted to those enjoying royal patronage. At the Restoration, the privilege of "royal letters patent" was limited to two theaters—Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

Under the statute of 1572 Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the leading nobleman of that time, gave his protection to a company of players which bore his name and became associated with the Theater when it was opened by James Burbage, a member of the company, in 1576. On Leicester's death in 1588 the company seems to have undergone some vicissitudes, but in 1594 they began a long and successful career under the patronage of the two Lords Hunsdon, father and son, who were successively Lord Chamberlain. Shakespeare and Richard Burbage (the leading actor and the creator of the principal parts in Shakespeare's plays), were members of this company when it played before the queen in December 1594. In 1599 the Lord Chamberlain's men took possession of their new theater, the Globe, in which all Shakespeare's plays after that date were produced, and on the accession of James I in 1603 they became known as the "king's men," ranking in the royal retinue as grooms of the chamber and being entitled to a regular allowance of scarlet cloth for livery; they had a smaller, more select theater, at Blackfriars, entirely covered in and so more suitable for winter use, and in both of these houses Shakespeare was a shareholder. As early as 1595 he owned shares as a member of the company; in 1598 he became a "housekeeper" or shareholder in the lease of the Globe, while in 1608 he held a similar interest in the Blackfriars theater. The profits on these shares must have formed the important part of Shakespeare's income, as payment to the author of a play apparently never went above £25 and sometimes fell as low as £5. The plays were the property of the company and were generally kept from publication, though printers sometimes got hold of actors' copies or obtained mangled versions from the notes of shorthand writers who attended the performances; Shakespeare's plays were not issued in a collected edition until after his death, and Ben Jonson met with ridicule from his fellows for publishing his plays as 'Works.' In addition to the actor-shareholders, men were hired on a weekly

salary and boys were engaged as apprentices to be trained for the women's parts; actresses were unknown on the English stage till after the Restoration. The successful actor was respected and respectable, and lived "a comfortable and secure existence"; during the Elizabethan period there were seldom less than four or five companies acting in London, besides two companies of boys. The company of "children" or choirboys of the Chapel Royal was actively patronized by Elizabeth herself, and employed some of the leading playwrights — in the early days of drama John Lyly, and later, Chapman and Ben Jonson. Their successful competition with the adult companies in the opening years of the seventeenth century was sufficient to provoke a protest from Shakespeare in a well-known passage in 'Hamlet,' and Ben Jonson has left us a graceful epitaph on one of these youthful players, Salathiel Pavy. They displayed considerable talent in the acting of plays we should think very ill-suited to their years, and were eventually suppressed because of the violence of the political satire introduced into some of their productions.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

ELIZABETHAN THEATERS — CHRONOLOGY

- 1558-1603 Queen Elizabeth
- 1559 Prohibition of political allusions in interludes
- 1564-1616 Shakespeare
- 1576 The Theater was built by James Burbage, north of the city wall.
It was demolished December 1598-January 1599
- ?1576 The Curtain was built, north of the city wall, near the Theater
- c.1586 Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*
- ?1587 The Rose, a low, circular building, was erected on the Bankside,
by Henslowe
- 1587-1588 Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*
- 1594 After this date the Swan was built west of the Bear Garden, and,
like it, was sometimes used for bear-baiting
- c.1596 The Blackfriars theater, a small roofed building artificially
lighted, was erected on the city side of the Thames. Shake-
speare and Burbage acted in this theater
- 1598 Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, mentions twelve of Shakespeare's
plays
- 1599 The Globe, built on the Bankside, by Peter Street, was the
theater at which Shakespeare acted and at which his tragedies
from *Julius Cæsar* to *Coriolanus* were produced. It was burned
in 1613, rebuilt, and demolished in 1644
- 1599 The Fortune theater was built by Peter Street on the city side of
the Thames, outside Cripplegate. The contract with its specifi-
cations has been preserved and gives us much information.
This square building was burned in 1621 and rebuilt as a circu-
lar brick structure.
- 1606 The old circular Bear Garden was rebuilt by Peter Street, and
was known for a time as the Hope. It was again rebuilt in
1613
- 1613 The Globe theater burns
- 1620-1630 German translations of English plays are acted in Germany
- 1623 First folio edition of Shakespeare's works
- 1632 Second folio edition of Shakespeare's works
- 1637 Plays cannot be published without the players' consent
- 1642 Theaters closed at the beginning of the Civil War

JOHN HEYWOOD

THE transition from the medieval drama (of which an account has been given in Volume IV) to Elizabethan comedy is admirably and entertainingly illustrated by the "interludes" which for centuries have been attributed to John Heywood, who was born shortly before the end of the fifteenth century and died, over eighty years of age, well on in the reign of Elizabeth. Modern scholarship has associated him rather closely with Sir Thomas More, whose niece he married. More was interested in the drama, and occasionally took part in the performances of the players. Like More, Heywood was a faithful Catholic, but inclined to regard humorously and satirically the abuses of the ancient Church. John Rastell, More's brother-in-law and Heywood's father-in-law, was also a staunch Catholic, and interested in the drama; in 1524 he leased in Old Street, London, ground on which he built himself a house and erected a stage for open air plays. He also has been credited with the authorship of interludes, and he printed a number of our early sixteenth-century plays, some of which have been preserved. More introduced Heywood at court in 1519, and in that year he is entered in the 'Book of Payments' of Henry VIII as a singer. In 1526 and 1538-1542 he appears again as "player on the virginals" (a primitive musical instrument which preceded the modern piano); in 1538 he received forty shillings for playing an interlude with his children before Princess Mary. Mary, on her accession to the throne, treated him with special favor and granted to him valuable leases in Yorkshire; it is said that he helped to amuse her on her death-bed. On the accession of Elizabeth he thought it prudent to retire to the Continent and died there some twenty years later in exile.

The six plays which have been attributed to Heywood and commonly accepted as his, include three which may be regarded as debates or disputes in the medieval manner, except that they are obviously intended for amusement rather than for edification. Heywood's achievement in drama is that he left behind the didacticism of the morality play along with its allegory, and that by the development of his robust gift of humor he made a distinct step towards true comedy. In his play 'Of the Weather,' which, of the interludes ascribed to him, comes nearest to the morality in form, we have the pleas for special favors of various representative grumblers about the weather, including a small boy, "the least that can play," who prefers the following request:

Forsooth, sir, my mind is this, in few words,
All my pleasure is in catching of birds,

And making of snowballs and throwing the same;
For the which purpose to have set in frame
With my godfather god I would fain have spoken,
Desiring him to have sent me by some token
Where I might have had great frost for my pitfalls,
And plenty of snow to make my snowballs.
This once had, boys' lives are such as no man leads.
Oh, to see my snowballs light on my fellows' heads,
And to hear the birds how they flicker their wings
In the pitfall! I say it passeth all things.

The other group of three plays is somewhat more social and satirical in character, and it is in this group that it has been suggested that Heywood wrote with the help of Sir Thomas More. 'A Merry Play of one John, the Husband, Kib, his Wife, and Sir John, the Priest' turns on the satiric theme that for a man to be deceived by his wife is bad enough, but for the lover to eat the pie which the wife had originally intended for the husband, is a wrong that no mortal man can stand. 'The 4 P's, a Merry Interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a 'Potycary, and a Pedlar,' begins with a dispute between the palmer (or pilgrim) and the pardoner (seller of pardons) as to the superior virtues of their respective professions in sending men to heaven. The apothecary attempts to snatch the prize offhand by turning to the pedlar, who has been appointed judge, with the remark, "Forsooth, you are an honest man," but this is ruled out of court, and the palmer and the pardoner set about the telling of outrageous and indecent stories in competition. But it is the palmer who wins the prize by expressing quietly and deliberately his astonishment at the evil reputation of women as indicated by the pardoner's story. For he says:

This I would ye should understand:
I have seen women five hundred thousand,
And oft with them have long time tarried.
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew in my conscience
Any one woman out of patience.

This is at once recognized as the biggest lie, and he is unanimously awarded the prize.

THE PARDONER'S STORY

WELL, sir, then mark what I can say.
 I have been a pardoner many a day,
 And done greater cures ghostly
 Than ever he did bodily.
 Namely this one, which ye shall hear,
 Of one departed within this seven year,
 A friend of mine (and likewise I
 To her again was as friendly),
 Who fell so sick so suddenly,
 That dead she was even by and by,
 And never spake with priest nor clerk,
 Nor had no whit of this holy work;
 For I was thence, it could not be,
 Yet heard I say she asked for me.
 But when I bethought me how this chanced,
 And that I have to heaven advanced
 So many souls to me but strangers,
 And could not keep my friend from dangers,
 But she to die so dangerously,
 For her soul-health especially —
 That was the thing that grieved me so,
 That nothing could release my woe,
 Till I had tried even out of hand,
 In what estate her soul did stand.
 For which trial, short tale to make,
 I took this journey for her sake.
 Give ears, for here beginneth the story:
 From hence I went to Purgatory,
 And took with me this gear in my fist,
 Whereby I may do there what I list.
 I knocked and was let in quickly:
 But, Lord, how low the souls made curtsy;
 And I to every soul again
 Did give a beck them to retain,
 And asked them this question then,
 If that the soul of such a woman
 Did late among them there appear?
 Whereto they said, she came not here.
 Then feared I much it was not well;
 Alas, thought I, she is in hell;

For with her life I was so acquainted,
That sure I thought she was not sainted.
With this it chanced me to sneeze;
Christ help, quoth a soul that lay for his fees.
Those words, quoth I, thou shalt not lese¹;
Then with these pardons of all degrees
I paid his toll and set him so quit,
That straight to heaven he took his flight,
And I from thence to hell that night,
To help this woman, if I might;
Not as who saith by authority,
But by the way of entreaty.
And first to the devil that kept the gate
I came, and spake after this rate:
All hail, sir devil, and make low curtsy:
Welcome, quoth he thus smilingly.
He knew me well, and I at last
Remembered him since long time past:
For, as good hap would have it chance,
This devil and I were of old acquaintance;
For oft, in the play of Corpus Christi,
He hath played the devil at coventry.
He hath acquaintance and my behavior,
He showed to me right friendly favor,
And to make my return the shorter,
I said to this devil: Good master porter,
For all old love, if it lie in your power
Help me to speak with my lord and your.
Be sure, quoth he, no tongue can tell,
What time thou couldst have come so well:
For as on this day Lucifer fell,
Which is our festival in hell.
Nothing unreasonable craved this day,
That shall in hell have any nay.
But yet beware thou come not in,
Till time thou may thy passport win.
Wherefore stand still, and I will wit,
If I can get thy safe-conduit.
He tarried not, but shortly got it
Under seal, and the Devil's hand at it,
In ample wise, as ye shall hear;
Thus it began: Lucifer,

¹ Lose.² More.

By the power of God, chief devil of hell,
 To all the devils that there do dwell
 And every of them, we send greeting,
 Under strait charge and commanding,
 That they aiding and assistant be
 To such a Pardoner (and named me),
 So that he may at liberty
 Pass safe, without any jeopardy,
 Till that he be from us extinct,
 And clearly out of hell's precinct.
 And his pardons to keep in safeguard,
 We will they lie in the porter's ward.
 Given in the furnace of our palace,
 In our high court of matters of malice,
 Such a day and year of our reign.
 God save the devil, quoth I, amain.
 I trust this writing to be sure:
 Then put thy trust, quoth he, in ure,³
 Since thou art sure to take no harm.
 This devil and I walked arm in arm
 So far, till he had brought me thither,
 Where all the devils of hell together
 Stood in array in such apparel,
 As for that day there meetly fell.
 Their horns well-gilt, their claws full clean,
 Their tails well-kempt, and, as I ween,
 With sothery butter their bodies anointed;
 I never saw devils so well appointed.
 The master-devil sat in his jacket,
 And all the souls were playing at racket.
 None other rackets they had in hand,
 Save every soul a good firebrand:
 Wherewith they played so prettily,
 That Lucifer laughed merrily;
 And all the residue of the fiends
 Did laugh thereat full well like friends.
 But of my friend I saw no whit,
 Nor durst not ask for her as yet.
 Anon all this rout was brought in silence,
 And I by an usher brought in presence
 Of Lucifer; then low, as well I could,
 I kneeled, which he so well allowed,

³ Use, practice.

That thus he becked, and, by St. Anthony,
He smiled on me well-favoredly,
Bending his brows as broad as barn-doors,
Shaking his ears as rugged as burrs;
Rolling his eyes as round as two bushels;
Flashing the fire out of his nostrils;
Gnashing his teeth so vaingloriously,
That me thought time to fall to flattery,
Wherewith I told, as I shall tell:
O pleasant picture! O prince of hell!
Feutred in fashion abominable,
And since that is inestimable
For me to praise thee worthily.
I leave off praise as unworthy
To give thee praise, beseeching thee
To hear my suit, and then to be
So good to grant the thing I crave;
And, to be short, this would I have:
The soul of one which hither is flitted,
Delivered hence, and to me remitted.
And in this doing, though all be not quit,
Yet in some part I shall deserve it,
As thus: I am a pardoner,
And over souls as controller,
Throughout the earth my power doth stand,
Where many a soul lieth on my hand,
That speed in matters as I use them,
As I receive them or refuse them.
Whereby what time thy pleasure is,
I shall requite any part of this,
The least devil here that can come thither,
Shall choose a soul and bring him hither.
Ho, ho! quoth the devil, we are well pleased;
What is his name thou wouldst have eased?
Nay, quoth I, be it good or evil,
My coming is for a she devil.
What call'st her quoth he, thou whoreson?
Forsooth, quoth I, Margery Corson.
Now, by our honor, said Lucifer,
No devil in hell shall withhold her;
And if thou wouldst have twenty mo,²
Wer't not for justice, they should go.

² More.

For all we devils within this den
 Have more to do with two women,
 Than with all the charge we have beside;
 Wherefore, if thou our friend will be tried,
 Apply thy pardons to women so,
 That unto us there come no mo.
 To do my best I promised by oath;
 Which I have kept, for, as the faith goeth,
 At this day to heaven I do procure
 Ten women to one man, be sure.
 Then of Lucifer my leave I took,
 And straight unto the master-cook
 I was had into the kitchen,
 For Margery's office was therein.
 All things handled there discreetly,
 For every soul beareth office meetly:
 Which might be seen to see her sit
 So busily turning of the spit.
 For many a spit here hath she turned,
 And many a good spit hath she burned:
 And many a spitful hot hath toasted,
 Before the meat could be half roasted,
 And ere the meat were half-roasted indeed,
 I took her then from the spit with speed.
 But when she saw this brought to pass,
 To tell the joy wherein she was!
 And of all the devils, for joy how they
 Did roar at her delivery!
 And how the chains in hell did ring.
 And how all the souls therein did sing;
 And how we were brought to the gate,
 And how we took our leave thereat,
 Be sure lack of time suffereth not
 To rehearse the twentieth part of that.
 Wherefore, this tale to conclude briefly,
 This woman thanked me chiefly,
 That she was rid of this endless death,
 And so we departed on Newmarket-heath.
 And if that any man do mind her,
 Who lists to seek her, there shall he find her.

JOHN LYLY

IN the lines 'To the Memory of my beloved Master, William Shakespeare,' Ben Jonson mentions Lyly and Marlowe as predecessors whom Shakespeare outshone, doubtless with the intended implication that to both Shakespeare was indebted, as in truth he was. Professor Schelling in his 'Elizabethan Playwrights' (1925) marks the years 1580-88 as "the period of Lyly," and points out that "save for Lyly, in these earlier years it was only at the universities that Elizabeth was regaled with authentic drama; and that was either tragedy of classical type or comedy after the Italian-Roman manner at best." We have noted that as early as 1566 at the Gray's Inn festival George Gascoigne and his fellows presented to the queen the first regular English prose comedy 'Supposes,' translated from Ariosto (whose Italian play was adapted from classical models), and a tragedy 'Jocasta,' purporting to be translated from Euripides, but depending in reality also upon an Italian text. 'Gorboduc' (Inner Temple) and 'The Misfortunes of Arthur' (Gray's Inn) went back to Seneca, as 'Ralph Roister Doister' (Eton or Westminster School) took hints from Plautus; at Gray's Inn in 1594 "a cry of common players" were called in to present "a comedy of 'Errors' like to Plautus his 'Menechmus.'" Lyly had the originality and the courage to strike out a line of his own.

The grandson of a famous classical scholar and himself a graduate of Oxford, Lyly leapt into fame before he was thirty, by the publication of 'Euphues' (1578-80), a novel which by its mannered alliterative style gave its name to a form of literary affectation for a time exceedingly popular. A few years before, James Burbage had built the first theater, and Richard Farrant, master of the choir boys of Windsor Chapel, had leased the first Blackfriars theater, where not only its own choristers or "children" acted, but also those of the Chapel Royal and of St. Paul's. When Farrant died in 1580, the lease fell into the hands of the Earl of Oxford, who in turn presented it to his secretary and protégé, Lyly. For the boy actors at the Blackfriars Lyly wrote his first play, 'Campaspe,' which was performed before the queen in 1581. Before 1595 Lyly wrote eight plays, noteworthy not only for the euphuistic style he had made fashionable by his successful novel, but also for the political allegory in which they indulged, chiefly by way of compliment to the queen, but sometimes marked by daring allusions to current events. In 'Campaspe' the praise of the Virgin Queen is somewhat subtly conveyed by the representation of the heroic fortitude of Alexander the Great in resigning the beautiful Campaspe to his rival in love the painter Apelles. In 'Midas'

Philip of Spain, enriched with the gold of the Americas, is ridiculed under the name of the mythological king of Phrygia, whose touch turned everything to gold, but who had ass's ears. Midas sees the error of his ways, not through the misadventures that befell the Armada, but with the help of Apollo, whose oracle warns him of the superior and invincible virtues of the island of Lesbos (England) he is intending to attack. Midas says: —

"I perceive (and yet not too late) that Lesbos will not be touched by gold, by force it cannot: that the gods have pitched it out of the world, as not to be controlled by any in the world. Though my hand be gold, yet I must not think to span over the main ocean. Though my soldiers be valiant, I must not therefore think my quarrels just. There is no way to nail the crown of Phrygia fast to my daughter's head, but in letting the crowns of others sit in quiet on theirs."

There is more praise of England and pacifist counsel in the dialogue of the five shepherds printed below. Lyly's allegory is not always so transparent and there has been much beating of learned brains in the interpretation of some of his other plays, for the interpreters do not always agree. In their day they made a sensation and sometimes a scandal. His mannered style, too, had its share in the development of English prose and especially of prose comedy. But what most readers now recall him for is his lyric gift as revealed in the songs in his dramas.

Lyly's dramatic activities seem to have been associated with (if not actuated by) an ambition to obtain the reversion of the Mastership of the Revels, a position at court to which Sir Edmund Tylney had succeeded in 1579, and to which in 1581 was attached the onerous but profitable duty of licensing all plays for performance, not only at court, but elsewhere; Tylney, however, held the position till his death in 1610, when he was succeeded by Sir George Buck, who in 1623 was followed by Sir Henry Herbert. Lyly obtained a minor post in the royal household, but beyond this he was put off with promises: in the nineties he fell into disfavor, and the popularity of his plays waned before the brilliance of the rising stars of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson.

A EULOGY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

From 'Euphues and his England'

THIS queen being deceased, Elizabeth, being of the age of twenty-two years, of more beauty than honor, and yet of more honor than any earthly creature, was called from a prisoner to be a prince, from the castle to the crown, from the fear of losing her head, to be supreme head. And here, ladies, it may be you will move a question, why this noble lady was either

in danger of death, or cause of distress, which, had you thought to have passed in silence, I would, notwithstanding, have revealed.

This lady all the time of her sister's reign was kept close, as one that tendered not those proceedings which were contrary to her conscience, who, having divers enemies, endured many crosses, but so patiently as in her deepest sorrow she would rather sigh for the liberty of the Gospel than her own freedom. Suffering her inferiors to triumph over her, her foes to threaten her, her dissembling friends to undermine her, learning in all this misery only the patience that Zeno taught Eretricus to bear and forbear, never seeking revenge, but, with good Lycurgus, to lose her own eye rather than to hurt another's eye.

But being now placed in the seat royal, she first of all established religion, banished popery, advanced the Word, that before was so much defaced, who having in her hand the sword to revenge, used rather bountifully to reward, being as far from rigor when she might have killed, as her enemies were from honesty when they could not, giving a general pardon when she had cause to use particular punishments, preferring the name of pity before the remembrance of perils, thinking no revenge more princely than to spare when she might spill, to stay when she might strike, to proffer to save with mercy when she might have destroyed with justice. Here is the clemency worthy commendation and admiration, nothing inferior to the gentle disposition of Aristides, who, after his exile, did not so much as note them that banished him, saying with Alexander that there can be nothing more noble than to do well to those that deserve ill.

This mighty and merciful queen, having many bills of private persons that sought beforetime to betray her, burnt them all, resembling Julius Cæsar, who, being presented with the like complaints of his commons, threw them into the fire, saying that he had rather not know the names of rebels than have occasion to revenge, thinking it better to be ignorant of those that hated him than to be angry with them.

This clemency did her Majesty not only show at her coming to the throne, but also throughout her whole government, when she hath spared to shed their bloods that sought to spill hers, not racking the laws to extremity, but mitigating the rigor with mercy, insomuch as it may be said of that royal monarch as it was of Antoninus, surnamed the godly Emperor, who reigned many years without the effusion of blood. What greater virtue can there be in a prince than mercy; what greater praise than to abate the edge which she should whet, to pardon where she should punish, to reward where she should revenge?

I myself being in England when her Majesty was for her recreation in her barge upon the Thames, heard of a gun that was shot off, though of the party unwittingly, yet to her noble person dangerously, which fact she most graciously pardoned, accepting a just excuse before a great amends, taking more grief for her poor bargeman, that was a little hurt, than care for herself that

stood in greatest hazard. O rare example of pity, O singular spectacle of piety.

Divers besides have there been which by private conspiracies, open rebellions, close wiles, cruel witchcrafts, have sought to end her life, which saveth all their lives, whose practices by the divine providence of the Almighty, have ever been disclosed, insomuch that he hath kept her safe in the whale's belly when her subjects went about to throw her into the sea, preserved her in the hot oven, when her enemies increased the fire, not suffering a hair to fall from her, much less any harm to fasten upon her. These injuries and treasons of her subjects, these policies and undermining of foreign nations so little moved her, that she would often say, 'Let them know that, though it be not lawful for them to speak what they list, yet it is lawful for us to do with them what we list,' being always of that merciful mind, which was in Theodosius, who wished rather that he might call the dead to life than put the living to death, saying with Augustus when she should set her hand to any condemnation, "I would to God we could not write." Infinite were the examples that might be alleged, and almost incredible, whereby she hath shown herself a lamb in meekness, when she had cause to be a lion in might, proved a dove in favor, when she was provoked to be an eagle in fierceness, requiting injuries with benefits, revenging grudges with gifts, in highest majesty bearing the lowest mind, forgiving all that sued for mercy, and forgetting all that deserved justice.

O divine nature, O heavenly nobility, what thing can there more be required in a prince, than in greatest power to show greatest patience, in chiefest glory to bring forth chiefest grace, in abundance of all earthly pomp to manifest abundance of all heavenly piety? O fortunate England that hath such a Queen, ungrateful if thou pray not for her, wicked if thou do not love her, miserable if thou lose her.

ALEXANDER'S SELF-DENIAL

From 'Campaspe,' Act V, Sc. 3.

ALLEXANDER. Methinks, Hephestion, you are more melancholy than you were accustomed; but I perceive it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace, nor my pleasure; be of good cheer, though I wink, I sleep not.

Hephestion. Melancholy I am not, nor well content: for I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease, that I fear I shall not scour it out with infinite labors.

Alexander. Yes, yes, if all the travails of conquering the world will set either thy body or mine in tune, we will undertake them. But what think you of

Apelles? Did you ever see any so perplexed? He neither answered directly to any question nor looked steadfastly upon anything. I hold my life the painter is in love.

Hephestion. It may be: for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be enamored of their own works, as Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pygmalion of his ivory image, Arachne of his wooden swan; especially painters who, playing with their own conceits, now coveting to draw a glancing eye, then a rolling, now a winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it; and then poor souls they kiss the colors with their lips, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers.

Alexander. I will find it out. Page, go speedily for Apelles, will him to come hither, and when you see us earnestly in talk, suddenly cry out, "Apelles' shop is on fire!"

Page. It shall be done.

Alexander. Forget not your lesson. [*Exit Page.*]

Hephestion. I marvel what your device shall be.

Alexander. The event shall prove.

Hephestion. I pity the poor painter if he be in love.

Alexander. Pity him not, I pray thee; that severe gravity set aside, what do you think of love?

Hephestion. As the Macedonians do of their herb beet, which looking yellow in the ground, and black in the hand, think it better seen than touched.

Alexander. But what do you imagine it to be?

Hephestion. A word by superstition thought a god, by use turned to a humor, by self-will made a flattering madness.

Alexander. You are too hard-hearted to think so of love. Let us go to Diogenes. Diogenes, thou may'st think it somewhat that Alexander cometh to thee again so soon.

Diogenes. If you come to learn, you could not come soon enough; If to laugh, you be come too soon.

Hephestion. It would better become thee to be more courteous, and frame thyself to please.

Diogenes. And you better to be less, if you durst displease.

Alexander. What dost thou think of the time we have here?

Diogenes. That we have little and lose much.

Alexander. If one be sick what wouldst thou have him do?

Diogenes. Be sure that he make not his physician his hire.

Alexander. If thou mightest have thy will, how much ground would content thee?

Diogenes. As much as you in the end must be contented withal.

Alexander. What, a world?

Diogenes. No, the length of my body.

Alexander. Hephestion, shall I be a little pleasant with him?

Hephestion. You may: but he will be very perverse with you.

Alexander. It skills not, I cannot be angry with him. Diogenes, I pray thee, what dost thou think of love?

Diogenes. A little worse than I can of hate.

Alexander. And why?

Diogenes. Because it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occasion of hate.

Alexander. Why, be not women the best creatures in the world?

Diogenes. Next men and bees.

Alexander. What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

Diogenes. One thing.

Alexander. What?

Diogenes. That she is a woman.

Alexander. In my opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women; but now cometh Apelles, who I am sure is as far from thy thoughts, as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, because I will be a philosopher.

Diogenes. And when you have done so, I pray you remove your court further from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.

[Enter Apelles]

Alexander. But here cometh Apelles. Apelles, what piece of work have you now in hand?

Apelles. None in hand, if it like your Majesty: but I am devising a platform in my head.

Alexander. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

Apelles. No, but something above Venus.

Page. Apelles, Apelles, look about you, your shop is on fire!

Apelles. Aye me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone!

Alexander. Stay, Apelles, no haste, it is your heart is on fire, not your shop; and if Campaspe hang there, I would she were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you love her well that you care not though all be lost, so she be safe.

Apelles. Not love her: but your Majesty knows that painters in their last works are said to excel themselves, and in this I have so much pleased myself, that the shadow as much delighteth me, being an artificer, as the substance doth others that are amorous.

Alexander. You lay your colors grossly; though I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed, Apelles, it is a gentleman's sport to be in love. Call hither Campaspe. Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection; though my counsel had not been necessary, yet my

countenance might have been thought requisite. But Apelles, forsooth, loveth underhand, yea and under Alexander's nose, and — but I say no more.

Apelles. Apelles loveth not so; but he liveth to do as Alexander will.

[*Enter Campaspe*]

Alexander. Campaspe, here is news. Apelles is in love with you.

Campaspe. It pleaseth your Majesty to say so.

Alexander. Hephestion, I will try her too. Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the virtue I see in you, I am determined you shall enjoy one another. How say you Campaspe, would you say ay?

Campaspe. Your handmaid must obey, if you command.

Alexander. Think you not, Hephestion, that she would fain be commanded.

Hephestion. I am no thought-catcher, but I guess unhappily.

Alexander. I will not enforce marriage, where I cannot compel love.

Campaspe. But your Majesty may move a question, where you are willing to have a match.

Alexander. Believe me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed; they would have me both priest and witness. Apelles, take Campaspe! Why move ye not? Campaspe, take Apelles; will it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shall never come together. But dissemble not, Campaspe, do you love Apelles?

Campaspe. Pardon my lord, I love Apelles!

Alexander. Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary. Do you love Campaspe?

Apelles. Only Campaspe!

Alexander. Two loving worms, Hephestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Love falleth like a dew as well upon the low grass as upon the high cedar. Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen. Well, enjoy one another, I give her thee frankly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love, and leadeth affection in fetters, using fancy as a fool to make him sport, or a minstrel to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart; no, no, it is children's game, a life for seamsters and scholars: the one pricking in clouts have nothing else to think on; the other picking fancies out of books have little else to marvel at. Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaspe, Alexander is cloyed with looking on that which thou wonderest at.

Apelles. Thanks to your Majesty on bended knee, you have honored Apelles.

Campaspe. Thanks with bowed heart, you have blessed Campaspe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alexander. Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio and the other lords to be in readiness, let the trumpet sound, strike up the drum, and I will presently

into Persia. How now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list?

Hephestion. The conquering of Thebes was not so honorable as the subduing of these thoughts.

Alexander. It were a shame Alexander should desire to command the world, if he could not command himself. But come, let us go, I will try whether I can better bear my hand with my heart, than I could with mine eye. And, good Hephestion, when all the world is won, and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue, or on my word I will fall in love.

[*Exeunt.*]

IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND

From 'Midas' Act IV, Sc. 2

[*Enter five shepherds: Menalcas, Coryn, Celthus, Draipon, Amyntas*]

MENALCAS. I muse what the nymphs meant, that so sang in the groves, Midas of Phrygia hath ass's ears.

Coryn. I marvel not, for one of them plainly told me he had ass's ears.

Celthus. Ay, but it is not safe to say it: he is a great king, and his hands are longer than his ears; therefore for us that keep sheep, it is wisdom enough to tell sheep.

Draipon. 'Tis true; yet since Midas grew so mischievous as to blur his diadem with blood, which should glisten with nothing but pity; and so miserable that he made gold his god, that was framed to be his slave, many broad speeches have flown abroad: in his own country they stick not to call him tyrant, and elsewhere usurper. They flatly say, that he eateth into other dominions, as the sea doth into the land, not knowing, that in swallowing a poor island as big as Lesbos, he may cast up three territories thrice as big as Phrygia: for what the sea winneth in the marsh, it loseth in the sand.

Amyntas. Take me with you, but speak softly, for these reeds may have ears, and hear us.

Menalcas. Suppose they have, yet they may be without tongues to betray us.

Coryn. Nay, let them have tongues too, we have eyes to see that they have none, and therefore if they hear, and speak, they know not from whence it comes.

Amyntas. Well, then this I say, when a lion doth so much degenerate from princely kind, that he will borrow of the beasts, I say he is no lion, but a monster; pieced with the craftiness of the fox, the cruelty of the tiger, the ravening of the wolf, the dissembling of the hyena, he is worthy also to have the ears of an ass.

Menalcas. He seeks to conquer Lesbos, and like a foolish gamester, having a bagful of his own, ventures to all to win a groat of another.

Coryn. He that fishes for Lesbos, must have such a wooden net, as all the trees in Phrygia will not serve to make the cod, nor all the woods in Pisidia provide the corks.

Draipon. Nay, he means to angle for it with a hook of gold and a bait of gold, and so to strike the fish with a pleasing bait that will slide out of an open net.

Amyntas. Tush! tush! those islanders are too subtle to nibble at craft, and too rich to swallow treasure: if that be his hope, he may as well dive to the bottom of the sea, and bring up an anchor of a thousand weight as plod with his gold to corrupt a people so wise. And besides, a nation (as I have heard) so valiant, that are readier to strike than ward.

Celthus. More than all this, Amyntas (though we dare not so much as mutter it) their king is such a one as dazzleth the clearest eyes with majesty, daunteth the valiantest hearts with courage, and for virtue filleth all the world with wonder. If beauty go beyond sight, confidence above valor and virtue exceed miracle, what is it to be thought, but that Midas goeth to undermine that by the simplicity of man, that is fastened to a rock by the providence of the gods.

Menalcas. We poor commons (who tasting war, are made to relish nothing but taxes) can do nothing but grieve to see things unlawful practised to obtain things impossible. All his mines do but gild his comb, to make it glisten in the wars, and cut ours that are forced to follow him in his wars.

Coryn. Well! that must be borne, not blamed, that cannot be changed: for my part, if I may enjoy the fleece of my silly flock with quietness, I will never care three flocks for his ambition.

Menalcas. Let this suffice, we may talk too much, and being overheard, be all undone. I am so jealous, that methinks the very reeds bow down, as though they listened to our talk: and soft — I hear some one coming, let us go in and meet at a place more meet.

[*Exeunt.*]

A CRY AFTER CUPID

From 'Gallathea,' Act IV, Sc. 2

[Cupid, Telusa, Eurota, Ramia, Larissa, (nymphs of Diana), *enter singing.*]

TELUSA. O yes, if any maid,
 Whom leering Cupid has betrayed
 To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
 And would in madness now see torn
 The boy in pieces —

All three. Let her come

Hither, and lay on him her doom.

Eurota. O yes, O yes, has any lost

A heart, which many a sigh hath cost;

Is any cozened of a tear,

Which (as a pearl) disdain does wear?

All three. Here stands the thief, let her but come

Hither, and lay on him her doom.

Larissa. Is anyone undone by fire,

And turned to ashes through desire?

Did ever any lady weep,

Being cheated of her golden sleep?

Stolen by sick thoughts!

All three. The pirate's found,

And in her tears he shall be drowned.

Read his inditement, let him hear

What he's to trust to: boy, give ear.

Telusa. Come, sir! to your task. First you must undo all these lovers' knots, because you tied them.

Cupid. If they be true love knots, 'tis impossible to unknit them; if false, I never tied them.

Eurota. Make no excuse, but to it.

Cupid. Love knots are tied with eyes, and cannot be undone with hands; made fast with thoughts, and cannot be unloosed with fingers; had Diana no task to set Cupid to but things impossible? I will to it.

Ramia. Why how now? You tie the knots faster.

Cupid. I cannot choose, it goeth against my mind to make them loose.

Eurota. Let me see — now 'tis impossible to be undone.

Cupid. It is the true love-knot of a woman's heart, therefore cannot be undone.

Ramia. That falls in sunder of itself.

Cupid. It was made of a man's thought, which will never hang together.

Larissa. You have undone that well.

Cupid. I because it was never tied well.

Telusa. To the rest, for she will give you no rest. These two knots are finely untied.

Cupid. It was because I never tied them; the one was knit by Pluto, not Cupid; by money, not love; the other by force, not faith; by appointment, not affection.

Ramia. Why do you lay that knot aside?

Cupid. For death.

Telusa. Why?

Cupid. Because the knot was knit by faith, and must only be unknit of death.

Eurota. Why laugh you?

Cupid. Because it is the fairest and the falsest; done with greatest art, and least truth; with best colors, and worst conceits.

Telusa. Who tied it?

Cupid. A man's tongue.

Larissa. Why do you put that in my bosom?

Cupid. Because it is only for a woman's bosom.

Larissa. Why, what is it?

Cupid. A woman's heart.

Telusa. Come, let us go in, and tell that Cupid hath done his task. Stay you behind, Larissa, and see he sleep not, for love will be idle; and take heed you surfeit not, for love will be wanton.

[*Exit Telusa.*]

Larissa. Let me alone, I will find him somewhat to do.

Cupid. Lady, can you for pity see Cupid thus punished?

Larissa. Why did Cupid punish us without pity?

Cupid. Is love a punishment?

Larissa. It is no pastime.

Cupid. O Venus, if thou sawest Cupid as a captive, bound to obey that was wont to command; fearing ladies' threats, that once pierced their hearts; I cannot tell whether thou wouldst revenge it for despise, or laugh at it for sport. The time may come, Diana, and the time shall come, that thou that settest Cupid to undo knots, shalt entreat Cupid to tie knots; and you ladies that with solace have beheld my pains, shall with sighs entreat my pity.

[*He offers to sleep*]

Larissa. How now, Cupid, begin you to nod?

Ramia. Come, Cupid, Diana hath devised new labors for you that are god of loves; you shall weave samplers all night, and lackey after Diana all day. You shall shortly shoot at beasts for men, because you have made beasts of men; and wait on ladies' trains, because thou entrappest ladies by trains. All the stories that are in Diana's arras, which are of love, you must pick out with your needle, and in that place sew Vesta with her nuns, and Diana with her nymphs. How like you this, Cupid?

Cupid. I say I will prick as well with my needle, as ever I did with my arrows.

Telusa. Diana cannot yield, she conquers affection.

Cupid. Diana shall yield, she cannot conquer destiny.

Larissa. Come, Cupid, you must to your business.

Cupid. You shall find me so busy in your heads that you shall wish I had been idle with your hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bows and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes;
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?


SPRING SONG

From 'Campaspe'

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
 O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
 "Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
 And still her woes at midnight rise.
 Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
 None but the lark so shrill and clear;
 Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
 Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
 "Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring!
 "Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring!

SAPPHO'S SONG

From 'Sappho and Phao'

 CRUEL Love! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day;
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jailors still be hopes and fears;
Thy prison-mates groans, sighs, and tears;
Thy play to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rimes:
Thy bread be frowns; thy drink be gall;
Such as when you Phao call;
The bed thou liest on be despair;
Thy sleep, fond dreams; thy dreams, long care;
Hope (like thy fool) at thy bed's head,
Mock thee, till madness strikes thee dead,
As, Phao, thou dost me, with thy proud eyes.
In thee poor Sappho lives, in thee she dies.

GEORGE PEELE

NEITHER the birthday nor the death-day of Peele is known. He is believed to have been born in Devonshire in or about 1553; and he was dead by 1598. His father was a London merchant; the son was an Oxford man, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1577, and his degree of Master of Arts two years later. Before he left the University he was recognized as a poet, and was marked for his tendencies to social gaiety—a trait that became still more pronounced when he went up to London, where he was ejected from his father's house, and joined the roistering set of blades known as the University wits, who wrote plays and poems and burned life's candle at both ends. He was reputed a sad wag, as the untrustworthy volume 'The Jests of George Peele' testifies. He foregathered with Nash, Marlowe, and Greene, and by tradition haunted the tavern and the greenroom—a dissolute scribbler in whom was a spark of genius, and who, however irregular his habits, dying in mid-manhood left literary work which declares him, after all, an industrious author. He made five dramas, and besides published a number of volumes of poems and pageants. The first drama, 'The Arraignment of Paris,' probably presented in 1581, is a pastoral treatment, mostly in heroic couplets, of the myth of the awarding of the golden apple, with a naïve patriotic application—making Venus, who wins the prize of beauty, yield it in turn to Queen Elizabeth. 'The Famous Chronicle of Edward I' (1593) shows the writer struggling towards the true historical tragedy. It has some effective scenes but little poetry, and as a whole is confused and ill-welded. 'The Battle of Alcazar' (1592) is a vigorous play, but lacks construction. 'The Old Wives' Tales' (1595) is a rollicking farce, stuffed with nonsense, and one of those inchoate dramatic performances very characteristic of the earlier English playwrights, but far removed from a serious art purpose. Its main significance lies in its having supplied Milton with the subject of 'Comus.' It is in his last play, 'David and Bethsabe,' printed in 1599, that Peele reached his high-water mark of imaginative poetry. It deals with the Bible story in a spirit of sensuous romanticism, and contains lovely passages of blank verse of the amatory and descriptive sort, handling that measure with a skill such as only Marlowe of the forerunners of Shakespeare has surpassed. The piece lacks dramatic force, being idyllic in motive and manner. Some of Peele's lyrics, found in his plays or in his various volumes of verse, are among the most beautiful in the whole range of Elizabethan song; they became popular at once, and were printed in various song collections of the time. As a play-maker he did not

do so much in preparing the way for Shakespeare as other contemporaries like Lyly or Greene. But he surpassed them in his occasional lyric touch and tone.

OLD AGE

HIS golden locks time hath to silver turned;
 Oh time too swift, oh swiftness never ceasing:
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain — youth waneth by increasing.
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms:
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song: —
 "Blessed be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
 Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong.
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight."

DAVID AND BETHSABE

He draws a curtain and discovers Bethsabe with her maid bathing over a spring; she sings, and David sits above viewing her.

THE SONG

NOT sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
 Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
 Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
 Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
 Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning —
 Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.

Let not my beauty's fire
 Inflame unstayed desire,
 Nor pierce any bright eye
 That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come, gentle Zephyr, tricked with those perfumes
 That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
 And stroke my bosom with thy silken fan:
 This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
 Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
 And purer than the substance of the same,
 Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce.
 Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
 Goddess of life, and governess of health,
 Keep every fountain fresh and arbor sweet;
 No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
 Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath:
 Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
 And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
 To play the wanton with us through the leaves.

David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
 My soul, incensèd with a sudden fire?
 What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
 Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
 Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
 Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
 Strook with the accents of archangels' tunes,
 Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
 Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
 May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight
 Be still enameled with discolored flowers;
 That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
 And for the pebble, let the silver streams
 That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
 Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
 The brims let be embraced with golden curls
 Of moss, that sleeps with sound the waters make,
 For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
 Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
 Bear manna every morn instead of dew;
 Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
 That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon's hill,
 Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks:
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
To lay his golden scepter on her brows.
Open the doors, and entertain my love;
Open, I say, and as you open, sing,
Welcome fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.

FROM 'A FAREWELL TO SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS
DRAKE'

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plow the swelling waves;
Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs
Farewell; bid stately Troynovant adieu,
Where pleasant Thames from Isis' silver head
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along
To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbor to the ancient stony tower,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.
Change love for arms, girt to your blades, my boys!
Your rests and muskets take, take helm and targe,
And let god Mars his consort make you mirth —
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home,
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,
That under many a standard well advanced
Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love;
Bid theaters and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,
King Charlemagne, Tom Stukely, and the rest,
Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!
With noble Norris and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,

To propagate religious piety
 And hew a passage with your conquering swords
 By land and sea, wherever Phæbus' eye,
 Th' eternal lamp of heaven, lends us light;
 By golden Tagus, or the western Ind,
 Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,
 The wealthy ocean-main, the Tyrrhene sea,
 From great Alcides' pillars branching forth,
 Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;
 There to deface the pride of Antichrist,
 And pull his paper walls and popery down —
 A famous enterprise for England's strength,
 To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,
 And cleanse Augeas' stall in Italy.
 To arms, my fellow-soldiers! Sea and land
 Lie open to the voyage you intend:
 And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
 Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,
 Whether to Europe's bounds or Asian plains,
 To Afric's shore, or rich America,
 Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,
 Sail on; pursue your honors to your graves.
 Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
 And every climate virtue's tabernacle.
 To arms, to arms, to honorable arms!

ROBERT GREENE

GREENE was born about 1560 in Norwich, and belonged to a family of good standing. That his father was a man of some wealth may be inferred from Greene's tour to Italy and other countries — a great expense in those days — which he made after taking his B.A. degree at Cambridge in 1578. In his 'Repentances' he shows that he was affected by the vices of Italy, and became fixed in those dissolute habits that were his ruin. On his return he was engaged in literary work at Cambridge, and took his M.A. degree from both universities. He then went to London and became "an author of plays and penner of love pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who for that trade grown so ordinary about London as Robin Greene."

In 1585 he married, and apparently lived for a time in Norwich. After the birth of a child he deserted his wife, because she tried to persuade him from his bad habits. From that time he lived permanently in London, where he seems to have had some influential patrons. Among those to whom his works are dedicated we find the names of Lord Derby, the Earl of Cumberland, Lady Talbot, and Lord Fitzwater. He tells us that "in short space I fell into favor with such as were of honorable and good calling." Yet his restless temper made such society irksome to him; and as there was then no reputable literary Bohemia, such as arose later under Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, he sank to the company of the lowest classes of London. In spite of his dissipated life he was constantly at work, and "his purse, like the sea, sometime swelled, anon like the same sea fell to a low ebb; yet seldom he wanted, his labors were so well esteemed."

Not only did he write for the stage, but it is probable that he appeared at times as an actor. At one time, when a gust of repentance swept over him, he resolved to write no more love pamphlets, and to devote himself to more serious writings. He then published a series of tracts exposing the tricks of London swindlers, in "trust that those my discourses will do great good and be very beneficial to the commonwealth of England." His 'Repentances' were intended to warn young men by the unhappy example of his own life. His career was cut short in 1592 by an illness resulting from too much indulgence in Rhenish wine and pickled herrings. Deserted by his friends, he died in extreme poverty at the house of a poor shoemaker who had befriended him. Just before his death he wrote to his forsaken wife this touching letter: —

Sweet Wife:

As ever there was any good-will or friendship betweene thee and mee, see this bearer (my Host) satisfied of his debt: I owe him tenne pound, and but for him I had perished in the streetes. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercie on my soule. Farewell till we meet in heaven, for on earth thou shalt never see me more.

This 2 of September 1592.

Written by thy dying husband

ROBERT GREENE

Gabriel Harvey soon after published in his 'Four Letters' a virulent attack on Greene's character. That and Greene's confessions, in which like many another he no doubt exaggerated his sins, have given rise to a probably too harsh estimate of the poet's failings.

Of his numerous dramatic works but five have survived, all published after his death: 'Orlando Furioso'; 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay'; 'James the Fourth'; 'Alphonsus, King of Aragon'; and 'George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.' 'A Looking-Glass for London and England' was the joint work of Thomas Lodge and Greene. Greene did for the romantic drama what Marlowe accomplished for tragedy, and his works form a noteworthy step in the development of the old English drama. His most popular drama was 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,' in which he pictures Old English life at Fressingfield, with a touching love story. His 'George-a-Greene' has the best constructed plot of any of his plays; and in the Pinner, a popular English hero like Robin Hood, he portrays an ideal English yeoman, faithful, sturdy, and independent. Nash called Greene the Homer of women; and it is remarkable that, dissolute as he was, he has given the charm of modest womanhood to all his female characters.

The non-dramatic works of Greene fall into four classes: first, the romantic pamphlets; second, the semi-patriotic tracts; third, the Cony-Catching pamphlets; fourth, his 'Repentances.'

In his love pamphlets may be found traces of the beginnings of the English novel. Several of the 'Repentances,' the 'Never Too Late,' and 'A Groatsworth of Wit,' are largely autobiographical. In the address to his fellow-dramatists in the 'Groatsworth of Wit,' he refers to Shakespeare as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in the country."

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

From 'Menaphon'

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy;
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe;
 Fortune changèd made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies;
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt;
 More he crowed, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide:
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

From 'The Mourning Garment'

AH, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweeter too,

For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
 As merry as a king in his delight;

And merrier too,
 For kings bethink them what the State require,
 Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat;

And blither too,
 For kings have often fears when they do sup,
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
 As doth the king upon his beds of down;

More sounder too,
 For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
 As doth the king at every tide or sith;

And blither too,

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

DOWN THE VALLEY

From 'Never Too Late'

DOWN the valley 'gan he track,
Bag and bottle at his back,
In a surcoat all of gray;
Such wear palmers on the way.
When with scrip and staff they see
Jesus' grave on Calvary.
A hat of straw, like a swain,
Shelter for the sun and rain,
With a scallop-shell before;
Sandals on his feet he wore;
Legs were bare, arms unclad;
Such attire this Palmer had.
His face fair like Titan's shine;
Gray and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearls of sorrow;
Such sweet tears love doth borrow,
When in outward dew she plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains:
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks;
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When to keep her damsels quiet
Beauty sets them down their diet.
Adon was not thought more fair:
Curlèd locks of amber hair,
Locks where love did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne.
Such a palmer ne'er was seen,
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet, for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint:
Midst the riches of his face,
Grief deciphered high disgrace.

Every step strained a tear;
 Sudden sighs showed his fear;
 And yet his fear by his sight
 Ended in a strange delight;
 That his passions did approve,
 Weeds and sorrow were for love.

PHILOMELA'S ODE

From 'Philomela'

SITTING by a river's side,
 Where a silent stream did glide,
 Muse I did of many things
 That the mind in quiet brings.
 I 'gan think how some men deem
 Gold their god; and some esteem
 Honor is the chief content
 That to man in life is lent;
 And some others do contend,
 Quiet none, like to a friend;
 Others hold there is no wealth
 Compared to a perfect health;
 Some man's mind in quiet stands,
 When he is lord of many lands.
 But I did sigh, and said all this
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
 And in my thoughts I did approve,
 Naught so sweet as is true love.

SWEET ARE THE THOUGHTS

From 'Farewell to Folly'

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown:
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
 The mean that 'grees with country music best;
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
 Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

DECEIVING WORLD

From 'A Groatsworth of Wit'

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
 Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
 And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
 T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
 How well are they that die ere they be born,
 And never see thy slights, which few men shun
 Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oft have I sung of love and of his fire;
 But now I find that poet was advised,
 Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
 And proves weak love was with the poor despised
 For when the life with food is not sufficed,
 What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
 What pleasance can proceed from such a wight?

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit;
 My ravished sense, of wonted fury reft,
 Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
 Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
 But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
 Because so long they lent them me to use,
 And I so long their bounty did abuse.

Oh that a year were granted me to live,
 And for that year my former wits restored!
 What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
 How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
 But I must die, of every man abhorred:
 Time loosely spent will not again be won,
 My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

TWO months before the birth of William Shakespeare, on February 26, 1564, John Marlowe, shoemaker in the ancient town of Canterbury, carried a baby boy, his first son, to be baptized in the Church of St. George the Martyr. John Marlowe was a "clarke of Saint Marie's church," and member of the Shoemakers' and Tanners' Guild. He may have been a man of sufficient means to give his son a liberal education; or some rich gentleman, Sir John Manwood perhaps, may have interested himself in the gifted lad. At any rate Christopher went to the King's School, Canterbury, where fifty pupils were taught gratuitously and allowed £4 a year each; and there he was a diligent scholar, for it is recorded that in 1579 he received an allowance of £1 for each of the first three terms. From school he was sent to Benet — now Corpus Christi — College, Cambridge, where he obtained the degree of B.A. in 1583, and that of M.A. in 1587. His translations of Ovid's elegies were probably begun, if not completed, during his years at the university. There are slight indications in his poems that he may have been a soldier for a time, and served during the Netherlands campaign. Probably, however, he went at once to London from Cambridge — "a boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition," as Swinburne says — and began his struggle for fame and fortune. Like many another young poet, he may have gone on the stage; but it is said that he was soon after incapacitated for acting, by an accident which lamed him. He attached himself as playwright to a prominent dramatic company, that of the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord Admiral.

Of all the brilliant group that glorify Elizabethan literature, there is no more striking or typical figure than Marlowe's own. He was the very embodiment of the Renaissance spirit, with energies all vitalized and athirst for both spiritual and sensual satisfactions. His gay-hearted, passionate, undisciplined nature was too exorbitant in demand to find content. To his pagan soul beauty and pleasure were ultimate aims, orthodox faith and observances impossible. So for a few mad years he dreamed and wrote, loved and feasted, starved sometimes, perhaps; and then at twenty-nine, when he had tried all possible experiences, his wild, brilliant young life suddenly ended. His irreligious scoffing, doubtless exaggerated from mouth to mouth, led finally to a warrant for his arrest. Evading this, he had gone to the small town of Deptford, and there, in June 1593, while at the tavern, he became engaged in a scuffle in which he was fatally stabbed.

Marlowe's first play, 'Tamburlaine,' must have been written before he

was twenty-four. Like many of his contemporaries, he always borrowed his plots; and this one he took from 'Foreste,' a translation from the Spanish made by Thomas Fortescue. His treatment of it was a conscious effort to revolutionize dramatic poetry; for "jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits" to substitute "high astounding terms"; and it is his great distinction that with 'Tamburlaine' he established blank verse in the English drama. From the appearance of 'Gorboduc' in 1562 there had been blank or rhymeless verse; but the customary form of dramatic expression was in tediously monotonous heroic couplets, whether they suited the subject or not. Marlowe was the first of the English dramatists to understand that thought and expression should be in harmony. His original spirit refused dictation; and he developed a rich sonorous line, the beauty of which was recognized at once. His musical ear and poetic instinct guided him to hitherto forbidden licenses — variety in the management of the cæsure, feminine endings, run-on lines, the introduction of other than iambic measures; and thus he secured an elasticity of meter which permanently enriched English poetry. His creative daring stifled a cold and formal classicism, inaugurated our romantic drama, and served as guiding indication to Shakespeare himself. But although certain verses of 'Tamburlaine' cling to the reader's memory as perfect in poetic feeling and harmony, the greater part of it is mere "bombast" to modern taste. Even in Marlowe's day his exaggerations excited ridicule, and quotations from his dramas became town catchwords. But the spontaneous passion of his impossible conceptions gave them a force which impressed the public. 'Tamburlaine' was immensely popular, and the sequel or 'Part Second' was enthusiastically received. Many critics since Ben Jonson have discussed "Marlowe's mighty line" and honored its influence; and his fellow writers were quick to follow his example.

The Faust legend, traceable back to the sixth century, finally drifted over to England, where in ballad form, founded upon the 'Volksbuch' by Spiess, it appeared in 1587, and probably soon caught Marlowe's attention. His play of 'Dr. Faustus' was given in 1588, and was very highly praised. It is said that Goethe, who thought of translating it, exclaimed admiringly, "How greatly it is all planned!" Compared with the harmonic unity of form and matter in Goethe's 'Faust,' Marlowe's work seems childish in construction, uneven and faulty in expression. But there are certain passages — for example, the thrilling passion of the invocation to Helen, and the final despair of Faustus — of positive poetic splendor.

In the 'Jew of Malta' there are fine passages which show Marlowe's increasing mastery of his line. But in spite of its descriptive color and force, and keen touches of characterization, it was less successful than 'Tamburlaine,' and is perhaps most noteworthy now for the obvious parallelism of certain scenes with those of the later 'Merchant of Venice.'

'Edward II,' founded upon Robert Fabyan's 'Chronicle' or 'Concordance

of Histories,' is structurally the best of Marlowe's plays, and contains finely pathetic verse which bears comparison with that of Shakespeare's historical drama. The poet as he grows older seems to take a broader, more sympathetic view of life; and therefore he begins to understand feelings more normal than the infinite ambitions of Faustus and Tamburlaine, and becomes more skilful in the portrayal of character. There is little of his earlier exaggeration.

The two shorter dramas — 'The Massacre of Paris,' and 'Dido, Queen of Carthage' — were written in collaboration with other playwrights.

No one can read Marlowe carefully without feeling that the social influences of his time made him a dramatist, and that he was by nature a lyric poet. He was intensely subjective, and incapable of taking an impersonal and comprehensive point of view. He always expresses his own aspiration for fame, or joy, or satisfaction, transcending anything earth can offer. "That like I best that flies beyond my reach." This preoccupation with imaginative ideals made it impossible for him to understand every-day human nature. Hence no touch of humor vitalizes his work; and hence his efforts to depict women are always vague and unsatisfactory. He is at his best when expressing his own passions — his adoration of light and color, of gold and sparkling gems, of milk-white beauties with rippling brilliant hair. Like the other men of his time, he loved nature: delighted in tinkling waters, wide skies, gay velvety blossoms. He is a thorough sensualist; frankly, ardently so in 'Hero and Leander' — that beautiful love poem, a paraphrase of Musach's poem, of which he wrote the first two sestads, and which after his death was finished by Chapman. Everyone knows the lines, written in much the same spirit, of 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love'; "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe," as Izaak Walton says. It had many imitations, and a charming response from the pen of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Marlowe aimed high, and left a lasting imprint upon English literature. He reached fame very quickly; made more friends than enemies; and his early death called out many tributes of love and admiration. Michael Drayton wrote of him: —

Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian Springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had: his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May-morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

[*Alarms of battle within. Enter Cosroe, wounded, and Tamburlaine*]

COSROE. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
 Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
 Treacherous and false Theridamas,
 Even at the morning of my happy state,

Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
 To work my downfall and untimely end!
 An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul,
 And death arrests the organ of my voice,
 Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
 Sacks every vein and artier of my heart. —
 Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

Tamburlaine. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
 That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
 To thrust his doting father from his chair,
 And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
 Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
 What better precedent than mighty Jove?
 Nature that framed us of four elements,
 Warring within our breasts for regiment,
 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.
 Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
 The wondrous architecture of the world,
 And measure every wandering planet's course,
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
 And always moving as the restless spheres,
 Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all —
 That perfect bliss and sole delicacy,
 The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

AH, fair Zenocrate! — divine Zenocrate! —
 Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
 That in thy passion for thy country's love,
 And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
 With hair disheveled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
 And like to Flora in her morning pride,
 Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
 Rain'st on the earth resolvèd pearl in showers,
 And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
 Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
 And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
 Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
 Eyes that, when Ebena steps to heaven,
 In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,

Make, in the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light,
There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls:
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk,
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
And every warrior that is wrapt with love
Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stooped the chiefest of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,
To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

TAMBURLAINE. But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war:
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armor thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men:
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,
And sharpest where the assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins and covered ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketeers;
Casemates to place the great artillery;
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the walls from breach.
When this is learned for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fencèd with the concave of monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

Calyphas. My lord, but this is dangerous to be done:

We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

Tamburlaine. Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlaine,

And fear'st to die, or with a curtal-axe

To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?

Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike

A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,

Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as Heaven,

Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,

And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?

Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,

Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,

Dyeing their lances with their streaming blood,

And yet at night carouse within my tent,

Filling their empty veins with airy wine,

That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood —

And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?

View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings,

And with his horse marched round about the earth

Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,

That by the wars lost not a drop of blood —

And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

[*He cuts his arm.*]

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;

Blood is the god of war's rich livery.

Now look I like a soldier, and this wound

As great a grace and majesty to me,

As if a chain of gold, enameled,

Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,

And fairest pearl of wealthy India,

Were mounted here under a canopy,

And I sate down clothed with a massy robe,

That late adorned the Afric potentate,

Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.

Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,

And in my blood wash all your hands at once,

While I sit smiling to behold the sight.

Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?

Calyphas. I know not what I should think of it; methinks it is a pitiful sight.

Celebinus. 'Tis nothing: give me a wound, father.

Amyras. And me another, my lord.

Tamburlaine. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

Celebinus. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

Tamburlaine. It shall suffice thou darest abide a wound:
 My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
 Before we meet the army of the Turk;
 But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
 Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
 And let the burning of Larissa-walls,
 My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
 Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds
 Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!

FROM 'DOCTOR FAUSTUS'

INVOCATION TO HELEN

FAUSTUS. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
 Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies! — [*Kisses her.*]
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
 Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to hapless Semele;
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms:
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

THE DAMNATION OF FAUST

Ah, Faustus,
 Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
 And then thou must be damned perpetually!
 Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
 That time may cease, and midnight never come;
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make

Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
 Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
 See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
 One drop would save my soul! — half a drop; ah, my Christ!
 Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
 Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer! —
 Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where God
 Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
 Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
 No! No!
 Then will I headlong run into the earth;
 Earth gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me!
 You stars that reigned at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
 Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,
 That when they vomit forth into the air,
 My lips may issue from their smoky mouths,
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon!
 O God!
 If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
 Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain;
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years —
 A hundred thousand, and — at last — be saved!
 Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
 Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
 For, when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
 But mine must live, still to be plagued in hell,

Curst be the parents that engendered me!
 No, Faustus: curse thyself; curse Lucifer
 That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clocks strikes twelve.*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.

[*Enter Devils*]

My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
 Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
 I'll burn my books! — Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt Devils and Faustus.*]

[*Enter Chorus*]

Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
 That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
 Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
 Only to wonder at unlawful things,
 Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
 To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[*Exit.*]

FROM 'EDWARD THE SECOND'

KING EDWARD. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
King Edward. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Lightborn. To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were used,
 For she relents at this your misery;

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

King Edward. Weep'st thou already? List awhile to me:

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Lightborn. O villains!

King Edward. And there in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king:
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed;
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
Oh, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

Lightborn. Oh, speak no more, my lord! This breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

King Edward. These looks of thine can harbor naught but death:

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay: awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Lightborn. What means your Highness to mistrust me thus?

King Edward. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Lightborn. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

King Edward. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left; receive thou this. [*Giving jewel.*]
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harborest murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king — oh, at the name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?

Lightborn. You're overwatched, my lord: lie down and rest.

King Edward. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.

Now as I speak they fall; and yet with fear

Open again. Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Lightborn. If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.

King Edward. No, no: for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*]

Lightborn. He sleeps.

King Edward [*waking*].

Oh, let me not die yet! Oh, stay a while!

Lightborn. How now, my lord?

King Edward. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.

And therefore tell me, Wherefore art thou come?

Lightborn. To rid thee of thy life. — Matrevis, come!

[*Enter Matrevis and Gurney*]

King Edward. I am too weak and feeble to resist:

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

Lightborn. Run for the table.

King Edward. Oh, spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

[*Matrevis brings in a table.*]

Lightborn. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,

But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[*King Edward is murdered.*]

Matrevis. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,

And therefore, let us take horse and away.

Lightborn. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

Gurney. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

[*Gurney stabs Lightborn, who dies.*]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,

And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord!

Away!

[*Exeunt with the bodies.*]

FROM 'THE JEW OF MALTA'

BARABAS. So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.

As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fingered groat
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
And all his lifetime hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labor so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mold;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearls like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room. . . .

These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:

What more may Heaven do for earthly man
 Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
 Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
 Making the seas their servants, and the winds
 To drive their substance with successful blasts?
 Who hateth me but for my happiness?
 Or who is honored now but for his wealth?
 Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
 Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
 For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
 But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
 Which methinks fits not their profession.
 Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
 And for his conscience lives in beggary.
 They say we are a scattered nation;
 I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up
 More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
 There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
 Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
 Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
 Many in France, and wealthy every one;
 Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
 I must confess we come not to be kings:
 That's not our fault; alas, our number's few,
 And crowns come either by succession,
 Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
 Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
 Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,
 That thirst so much for principality.

SHAKESPEARE

IF an Academy of Immortals chosen from all ages could be formed, there is no doubt that a plebiscite of the English-speaking peoples would send Shakespeare as their chief representative to that august assembly. He alone could speak on their behalf of life and its joys in the presence of Homer, of death and its mysteries in Dante's presence; he alone could respond to the wisdom of Goethe with a broader and a sunnier wisdom; he alone could match the laughter of Molière with a laughter as human and more divine. There is a grace in literature which corresponds to the theological grace of charity: he who loses his life in his vision of the world shall save it; he who does not clamor, or assert himself, or thrust forward his individuality, yet is forever operating over the entire field of nature like light — illuminating, interpreting, kindling, fructifying — he it is who while remaining unknown is of all men best known. We are familiar with the thews and bulk of Shakespeare's great contemporary Ben Jonson; we stand in his shadow and are oppressed by his magnitude; we know him as a huge and impressive, if somewhat ungainly, object. Shakespeare disappears from view, because he plays around us like the intangible air and sunshine, and has entered into us and become a portion of our own life.

He came at a fortunate time, when it was possible to view the world in a liberal spirit, free from the harshness of the ascetic and the narrowness of the sectary. A medieval Shakespeare might have found that seriousness implied severity, or that mirth meant revolt and mockery; he might have been forced to regard the mundane and the supermundane as hostile powers; he might have staggered under a burden of theology, or have thrown it off and become militant and aggressive in his vindication of the natural man. Had he lived when Milton lived, he could hardly have stood neutral between two parties which divided the people of England: yet transformed to a political combatant, Shakespeare must have given to party something that was meant for mankind; the deep human problems which interest him might have been replaced or obscured by temporary questions urgent for the moment, by theories of government, of popular rights, of ecclesiastical organization, of ceremony and ordinance, of Divine decrees, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, as formulated in dogma. Born in the eighteenth century, Shakespeare would have breathed with difficulty: for the higher enthusiasm of poetry, the age of Addison was like an exhausted receiver; the nobler wisdom of Elizabethan days had cooled and contracted into good sense. Even as a contemporary of Byron and of Wordsworth he would have been at a disadvantage: the poetry

of social movement was turbid with passion or doctrinaire in its theories of revolution; serenity was attainable, as Wordsworth proved, but it was to be attained rather through the spirit of contemplation than by dealing with the insurgent forces of modern life.

In the age of Bacon and Spenser and Shakespeare, three great streams, afterwards to be parted, had united to form a broad and exultant flood. The new ideals of the Renaissance, the new sense of the worth of life on earth, the new delight in beauty, had been deepened and enriched by the seriousness of the Reformation; the sense of national power, the pride of country—suddenly enhanced by the overthrow of the naval might of Papal Spain—had coalesced with these. For the imagination, the glories of Italy and of ancient Greece and Rome; for the conscience, the words of Hebrew prophets and singers and Christian teachers; for the heart,

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise, . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

During one brief period, Englishmen discovered that gravity might be gay and gaiety might be serious, while both gaiety and gravity were supported by an energy of will which enabled them to do great things; they could be stern without moroseness, and could laugh aloud because such laughter was a part of strength, and of their strenuous acceptance of the world as good.

It was a fortunate moment for a dramatic artist. The epic breadth and the moral purport of the medieval religious drama had not been lost; but they had submitted to the new and happier forms of Renaissance literature. Italian and classical models had served to make tragedy and comedy shapely, organic, vertebrate. But the pedantry of scholars had not suppressed the instincts of popular pleasure. The spectators of the theater included both a cultured minority, and the ruder mass that desired strong appeals to pity and terror, and a frank invitation to mirth. The court favored but did not dominate the theater; the stage remained essentially popular, but it showed how a common pleasure could be ennobled and refined. Shakespeare's predecessors had prepared the way for him in tragedy, comedy, and chronicle play. He received from Marlowe that majestic instrument of poetic expression, blank verse; it was his triumph to discover in time how to extend the keyboard, and to touch its various stops. The years from 1590 to 1610 were the high midsummer of the English drama, when the fruitage was maturing from its early crudities, and was still untouched by that overripeness which streaked and spotted the later Jacobean and Caroline drama, and gave it the sick-sweet odor of decay. Nor as yet, in the struggle for existence between literary species, had the novel entered into competition with the drama. When it did so, in the eighteenth century, the high tragedy of the age was Richardson's 'Clarissa,' the most genial comedy was Fielding's 'Tom Jones.'

These advantages Shakespeare gained from his environment and from the moment when he appeared; all else that contributed to his work may be assigned to his own genius. If he became the most learned man of his generation, the most learned man of all generations, in one department — the lore of the passions — it was not because he was born in this age or in that. It was because he possessed the genius of discovery; he directed his prow across the voyageable ocean of the human heart, and from a floating weed he could infer America. Each man contains all humanity in his own breast; the microcosm exhibits the macrocosm in little: but most men cherish what is peculiar to themselves, what is individual; and if they express themselves in song they are apt to tell of their private joys and griefs: we capture from them what is theirs, and appropriate it to our own uses. Shakespeare used his private experience as a chink through which he saw the world. Did he feel a momentary pang of jealous affection? There was the opening, as of an eyelet-hole, through which to discover the vast spasms of Othello's anguish. An experience no larger than a mustard-seed, a sense for all the obscure affinities of things, imagination with its dilating and its divining powers — these were the sources of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear,' rather than Saxo Grammaticus and Holinshed. As Goethe in a leaf could recognize the type of plant life and start upon his research into all its metamorphoses, so Shakespeare, discovering in what seems insignificant the type of a passion, could trace it through its varieties by the divining power of the imagination. He observed himself and he observed the world, and each served to interpret the other. Not that which bulked largest in his external life was necessarily of most significance for his art: that which contained a vital germ, to be fostered by his imagination, was of capital importance. The attempts that have been made to connect the creations of such a man of genius as Shakespeare with incidents in his career are often labor spent in vain: what looks considerable from an external point of view may have been an aggregation of insignificant accidents — mere dross of life; the true career was invisible: some momentary joy or pain, of which we shall never hear, may have involved, as in a seed, the blossoms and the fruit of art. We all contain within us the ova of a spiritual population — philosophers, saints, heroes, lovers, humorists, fantasticoes, traitors, cowards, assassins — else Shakespeare were unintelligible to us: but with us the germs remain mere protoplasm; with the man of genius they may mature to a Hamlet, a Jaques, a Romeo, a Rosalind, an Imogen, a Cleopatra.

Shakespeare's outward life — of which we know more than of the life of any other Elizabethan dramatist, except perhaps Ben Jonson — shows him to us as passionate and as eminently prudent. His marriage at nineteen with a woman probably uneducated, several years his elder and of inferior social position, was rash; he fled from Stratford under a cloud, to avoid the consequences of a youthful escapade; if we accept as historical the story outlined in the 'Sonnets,' we must believe that he was capable of extravagant devotion to a

disloyal friend, and was for a time, against his better judgment, the victim of feminine wiles and of his own intemperate heart. But Shakespeare returned to Stratford, wealthy, honored, and beloved; he did not wreck his life, like some of his fellow-dramatists, on the rocks or quicksands of London; he never gave offense to the authorities as Jonson and others did, by indiscreet references to public persons or events; he had no part in the quarrels of authors; he neither lavished praises on his contemporaries nor stung them with epigram and satire; he neither bribed nor bullied; his amiability and high breeding earned him the epithet "gentle"; he desired the ease and freedom which worldly substance brings, and by pursuing his own way with steadfastness and good sense he attained his object. Below his bust in Stratford Church he is characterized as "in judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates."

He lived in two worlds, the extended world of the imagination, and the contracted world of his individual material life. Which was the more real? Perhaps the positive, material life was the dream:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

But he would dream the dream well. And is it after all a dream? Was it not something to possess his soul in sanity, to dismiss his airy spirits, to break his magic staff, and moving amid his fellow-townsmen, by the side of his wife and daughters, to be only a man? Only a man, but enjoying within himself the light and wisdom won through his great adventures of the imagination. His book of magic, not sunk like Prospero's below the waves deeper than ever plummet sounded, was for all the world. His personal life was for himself and those whom he loved. And even for his art, was it not well that he should be attentive to the lesser things of worldly wisdom? He had a vast burden of thoughts and visions to carry, and he must needs carry it steadily. Were it better if he had confused his art with the feverish and mean anxieties that attend on reckless living? No: let the two lives aid each other; let his life as an imaginative creator effect a secondary and subordinate purpose in rendering his material life secure and substantial; let his life in the positive world be such as to set free, rather than pull down or embarrass, his life of the imagination. He might play the two games together, and play both with success.

What moved within the great brain and the great heart of the prosperous Stratford gentleman, more deep and wise perhaps than all his tragedies and comedies, we shall never know: it was a matter for himself, and he kept his secret with the taciturnity of Nature. But we can follow his adventures in the realms of fancy. In these also there was a wise economy of power: he did not dash into deep water, as has often been the way with youthful poets, before he had learned to swim. At first he was content to take lessons in his craft: he

put forth no ambitious manifestoes; he did not pose as a leader of revolt, or belabor the public, in Ben Jonson's fashion, with a doctrine of dramatic reform; he did not read lessons in ethics to his age: he began by trying to please, he ended by trying to please in a nobler manner; he taught a generation which had laughed at 'The Comedy of Errors' how to smile with Prospero in 'The Tempest'; he taught a generation which had snuffed up the reek of blood from 'Titus Andronicus' how, with pity lost in beautiful pride and sense of victory, to gaze upon the dead body of Cordelia. The great work of his life was to show how pleasure can be converted into a noble exercise of the soul; how mirth can be enriched by wisdom; how the primitive brute cry of pain may be transformed into a pure voice bearing a part in the majestic symphony of the world's mourners; how the terror that arises at the sight of violated law may be purified from gross alarms, and appear as one of the dread pillars of order which sustain the fabric of God's world.

The English people need, perhaps in a special degree, wise schooling in the pleasures. They are not lacking in seriousness; but they are prone to leave their pleasures pawing in the mire like Milton's half-created beasts, or to avert their eyes sourly and walk past in self-complacent respectability. Even Emerson, who uttered admirable sentences in his discourse on Shakespeare as the representative poet, laments the fact that he employed his lofty powers so meanly, "leading an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement"; "he converted the elements that waited on his command into entertainments; he was master of the revels to mankind." But what if Shakespeare proved that the revels may be sacred mysteries? The service of joy in such art as his, at its highest, is something more than amusement. In Sandro Botticelli's 'Nativity' the angels circle above the manger in the gracefulest of dances; but are they only amusing themselves? In the old Italian pictures of Paradise, the celestial company are not engaged in attending to a sermon on theology or a lecture on ethics: they are better employed in touching their harps or breathing through loud uplifted trumpets. Shakespeare's highest work does not resemble this "undisturbèd song of pure concent" sung before "the sapphire-colored throne"; but it expresses the music of the earth—with adagio and allegro, discords resolved into harmony, imperious suspensions, rain of laughs, rain of tears—more adequately than the work of any other master. Does it lessen his service to the world that such work is also a beautiful play?

Shakespeare's attainment was not snatched in haste; it was won through long and strenuous endeavor. In his early comedies he moves brightly over the surface of life. 'Love's Labor's Lost' is a young man's good-humored and confident satire of the follies and affectations of the day. How are we to learn our lesson, he asks, in the high-school of the world? Not through the pedantries of erudition, not through the fantastical subtleties of romance, not through a high-flying philosophy which disdains the plain old lore of Mother

Earth: such methods will only make ingenious fools. There is a better way, simple in appearance, yet really needing all our strength and skill: to accept the teaching of life itself in a manly spirit, to let both head and heart task themselves in studying the book of nature; to laugh and love; but also to temper the laughter and joy of youth by acquaintance with the sorrows of the world. Biron, the courageous jester, with seriousness beneath his mirth, is dismissed for a twelve-month to try how mocks and flouts will sound among the speechless sick and groaning wretches of a hospital. He will laugh at the end of his period of probation, but it will be with a wiser, a braver, and a kindlier laughter. He will love the better for a year's instruction in the lessons of pain. "This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring": the song of the cuckoo and the song of the owl are alike songs of the earth; let us cheerfully attend to both.

Such was Shakespeare's starting-point. He was a scholar, in love with the book of life, and in time he would understand its meaning. But as he turned the pages he found obscure and awful things, and it may be that for a while his vision grew perplexed. When 'Measure for Measure' was written, it seems as if he moved in some valley of the shadow of sin and death, amid encompassing gloom, and could sustain his courage only by the presence of strength, severe and virginal but not joyous, as seen in the person of Isabella. In 'Troilus and Cressida' — the comedy of disillusion — he gazes on life with a bitter irony, finding young love a fraud, and pretentious heroes only vulgar egoists beneath their glittering armor: if there is virtue anywhere, it must be sought in such worldly wisdom as that of Ulysses; the penetration and insight of a Machiavelli is indeed a kind of virtue amid sham splendors, mercenary wiles, and the deceits of sensual passion.

But Shakespeare could not remain content with the poor philosophy of disenchantment. Vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, self-deceptive imaginations — he had come to know them all; but he could not accept as final the shrunken wisdom of such a discovery. Nor would he retreat to the untenable refuge of a shallow optimism. He went forward courageously to a deeper inquisition of evil. He ceased for a time from comedy: one great tragedy — 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Timon of Athens' — succeeded another. And searching profoundly into the mystery of evil, he rediscovered, and in a deeper way than ever before, the mystery of good. Cordelia suffers a shameful death; but she has given her life as a free gift, to win a victory of love. Othello, in the blinding simoon of passion, has struck her whom he best loved, and Desdemona lies on the bed "pale as her smock": but her spirit has conquered the malignant spirit of Iago; and Othello enters into a great calm as he pronounces the doom of a justiciary against himself, and falls where his lips can give his wronged wife the last kiss of union.

Into such a calm, but serener and more bright, Shakespeare himself passed after he had completed his studies of terror and pity. The serenity of the latest

dramas, beautiful romances rather than comedies, the plays of Prospero and Imogen and Hermione, has in it something of the pellucid atmosphere of early autumn days; the air is bright and transparent, but below its calm there is a touch of surrender and detachment: the harvest is well-nigh gathered; the songs of spring and the vivifying midsummer ardors are withdrawn: yet the peace that is present is a vivid peace; and Shakespeare in these plays sees the spectacle of life — its joys of youth, its victories of mature wisdom and the patience of hope — with a sympathy deeper and more pure than that of his earlier exultant years:—

Uranian clearness, come!
Give me to breathe in peace and in surprise
The light-thrilled ether of your rarest skies,
Till inmost absolution start
The welling in the grateful eyes,
The heaving in the heart.

These are the dramas of reconciliation; like the masque of his great enchanter, "harmonious charmingly." It is as if Shakespeare had solved the riddle at last, had found the secret; or not having found it, but assured that its meaning is good, could be content to wait.

EDWARD DOWDEN

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

WE know fairly little about Shakespeare's life because in an age when biographies were considerably more rare than epics no one who knew the poet was inspired to leave us an account of him. Yet we know relatively much — more than is known of almost any of his fellow-dramatists — because in the centuries that have ensued a thousand hands have been diligent in turning over documents that might disclose a fact or two about the master. Out of these researches there has come a body of fact mingled with tradition, which, though it is all too scanty to explain the poet's spiritual progress, or to answer many of the questions that arise about his personality, is still sufficient to tell a fairly continuous story of his passage through life.

William Shakespeare was baptized, presumably a few days after his birth, at Stratford on April 26, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, is described in tradition as a glover and also as a butcher, and seems actually to have been a general dealer in farm products. In 1557 he had made a seemingly propitious marriage with Mary Arden, who had brought him considerable property and who bore him eight children, of whom William was the third and the eldest to

survive. For some five years before marriage and for fifteen or more thereafter the record of the father is that of a man prosperous in business and in civic affairs. In particular he advanced through various municipal offices until he reached the high local position of bailiff, or mayor, of Stratford in 1568. But not long after that date his fortunes evidently waned, and for some twenty years after 1577 his record is mainly one of debts and mortgages and lawsuits.

Though without proof of the fact, we have good reason to presume that up to about 1577 William Shakespeare attended the grammar school at Stratford and received the discipline in Latin authors there prescribed. But it is believed that around the year mentioned he was taken out of school, owing to his father's pecuniary embarrassment, and put to work. There is a story that he was apprenticed to a butcher, his father or another, and that "When he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech." But nothing is certain about him before he reached the age of eighteen. Then, in 1582, occurs the record of a license for his marriage to Anne Hathaway. The evidences indicate that Anne Hathaway, who was apparently the daughter of a farmer in the nearby village of Shottery, was eight years older than Shakespeare, that the marriage was hurried by her friends, and that the Shakespeare family felt no pride in it. The haste of the bride's friends seems to be explained by the birth of Susanna, her first child, within six months after the wedding. The twins, Hamnet and Judith, were born two years later, in 1585; and this is the last positive record of Shakespeare before we hear of him in London. Whether he engaged in the deer-stealing escapade, famous in tradition and possibly referred to by Shakespeare himself in the opening lines of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' is open to some question; whether this had anything to do with his leaving Stratford, to still more.

Though the exact date is uncertain, it is thought that he went up to London about 1586. There is one story that he found work holding horses in front of the theater, and another that he secured employment as a call-boy within the building. But again, nothing is sure until 1592; then the records inform us that he has become both an actor and a playwright, and is rising rapidly enough to arouse envy. In that year the dramatist Robert Greene, ending a wretched life with an untimely death, left behind him the pamphlet entitled 'A Groatsworth of Wit,' in which he gives warning to three of his fellow-dramatists to beware of plagiarists, and among other vituperative gems pours out the following: "Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in the country." Now in an old play called 'The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York' there occurs the line, "Oh tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!" and in the third part of 'Henry VI,' a play based on the 'True Tragedy' and printed in the Folio as Shakespeare's, this line is repeated. It is evidently this

line that Greene parodies in his "Tiger's heart wrapt in a *player's* hide," and the parody is significant coming in connection with a charge of plagiarism. Furthermore, "Shake-scene" is pretty obviously a play on the name of Shakespeare and his new occupation on the stage. The whole passage thus shows that by 1592 Shakespeare was known as an actor, and that whatever else he had written, he had finished his share of the three plays of 'Henry VI'; also that his success as dramatist was great enough to provoke the jealousy of an older playwright.

At least two men having resented Greene's attack, the dramatist Chettle, who had prepared Greene's pamphlet for the press, took occasion to make apology for certain passages in it later in the year when he came to publish his own 'Kind-Harts Dream.' And it is very likely, though not certain, that the following part of the apology refers to Shakespeare.

"With neither of them that take offense was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be. The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion — especially in such a case, the author being dead — that I did not, I am as sorry, as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness in dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."

The character here outlined is so like that given to Shakespeare by other writers later as to strengthen the belief that he is here referred to.

So by 1592 Shakespeare is well established as an actor and a dramatist; and from now on for about twenty years he continues to produce plays at the rate of nearly two a year. The succession of these plays, in the approximate order of their composition, we may postpone for a moment in order to leave clear the record of the author's life. In 1593 he made a bid for fame and for a patron by publishing his 'Venus and Adonis,' addressed in eulogistic terms to the Earl of Southampton, and in the following year he published 'The Rape of Lucrece,' dedicated to the same nobleman in terms noticeably more familiar and therefore perhaps indicating that Southampton had proved friendly and munificent. Without going so far as to believe the story that Southampton once gave him a thousand pounds, certainly a very large present at that time, we may with plausibility suppose that Shakespeare benefited considerably from the Earl's influence and purse. And the two poems brought him a good measure of literary distinction. Prominence of another kind is also evinced from the record that in 1594 Shakespeare was summoned, along with some of his fellow-actors, to present two comedies before the queen at Greenwich in the Christmas season.

Then the records take us back to Stratford. During all this time the family there had seemingly continued in exiguous circumstances, and in 1596 Shake-

Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, died. In this year, apparently, Shakespeare revisited Stratford and began to retrieve the family fortunes. For one thing, it was in this year that his father applied for a coat of arms. In a man who had been down at heels for twenty years this was an unlikely action, but for the successful poet and dramatist to desire such advancement above the none too reputable profession of acting was altogether probable, and it is therefore pretty certain that Shakespeare instigated his father's application. The appeal was not completely successful in 1596; but three years later, upon a renewed application, the coat of arms was granted. From now on, many records testify to Shakespeare's prosperity. In 1597 he purchased for sixty pounds the largest house in Stratford, called New Place. In 1601 he inherited from his father the two houses in Henley Street which are still shown to visitors. In 1602 he bought, for £320, more than a hundred acres of arable land with common pasture attaching to it; twenty more acres were purchased eight years later. In 1602 he acquired a cottage and garden at Stratford. In 1605 he bought for £440 the thirty-one-year remainder of a lease of the Stratford tithes, a purchase that involved him in considerable litigation. There were also investments in London. In 1613 was recorded the purchase of a house near the Blackfriars theater. From 1615 there is a record of a suit in which he and other owners were seeking to obtain certain deeds securing their property in the precinct of Blackfriars. This is but one of many lawsuits in which Shakespeare was engaged as principal or witness, several of them brought for the recovery of small sums of money. Perhaps the most interesting is the recently discovered lawsuit from 1612. It establishes the fact that Shakespeare was lodging, possibly from 1598 to 1604, in the house of one Christopher Mountjoy, a wig-maker, at the corner of Muggle and Silver streets, near Cripplegate. He had, in 1604, arranged the marriage of Mountjoy's daughter Mary to an apprentice named Stephen Bellott; and when Bellott brought suit over the dowry eight years later Shakespeare was an important witness. In the critical question of the amount of the dowry promised, however, his memory failed him.

The other witnesses examined speak of Shakespeare with respect and esteem; and various further records refer to him as a man of probity and of substantial fortune. In 1598, for instance, a certain Abraham Sturley of Stratford writes to a relative in London referring to Shakespeare's willingness to purchase certain property at Shottery and suggesting that he be urged to purchase the tithes. In the same year Richard Quiney, also of Stratford, writes to ask Shakespeare for thirty pounds. A year later Sturley writes to Quiney of his satisfaction at hearing that Shakespeare would assist with money needed in a project for enlarging the charter of Stratford; and a letter to Quiney from his father about the same time refers to bargaining with Shakespeare for financial aid. The exact details are not of great importance; the evident conclusion from them all is that the Stratford folk looked up to Shakespeare as a man of means whom it would be profitable to deal with.

It is not difficult to account for the means at his disposal, or to estimate them roughly. From the publication of his poems he presumably had some return. During his first ten years of authorship he probably received about £10 for each play he sold to the managers, or since he averaged two plays a year, about £20 annually. In the terms of the purchasing power of American money today, this would mean nearly \$1000 a year. After 1600, furthermore, the price of plays rose to about double that customary in the decade preceding, and we may therefore double Shakespeare's income from this source. As an actor he earned a good deal more. It is estimated that up to 1599 his salary for acting must have been at least £100 a year (\$5000). And still more profitable was Shakespeare's share in the Globe Theater, acquired in 1599. The income from a single share in this theater was more than £200 a year (\$10,000), and Shakespeare may have held more than one share. After 1610 he was part-owner also of the Blackfriars. Now over and above all this may be counted whatever Shakespeare received from special performances at court, in possible gratuities from Southampton, and from miscellaneous sources. The total will be a substantial sum, especially after 1599; more than \$20,000 a year, according to Sir Sidney Lee. So there is no mystery as to the sources of the wealth that Shakespeare had to lay out in Stratford and in London. It is gratifying to know that his work brought him fair reward in legal tender, nor need anyone esteem him less because of his canny sense in placing it where it would bring returns, or in insisting, in the courts if necessary, on the payment of what was due him.

We have run ahead of chronology because it seemed desirable to state the facts about Shakespeare's purchases and means in connection with the first records of his prosperity. We left him in London in 1594, by which time he had been successful enough as actor and dramatist to draw a violent attack upon himself, had published two poems, secured a patron, and enjoyed the distinction of a command to play before the queen. The next important records of his rising fame come from 1598. In that year his name first appears on the title-page of a play, in the Quarto editions of 'Richard II' and 'Love's Labor's Lost'; and from this time on, the publishers realized the value of his name or his initials on the title-pages of plays and poems, and even used the name to usher into print poems and plays that Shakespeare had no hand in. From the same year comes the 'Palladis Tamia' of Francis Meres, a book which, in a comparison of the English writers of the period with the authors of antiquity, included, among other flattering references to Shakespeare, the following celebrated passage: —

"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras: so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared sonnets among his private friends, &c.

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in

both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labor's Lost*, his *Love's Labor's Won*, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*: for tragedy, his *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

"As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speak with *Plautus'* tongue, if they would speak Latin: so I say that the Muses would speak with *Shakespeare's* fine filed phrase, if they would speak English."

Whether many men of *Shakespeare's* time were conscious of the poet's unquestionable superiority to all the other writers of the age is open to considerable doubt, but that his place at least among the first of them was generally admitted is evident from the laudatory references, too numerous to mention, to the poet and his plays from this date onward. That his pre-eminence over *Ben Jonson*, for instance, or *Beaumont and Fletcher*, was apparent to most of the people who knew them or saw their plays can hardly be asserted; that he was considered as at least their equal is more certain. Other records, though scant enough, serve to show his advancement in favor. The accession of *King James* in 1603 rather improved his situation and that of his company. In that year a patent was issued authorizing *Shakespeare* and his associates to continue their dramatic performances directly under the patronage of *James*, and from this time forward *Shakespeare's* company is known as the "king's men." On the occasion of the king's formal entry into London, in the next year, nine actors walked in the procession, and the name of *Shakespeare* stands at the top of the list of them. And at least a dozen entries in the *Revels Accounts* record performances by *Shakespeare's* company before the king. *Shakespeare* himself seems to have given up acting, however, after 1604.

But he continued to produce plays up to about 1611. Occasionally he seems to have taken a hand in dramatic composition after that date, as in his collaboration, now generally admitted, with *Fletcher* in '*Henry VIII*' and '*The Two Noble Kinsmen*' as late as 1612-13. But after 1611 his writing was certainly not constant, and though certain business transactions in London are recorded after that date, it seems evident that he gradually, if not definitely, retired to Stratford. He sold his shares in the theaters, and toward the end of his life he is usually referred to as "William Shakespeare, gent., of Stratford-on-Avon." In 1613 we hear of a payment of fourteen shillings to him for supplying the motto of an heraldic shield designed and painted by the actor *Burbage* at the behest of the *Earl of Rutland*. In January, 1616, *Shakespeare* had his will drawn up, and after some changes he signed it two months later. On April 23 he died.

It has taken a great deal of work to determine the order in which *Shakespeare's* plays were written. Apparently the dramatist himself never saw one of them through the press. By 1622 seventeen of them had got into print, some surreptitiously and others seemingly by a more regular arrangement; but

these Quarto editions, as they are called, seldom help much to indicate the date of composition. The Folio of 1623 contains thirty-six plays, arranged as Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, but without indication of the order in which the plays were written. Not until nearly two centuries later, in fact, was much light shed on the important question of the sequence of the plays — important because any discussion of Shakespeare's development as poet, dramatist, or thinker is impossible without an approximate answer to that question. Such an answer has been sought and found by scholars of the last century or more, and in their searches several kinds of evidence have been utilized.

External evidence, where it exists, is almost invariably the best. Such evidence may be found in records of the performance of a play, in quotation from it, or reference of any nature to it, in another document of known date. Thus we know that 'The Comedy of Errors' was written before Christmas 1594, because there is a record of its performance at Gray's Inn in the Christmas season of that year, but we do not know exactly how long before. Again, it is evident that the twelve plays mentioned by Meres in the passage above quoted must all have been written by 1598, the date of Meres' own book. But Meres does not date any play more precisely than this, nor does he indicate the order of the twelve he mentions. If external evidence, however, does not always go as far as we should like, it is usually indisputable as far as it goes. And many items of external evidence have been gathered that help us to date various plays.

Internal evidence is not usually so precise or so convincing as external. It is of many kinds. The purely esthetic judgment as to the relative maturity of thought or of poetic expression, while never negligible, is perhaps the most dangerous kind of test, since it must always be to some extent, and frequently is to a very high degree, a matter of personal taste. Only less debatable, for the same reason, are verdicts based solely on maturity of dramatic construction or of character-portrayal. Of greater value is the evidence afforded by the more objective elements of style. As Shakespeare matures, for instance, the number of his allusions to classical mythology, as also the number of his quotations from or paraphrases of ancient authors, gradually decreases; so does the number and the fancifulness of his plays on words and his far-fetched figures of speech. Such things as these, exhibiting a gradual advance from artificiality toward reality, can be roughly counted and put beyond debate, for whatever they are worth. Still more arithmetical are the tests of Shakespeare's versification, which, responding to a general movement in the dramatic blank verse of the time, changed very considerably, though gradually, between his first and last dramas. The technic of his verse seems to have been relatively unconscious with him, and so relatively regular and valuable as evidence for our purpose. Here again the advance is from formality to naturalness, from stiffness to flexibility of speech. The most telling changes that took place in his verse

were those from frequency to rarity of rhyming lines and from rarity to frequency of run-on lines (lines at the end of which no pause is possible in recitation), of feminine endings (lines ending in an extra syllable beyond the conventional five feet), and of speeches ending with a broken line. To show how great a change took place from first to last it might be said that in 'Love's Labor's Lost,' perhaps his first comedy, we have over 1000 rhymes, in 'The Tempest,' probably his last, only two; in 'Love's Labor's Lost' 18 per cent of run-on lines, in 'The Tempest' 42 per cent; in 'Love's Labor's Lost' 8 per cent of feminine endings, in 'The Tempest' 35 per cent; in 'Love's Labor's Lost' 10 per cent of speeches ending with a broken line, in 'The Tempest' 85 per cent. This is of course an extreme illustration. Few plays, if any, will show an advance in all these respects over their predecessors, and some plays show evident reversions to an earlier form; there is, in a word, a general advance, not without occasional lapses, but there is no abrupt change. There is naturally some difference between two plays written about the same time but on widely differing themes, and there are anomalies that arise in certain cases from the fact that a play written in one period was revised or augmented in another. Valuable in spite of these allowances, however, metrical evidence is often sufficient to date a play, not of course in a particular year, but at least in or around a given period.

From a careful interpretation of all the evidences at hand, critics have drawn up the following list of the plays in their approximate order and with their approximate dates. We cannot be sure that in every case the order is exactly correct or the date precise, but we can be fairly certain that in few cases are we more than a year or two out of the way.

PERIODS	COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
I	'Love's Labor's Lost,' 1591 'Comedy of Errors,' 1591 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 1591-2	'1 Henry VI,' 1590-1 '2 Henry VI,' 1590-2 '3 Henry VI,' 1590-2 'Richard III,' 1593 'King John,' 1593	'Titus Andronicus,' 1593-4
II	'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1594-5 'Merchant of Venice,' 1595-6 'Taming of the Shrew,' 1596-7 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 1598 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 1599 'As You Like It,' 1599-1600 'Twelfth Night,' 1601	'Richard II,' 1595 '1 Henry IV,' 1597 '2 Henry IV,' 1598 'Henry V,' 1599	'Romeo and Juliet,' 1594-5 'Julius Caesar,' 1599

III	'Troilus and Cressida,' 1601-2 'All's Well That Ends Well,' 1602 'Measure for Measure,' 1603 'Pericles,' 1607-8		'Hamlet,' 1602, 1603 'Othello,' 1604 'King Lear,' 1605-6 'Macbeth,' 1606 'Timon of Athens,' 1607 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 1607-8 'Coriolanus,' 1609
IV	'Cymbeline,' 1610 'Winter's Tale,' 1611 'Tempest,' 1611 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' 1612-13	'Henry VIII,' 1612	

Certainly this table, taken from 'The Facts about Shakespeare,' by Neilson and Thorndike, is accurate enough to warrant the broad interpretation of the dramatist's development which will follow. Although the lines of division are not hard and fast, the plays fall not unnaturally into the four periods indicated.

The first period is one of imitation. Several different types of plays were popular on the London stage when Shakespeare began to write for it, and in the period of his apprenticeship the poet tried his hand, one or more times, at nearly every kind. In the first period history plays predominate. Apparently his first work was done on plays based upon English history, and in the earliest of these, in fact, he seems to be doing piece-work in revision or collaboration or both. Probably he wrote only seven or eight scenes in the first part of 'Henry VI,' and probably he revised, or aided in revising, the second and third parts of that play from originals written by another man or by other men. But in 'Richard III' he produced an impressive history play unassisted, though following closely the model of Marlowe in the figure of his hero and the handling of his plot and verse. Then he proceeds to 'King John,' in some respects more independent, though a play of less compelling interest. During the same years, in comedy, he wrote 'Love's Labor's Lost,' at once an imitation and in some part a satire of the kind of play that Lyly wrote; 'The Comedy of Errors,' a farce improving on the play of Plautus which suggested it; and 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' his earliest romantic comedy, which, with less specific models, has resemblances to certain plays of Greene and to one or two other comedies preceding it. Toward the close of the period he dipped into the "tragedy of blood," as written by Kyd and other dramatists, and in this first tragedy outdid all previous authors for manifold and fearsome horror on the stage.

In the second period comedy predominates. Shakespeare keeps up his work in history, but with great changes. In 'Richard II,' to be sure, at the beginning of the period, there is no great alteration in dramatic method from 'King

John'; but in the two parts of 'Henry IV,' toward the middle of the period, there is a marked change. Whether from a feeling that the facts of history did not naturally combine into a true dramatic plot, or for other reasons, Shakespeare departs from the common model of the history play and by the introduction of Falstaff and his fellows turns half of the play into pure comedy. So much does the comic interest surpass the historical in these plays, indeed, that in another drama Shakespeare takes Falstaff out of the historical setting and devotes to him a separate comedy, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' In 'Henry V' there is a partial return to history of the older type. After that Shakespeare breaks the mold. He does no more in English history except to take a hand with Fletcher, at the very end of his career, in 'Henry VIII.' If the histories of this period show a tendency to comedy, the two tragedies are measurably different from most of Shakespeare's tragic dramas. 'Romeo and Juliet,' near the beginning of the period, is a tragedy of exuberant romantic love which could easily be turned into a comedy, and which was, as a matter of fact, frequently given as a comedy with the few changes which that transformation requires. But even taken as a tragedy, the play leads to disaster through joy and glory and not through the despair and doom of 'Hamlet' or 'Lear' or 'Macbeth.' Nor is the high Roman tragedy of 'Julius Cæsar,' toward the end of the period, a drama of such bitterness, personal and social, as the later tragedies. Now along with the four histories and the two tragedies of the period Shakespeare produced seven comedies: the delicate fantasy of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' the romantic story of love and revenge in 'The Merchant of Venice,' the two more boisterous comedies, approaching farce, of 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and the three consummate comedies of love and laughter, 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Twelfth Night.'

The third period is one of tragedy. Comedies usher it in, to be sure, but they are comedies that show the seamy side of life in frank and often bitter realism. In these traits 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'All's Well That Ends Well,' and 'Measure for Measure' mark a departure from the mirthful comedies immediately preceding them as strikingly as do the tragedies that now begin. In 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Timon' Shakespeare is probing the darkest problems that mortality can meet, and in general the gloom grows thicker as we progress through those five plays. It is somewhat alleviated in the luxuriant poetry that immortalizes the story of wanton love in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and much more in the romantic adventures of 'Pericles,' prelude of the last comedies soon to come. But it resumes sway in the final tragedy of 'Coriolanus,' the last story of a hero living in the cursed spite of problems he cannot solve.

The last period is one of comedy again, or tragicomedy — of "dramatic romances," as the latest plays are usually called. The turning is seen in 'Cymbeline'; the triumphs of romance are 'The Winter's Tale' and 'The

Tempest.' With these stories Shakespeare's career is near its close. After them we have only his share in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' and 'Henry VIII' to complete his work.

If the shifting of interest from one species of drama to another is thus clear from the list, the gain in power, of every kind required of the dramatist, is equally clear. The growth of Shakespeare's powers is at once gradual and rapid. It is not without certain lapses, due apparently to haste in some cases and to the suspension of high ambition in others. Thus after the triumphs of lyric fancy in 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' and of plot-making and character-drawing in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Shakespeare was willing to revamp a farce into 'The Taming of the Shrew'; after the creation of England's greatest comic character in Falstaff, he found it possible in great measure to debase that character in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' a comedy so definitely inferior to others of the period as to incline one to believe the story that it was written at the order of the queen and in a fortnight; after the thunderings of 'Lear' and the supreme poetry of 'Antony and Cleopatra' he was content to join hands in some way with a third-rate poet in dramatizing the sprawling story of adventure that constitutes 'Pericles.' Such occasional lapses from high seriousness are consonant with all that we know about the character of the dramatist. But a few lapses of this kind aside, the growth of Shakespeare's genius is as regular as with most authors, and as remarkable perhaps as is recorded anywhere in literature.

In his very earliest work at piecing out plays with other authors Shakespeare exhibits no very original or distinctive gift. In the three plays of 'Henry VI' the sections most probably his are indeed better than most other portions of the plays, in verse, in dramatic effect, and in grasp of character; but they are only slightly better, and are in no wise different in aim from the rest of the plays. Very much the same statement can be made of 'Titus Andronicus' in comparison with the preceding plays similar to it; it is in better verse than almost any tragedy of blood before it, and it outdoes every tragedy of blood in the main effect common to them all — terror. But in 'Richard III' we have the promise at least of genius. True, there is little innovation in the play: the verse is Marlowe's mighty line, the diction his high-astounding terms, the hero-villain his Tamburlaine made English, and the plot is history turned into drama of the straight-line type rather than of the rise and fall of complication and solution; but the result is a play that surpasses Marlowe in dramatic interest, that has held the stage from its own day to ours. In comedy Shakespeare starts somewhat more independently, and yet humbly enough. 'Love's Labor's Lost' should have shown any contemporary that a new genius in wielding English words had arisen, but it would have promised not a great deal more. 'The Comedy of Errors' displayed capacity for fun and cunning in plot-construction — made easier by the excellent model of Plautus; it is definitely but not immeasurably in advance of any comedy in English up to its

time. 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' presages all kinds of high delight to come in the romantic comedies of a few years later; but we see the promise in it mainly because we see the performance in those later plays, and without them it is doubtful if we should see more in it than did, presumably, the spectators at its first performance — a problem of romantic love distastefully solved. Taken together, the plays of the first period show a talent more varied than any that had worked in English drama up to this time and in some respects perhaps a little more powerful than any, but they show nothing exalted, nothing that transcends the achievement of the best contemporary plays. If Shakespeare had died at the end of this period, we should have no way of knowing that the greatest dramatist of England had been lost, and half a dozen other authors could have disputed the primacy among Elizabethan playwrights.

But no such dispute could arise if Shakespeare had completed only the earlier works of the second period. The stage-carpentry necessary to his trade quickly mastered, he sets about the building of temples beyond the imagination of his teachers. For fairy charm, for rustic mirth, and equally for welding the most uncompanionable plots into unison, 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' was without precedent in English, and remains unsurpassed. For exhibition of complex character in compelling plot, 'The Merchant of Venice' was unapproached by any comedy preceding it, and maintains comparison with any following. For the expression of the love of youth 'Romeo and Juliet' is the classic drama of modern times. For fun-making Falstaff remains peerless in succeeding literature. For the rendition of Roman history in tragedy 'Julius Cæsar' is unrivaled except by the later Roman plays of Shakespeare himself. For sheer delight of comic dialogue, winsome womanhood, graceful poetry, and romantic story, the three great comedies that close the period remain unmatched by any performances of modern times. To feel that in this period Shakespeare has distanced all his predecessors in poetic phrasing one need only open the book and read. To estimate his mastery of human character, it is enough to run through the *dramatis personæ* of the plays and notice the dozens of names that are now household words. To realize his skill in dramatic composition, one need only remember that every play from this period except 'Richard II' is still popular on the stage. Had Shakespeare retired now, we should have known him for our greatest dramatist.

But we should have still been far from the full measure of his powers. Precisely because they are pieces of such rare delight the plays we have just been mentioning did not offer opportunity for the display of all the profundity of vision into the secret chambers of the human heart, or all the power to grapple with the problems of humanity, or all the intensity of poetic utterance that are exhibited in the plays of the third period. Mature stagecraft and matchless gift of words and insight into character are now brought to work upon the weightiest matters that man can deal with, and the result is the su-

preme drama of our language. Hamlet is probably at once the most inviting and the most baffling character in literature. Othello remains the example above all others of the deceived lover whose love was a religion. King Lear is the most moving picture of doting age attended by filial impiety. Macbeth has no equal as a portrait of ambition gnawing at the roots of character. Antony and Cleopatra are willing victims of passion rendered into poetry the like of which is hardly to be found in any other work. To pass these plays thus in a breath — leaving others entirely unmentioned — is but to state one aspect of each in which it may be pronounced literally peerless.

And yet if Shakespeare had retired at the end of his third period, we should miss something that the world would be greatly loath to lose. Whatever it may mean about the man, if anything, it means something to us to know that Shakespeare took leave of the stage in happier plays. The last romances show a serenity more calm, a seeming faith in final good more settled, than do the plays of any other period. They have less to do with rollicking good humor than the comedies of the second period, and deal more with human nature tried but found true, passing through tribulation to final reward. So it is with a message of satisfaction and good cheer, founded not on innocence but on knowledge, that 'The Winter's Tale' and 'The Tempest' complete the works in a strain less crashing but not less lofty.

There is no intention here of praising Shakespeare. Only the critic specially endowed of heaven should attempt that. If critical adjectives have been copious, they have been meant only to show the shifting of Shakespeare's interest from play to play as he progressed, and the growth of his gifts from normal human beginnings to unrivaled strength. With these considerations one other question naturally arises: what were the reasons for Shakespeare's turning from comedy to tragedy and from tragedy to romance? Why did he progress from buoyancy to bitterness and then to comfort and reconciliation?

In some quarters it is still thought — as, for long, it was widely believed — that these changes in the plays came from changes in the thought and feeling of the dramatist. It was argued — frequently with the support of one interpretation or another of the "story" in the sonnets — that Shakespeare's life was full of happiness in the period of comedy, that misfortune and resultant gloom overcame him in the tragic period, but that in the end, at the time of the romances, he had become reconciled; and that the plays of the three periods voice these emotions of the dramatist. While all this cannot be entirely disproved, there is exceptionally little likelihood that it is true. The story in the sonnets has never been made out in any essential detail. It may be all fiction, as the majority of sonnet stories were; at least it is more than probable that the story represents no vital experience of the poet. No single record points to any reason why Shakespeare should have been unhappier during the six years after 1600 than in the six years before. On the contrary, the one great sorrow that we know came to him — the death of his son — occurred at the time he

was writing comedy and farce; and no sorrow is recorded from the years when he was writing 'Lear' and 'Timon.' The theory is therefore untenable for lack of facts, and since what facts we have tell against it.

It is more likely, as is coming to be believed, that in changing from one kind of play to another Shakespeare was largely following the vogue of the time. This is consonant with his genius. He was a man intent not so much on inventing something that no one else had thought of as on perfecting what was promising in other men's inventions — on adopting their forms and filling them with meaning. Now it has been shown that up to nearly 1600 romantic comedy was in high vogue, and it is presumable that Shakespeare was moved simply to write the kind of play most successful at the time, and owing to native genius produced the masterpieces of the type. Around 1600 romantic comedy was severely criticized and lost favor considerably; popular taste swung to realistic comedy and to tragedy. Shakespeare responded with his more cynical comedies and with the tragedies, and again produced the masterpieces. When such plays had mainly held the stage for somewhat less than a decade, a relatively new type of romantic tragicomedy came into favor; and Shakespeare's last romances are apparently a response to this new form. To explain the shifting of his interests at least partially in this manner is not unnatural, and it subtracts nothing from his glory.

If the record of Shakespeare's life is fairly continuous, and the growth of his powers as dramatist and poet adequately clear, the picture of the man himself is still somewhat dim. Few lovers of his plays can have avoided asking the question, what sort of man was Shakespeare? And the world has seen a considerable number of books and essays that attempt an answer to that question. But the question is fraught with difficulty. Most of the facts recorded of Shakespeare's life are such as shed little light upon his character. And outside of the sonnets, at least — and no interpretation of the sonnets has advanced much beyond guesswork — Shakespeare is one of the most dramatic of authors, which is to say that it is his genius to reveal others and to conceal himself. No one doubts that there was a powerful personality behind the plays, and few would doubt that their author had, in Dryden's words, "the largest and most comprehensive soul" possessed by any English poet; it is only when we try to be much more specific that we are in danger. Yet from the very fact that Shakespeare is habitually silent about his own opinions while the characters in the plays are giving voice to theirs we gather one truth about him, namely that he was a man with no gospel that he felt he must expound. This is a cardinal fact about him, and it implies a good deal else; and certain other inferences may be drawn, from his plays and from the record of his life, without passing over into the conjectural.

The records point to a man who was upright and good-humored. "Gentle" is one of the favorite terms for him among his friends, though this should not be taken in a sentimental sense, since there is evidence enough that he was

conscious of his own dignity and of the justice that was due to him. That he had a sense of humor is beyond question. No man without the highest measure of that could have created Falstaff or any of a score of other characters in the plays. Though it does not necessarily follow that Shakespeare was habitually merry in company, we have the testimony of Fuller that his genius was "generally jocular" and that in the wit-combats with Ben Jonson he displayed the less learned but the more nimble wit. He was catholic in his sympathies, and could be at home with many kinds of men, good and bad, wise and foolish, or he could hardly have reproduced so many types of them with so much relish. The "open and free nature" which Jonson accords him naturally found least pleasure in strait-laced persons, in pedants, for instance, and in puritans. Disliking pedants, he was himself in no strict sense a scholar; a man of wide reading, as has been proved, and of much general information, but far from scholastic. In the affairs of every day he was capable and diligent; there is no evidence of the "artistic temperament," as that term is now used. In politics we are fairly sure that he was inclined to aristocratic sympathies, though perhaps not more so than most of his fellow-dramatists. Of his religion little can be said with confidence. He knew nature intimately, and he loved the sports of the field. He knew human nature in all its tragicomic experience as no other English writer has known it. And for its portrayal he had a matchless gift of words.

ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

SONGS AND THEIR SETTINGS

SONG: SPRING AND WINTER

From 'Love's Labor's Lost'

SPRING

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight —
 The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
 Cuckoo,
 Cuckoo, cuckoo — oh, word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks —
 The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
 Cuckoo,
 Cuckoo, cuckoo — oh, word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul —
 Then nightly sings the staring owl:
 To-who,
 Tu-whit, to-who — a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl:
 To-who,
 Tu-whit, to-who — a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SILVIA

From 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise as free:
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness. —
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness;
 And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us garlands bring.

PUCK

From 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'

Scene: A Wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy and Puck at opposite doors.

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
 Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green.
 The cowslips all her pensioners be:
 In their gold cups spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,
 In those freckles live their savors.
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone.
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here tonight.
 Take heed the queen come not within his sight:
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
 She never had so sweet a changeling:
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
 But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
 And now they never meet in grove or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;
 Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the quern,
 And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
 And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm;
 Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

Puck. Fairy, thou speak'st aright:
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me:
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there. —
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

[Enter Oberon]

Oberon. My gentle Puck, hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Oberon. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower — the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that is seen.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'd put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

THE DIVERSIONS OF THE FAIRIES

From 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'



BERON. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love. —

[*Re-enter Puck*]

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Oberon.

I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these bowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameled skin —
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene: Another part of the Wood. Enter Titania, with her train.

Titania. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;

FAIRIES' SONG

First Fairy. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong:
 Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing now your sweet lullaby:
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence:
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offense.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing now your sweet lullaby:
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well.
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*]

[*Enter Oberon*]

Oberon. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*Anointing Titania's eyelids.*]

Do it for thy true love take;
 Love, and languish for his sake:
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
 Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

THE FAIRIES' WEDDING CHARM

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

[*Enter Puck with a broom on his shoulder*]

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon;
 Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the churchway paths to glide.
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallowed house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

[*Enter Oberon and Titania with all their train*]

Oberon. Through the house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire;
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier:
 And this ditty after me
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse your song by rote,
 To each word a warbling note:
 Hand in hand with fairy grace
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

THE SONG

Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we;
 Which by us shall blessed be;
 And the issue there create
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be;
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand:
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despisèd in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be,
 With this field-dew consecrate.
 Every fairy take his gait,
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace with sweet peace;
 Ever shall it safely rest,
 And the owner of it blest.
 Trip away; make no stay:
 Meet me all by break of day.

WHERE IS FANCY BRED

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

A SONG [*the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself*]

TELL me, where is fancy bred —
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it — Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

BALTHAZAR'S SONG

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore;
 To one thing constant never.
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
 Or dumps so dull and heavy;
 The frauds of men were ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

HERO'S EPITAPH

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

EPITAPH

DONE to death by slanderous tongues
 Was the Hero that here lies:
 Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
 Gives her fame which never dies.
 So the life that died with shame
 Lives in death with glorious fame.
 Hang thou there upon the tomb,
 Praising her when I am dumb. —
 Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG

Pardon, goddess of the night,
 Those that slew thy virgin bright;
 For the which, with songs of woe,
 Round about her tomb we go.
 Midnight, assist our moan;
 Help us to sigh and groan,
 Heavily, heavily:
 Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
 Till death be utterèd,
 Heavily, heavily.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

From 'As You Like It'

AMIENS. Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat —
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall we see no enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

All together. Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets —
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see no enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

From 'As You Like It'

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou are not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

LOVE IN SPRINGTIME

From 'As You Like It'

IT was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green cornfield did pass
 In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that our life was but a flower,
 In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

SWEET AND TWENTY

From 'Twelfth Night'

O MISTRESS mine! where are you roaming?
 Oh, stay, for here your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low.
 Trip no farther, pretty sweetening:
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.
 What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty —
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

LOVE'S LAMENT

From 'Twelfth Night'

COME away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 Oh, prepare it:
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, oh, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH

From 'Twelfth Night'

[Clown sings, to pipe and tabor]

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With toss-pots still I had drunken head,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

SONG: TAKE, OH! TAKE

From 'Measure for Measure'

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again —
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears;
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in icy chains by thee.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

From 'Cymbeline'

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes:
 With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise;
 Arise, arise!

FEAR NO MORE

From 'Cymbeline'

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and lasses must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe, and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The scepter, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee.
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have;
 And renownèd be thy grave!

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

From 'The Winter's Tale'

[*Enter Autolycus, singing*]

WHEN daffodils begin to peer —
 With, heigh! the doxy over the dale —
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge —
 With, heigh! the sweet birds, oh, how they sing! —
 Doth set my priggish tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

WHAT MAIDS LACK

From 'The Winter's Tale'

[*Enter Autolycus, singing*]

LAWN, as white as driven snow;
 Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
 Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
 Masks for faces, and for noses;
 Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber;
 Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
 For my lads to give their dears;
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
 What maids lack from head to heel:
 Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
 Come, buy.
 Will you buy any tape,
 Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a:
 Any silk, any thread,
 Any toys for your head,
 Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a:
 Come to the peddler;
 Money's a meddler,
 That doth utter all men's ware-a.

SWEET MUSIC

From 'King Henry VIII'

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play —
 Even the billows of the sea —
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

ARIEL'S SONGS

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd;
 The wild waves whist.
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark!

Burden — Bow, wow [dispersedly].

The watch-dogs bark:

Burden — Bow, wow.

Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticlere
 Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Burden — Ding-dong.
 Hark! now I hear them — ding-dong, bell.

[Ariel, singing, helps to attire Prospero]

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie:
 There I couch. When owls do cry,
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After summer, merrily:
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

MARRIAGE SONG

From 'The Tempest'

JUNO — Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you:
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clustering bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Rain come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

SCENES FROM THE COMEDIES AND HISTORIES

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

SHYLOCK. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is a badge of all our tribe.
You called me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help.
Go to, then — you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys": you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this? —
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my moneys,
 And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Venice. A Court of Justice

PORTIA. I am informèd thoroughly of the cause.
 Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
 Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
 Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. —
 [*To Antonio*]. You stand within his danger, do you not?

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strained.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed —
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptered sway:
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this —

That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

LORENZO AND JESSICA

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Belmont. The Avenue to Portia's House. Enter Lorenzo and Jessica

LORENZO. The moon shines bright. — In such a night as this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
 And they did make no noise — in such a night,
 Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
 And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
 Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
 Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
 And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
 And ran dismayed away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
 Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
 To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
 Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
 That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
 Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
 And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
 As far as Belmont.

Jessica. In such a night,
 Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
 Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
 And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

[*Enter Stephano*]

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Stephano. A friend.

Lorenzo. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Stephano. Stephano is my name: and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lorenzo. Who comes with her?

Stephano. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. —

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

[*Enter Launcelot*]

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Who calls?

Launcelot. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenza? sola,
sola!

Lorenzo. Leave hallooing, man: here.

Launcelot. Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo. Here.

Launcelot. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full
of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [Exit.]

Lorenzo. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter; — why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. —

[*Exit Stephano.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

[*Enter Musicians*]

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music. [Music.]
Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

DOGBERRY CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

Scene: A Street. Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch

DOGBERRY. Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dogberry. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogberry. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Second Watch. Both which, master constable —

Dogberry. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Second Watch. How, if 'a will not stand?

Dogberry. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogberry. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Second Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Second Watch. How if they will not?

Dogberry. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Second Watch. Well, sir.

Dogberry. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Second Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry. Truly, by your office you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verges. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Second Watch. How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear it?

Dogberry. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dogberry. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot.

Dogberry. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

Verges. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogberry. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good-night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night. Come, neighbor.

Second Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogberry. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about Signior Leconato's door; for the wedding being there tomorrow, there is a great coil tonight. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

ROSALIND, ORLANDO, JAQUES

From 'As You Like It'

Scene: The Forest of Arden

CELIA. Oh, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Rosalind. Good my, complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Celia. So you may put a man in your belly.

Rosalind. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

Celia. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How

parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee: it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

[*Enter Orlando and Jaques*]

Celia. You bring me out. — Soft! comes he not here?

Rosalind. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*Rosalind and Celia retire.*]

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. Good-by, you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orlando. Not so, but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit Jaques. — *Rosalind and Celia come forward.*]

Rosalind [*aside to Celia*]. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — [*To him.*] Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well: what would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a sen-night, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando. Who stands he still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orlando. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No: I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind;—if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. — Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness: and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him: that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a loving humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Rosalind. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

FALSTAFF AND PRINCE HAL

From First Part of 'King Henry IV'

*Scene: Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Prince Henry, Poins**Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto***P**OINS. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?*Falstaff.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant?[*He drinks.*]*Prince Henry.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that compound.*Falstaff.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver: I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.*Prince Henry.* How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?*Falstaff.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!*Prince Henry.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?*Falstaff.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that! and Poins there?*Poins.* Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.*Falstaff.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk today.*Prince Henry.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.*Falstaff.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.*Prince Henry.* What's the matter?*Falstaff.* What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.*Prince Henry.* Where is it, Jack! where is it?

Falstaff. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.
Prince Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum*. [*Drawing it.*] I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Prince Henry. Speak, sirs: how was it?

Bardolph. We four set upon some dozen —

Falstaff. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bardolph. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Bardolph. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us —

Falstaff. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince Henry. What! fought ye with them all?

Falstaff. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince Henry. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal — if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; — here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me —

Prince Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince Henry. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Falstaff. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince Henry [*to Poins*]. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Falstaff. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of —

Prince Henry. So, two more already.

Falstaff. Their points being broken —

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Falstaff. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince Henry. Oh, monstrous — eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Falstaff. But as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back, and let drive at me; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them: gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech —

Falstaff. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men were in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh —

Falstaff. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stockfish — oh for breadth to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck —

Prince Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on your four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. — And Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bullcalf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Falstaff. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

FALSTAFF'S ARMY

From First Part of 'King Henry IV'

Scene: A public road near Coventry. Enter Falstaff and Bardolph

FALSTAFF. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield tonight.

Bardolph. Will you give me money, captain?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph. This bottle makes an angel.

Falstaff. An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all—I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bardolph. I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Falstaff. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pin's-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old pieced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one: they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

[*Enter Prince Henry and Westmoreland*]

Prince Henry. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Falstaff. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your Honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

Westmoreland. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Falstaff. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince Henry. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack: whose fellows are these that come after?

Falstaff. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Falstaff. Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Westmoreland. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Falstaff. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What, is the King encamped?

Westmoreland. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Falstaff. Well —

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

FALSTAFF IN BATTLE

From First Part of 'King Henry IV'

Scene: Plain near Shrewsbury. Prince Henry fights with Hotspur. Enter Douglas: he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

HOTSPUR. O Harry! thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh. —
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool:
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. Oh, I could prophesy,
But that the earthly and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue. — No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for —

[*Dies.*]

Prince Henry. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart: —
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough; — this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favors hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph. —

[*Seeing Falstaff on the ground.*]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spared a better man.
Oh! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer today,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. —
Emboweled will I see thee by-and-by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.*]

Falstaff [*rising*]. Emboweled! If thou embowel me today, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, tomorrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me; therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*He takes Hotspur on his back.*]

[*Re-enter Prince Henry and Prince John*]

Prince Henry. Come, brother John: full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.

Prince John. But soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
On the ground. —

Art thou alive, or is it phantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.

Thou art not what thou seemest.

Falstaff. No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing down the body*]: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince Henry. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Falstaff. Didst thou? — Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! — I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it — 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Prince John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. —

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours,

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*]

Falstaff. I'll follow as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him: if I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, dragging out Percy's body.*]

SCENES FROM THE TRAGEDIES

THE PARTING OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Scene: Juliet's Chamber. Enter Romeo and Juliet

JULIET. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops:
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet. Yon light is not daylight: I know it, I;
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay, than will to go; —
 Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so —
 How is 't, my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
 Oh! now I would they had changed voices too,
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

Oh! now be gone: more light and light it grows.

Romeo. More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

From 'Julius Cæsar'

Scene: The Roman Forum

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. — Bear with me:
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .
 But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men.
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
 And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, oh, what would come of it? . . .
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
 And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors! villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

All. We will be revenged. Revenge! about — seek — burn — fire — kill —
slay! — let not a traitor live. [They are rushing out.]

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All. We'll mutiny.

THE OPENING SCENE OF 'HAMLET'

Elsinore. A platform before the castle

[*Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo*]

BERNARDO. Who's there?

Francisco. Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.

Bernardo. Long live the king!

Francisco. Bernardo?

Bernardo. He.

Francisco. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bernardo. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

Francisco. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
 And I am sick at heart.

Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco.

Not a mouse stirring.

Bernardo. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

[*Enter Horatio and Marcellus*]

Francisco. I think I hear them. Stand! Who's there?

Horatio. Friends to this ground.

Marcellus.

And liegemen to the Dane.

Francisco. Give you good-night.

Marcellus.

O, farewell, honest soldier.

Who hath reliev'd you?

Francisco.

Bernardo has my place.

Give you good-night.

[*Exit.*]

Marcellus.

Holla! Bernardo!

Bernardo.

Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Horatio. A piece of him.

Bernardo. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Horatio. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?

Bernardo. I have seen nothing.

Marcellus. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this night,

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Horatio. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bernardo. Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Horatio. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Bernardo. Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one —

[*Enter the Ghost*]

Marcellus. Peace, break thee off! Look, where it comes again!

Bernardo. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Marcellus. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

Horatio. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo. It would be spoke to.

Marcellus. Question it, Horatio.

Horatio. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

Marcellus. It is offended.

Bernardo. See, it stalks away!

Horatio. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Marcellus. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

Horatio. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Marcellus. Is it not like the King?

Horatio. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Marcellus. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Horatio. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Marcellus. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subjects of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day,
Who is't that can inform me?

Horatio. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet —
For so this side of our known world esteemed him —
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a sealed compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized on, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article designed,

His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
 Sharked up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't; which is no other —
 As it doth well appear unto our state —
 But to recover of us, by strong hand
 And terms compulsive, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Bernardo. I think it be no other but e'en so.

Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch, so like the King
 That was and is the question of these wars.

Horatio. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events
 As harbingers preceding still the fates
 And prologue to the omen coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.

[*Re-enter Ghost*]

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me;
 If there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
 Speak to me;
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 O speak!
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
 Speak of it; stay, and speak! [Cock crows.]
 Stop it, Marcellus.

Marcellus. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Horatio. Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo. 'Tis here!

Horatio. 'Tis here!

Marcellus. 'Tis gone! [Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the show of violence;
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bernardo. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Horatio. And then it started like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine; and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.

Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
 And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Horatio. So have I heard and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
 Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen tonight
 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Marcellus. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*]

HAMLET MEDITATES SUICIDE

HAMLET. To be, or not to be: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die; to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep;—
To sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuff'd off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET'S REVENGE ACCOMPLISHED

KING. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
 You know the wager?
Hamlet. Very well, my lord.

Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both;

But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laertes. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Hamlet. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osric. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
 If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
 The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
 And in the cup an union shall he throw,
 Richer than that which four successive kings
 In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,
 And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
 "Now the King drinks to Hamlet." Come, begin;
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Hamlet. Come on, sir.

Laertes. Come, my lord. [They play.]

Hamlet. One.

Laertes. No.

Hamlet. Judgment.

Osric. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laertes. Well; again.

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
 Here's thy health! Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off within.*]

Hamlet. I'll play this bout first; set it by a while.

Come. [They play.] Another hit; what say you?

Laertes. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Hamlet. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King [*aside*]. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Hamlet. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laertes. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laertes [*aside*]. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Hamlet. Come, for the third, Laertes; you but dally.

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laertes. Say you so? Come on.

[*They play.*]

Osric. Nothing, neither way.

Laertes. Have at you now!

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers.*]

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Hamlet. Nay, come, again.

[*Hamlet wounds Laertes. The Queen falls.*]

Osric. Look to the Queen there! Ho!

Horatio. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord!

Osric. How is't, Laertes?

Laertes. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Hamlet. How does the Queen?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink — O my dear Hamlet —

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.

[*Dies.*]

Hamlet. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! Seek it out.

Laertes. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain.

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life.

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.

I can no more: — the King, the King's to blame.

Hamlet. The point envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Hurts the King.*]

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Hamlet. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?

Follow my mother!

[*King dies.*]

Laertes. He is justly served;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me!

[*Dies.*]

Hamlet. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time — as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest — O, I could tell you —

But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st. Report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Horatio. Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;

Here's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet. As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll have't!

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain

To tell my story. [March afar off, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

Osric. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Hamlet. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.

I cannot live to hear the news from England,

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited — The rest is silence.

[*Dies.*]

OTHELLO'S STORY OF HIS WOOING

O THELLO. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances.
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak — such was my process —
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

LEAR'S RECOVERY

From 'King Lear'

A tent in the French camp

[*Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor*]

CORDELIA. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
 To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
 And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
 All my reports go with the modest truth;
 Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cordelia. Be better suited;
 These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
 I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
 Yet to be known shortens my made intent.
 My boon I make it, that you know me not
 Till time and I think meet.

Cordelia. Then be't so, my good lord. [*To the Doctor.*]
 How does the King?

Doctor. Madam, sleeps still.

Cordelia. O you kind gods,
 Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
 The untun'd and jarring senses, O wind up
 Of this child-changed father!

Doctor. So please your Majesty
 That we may wake the King? He hath slept long.

Cordelia. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
 I' the sway of your own will.

[*Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants. Gentleman in attendance.*]

Is he array'd?

Gentleman. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
 We put fresh garments on him.

Doctor. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cordelia. Very well.

Doctor. Please you, draw near. — Louder the music there!

Cordelia. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cordelia. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch — poor perdu! —
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doctor. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cordelia. How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cordelia. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know! when did you die?

Cordelia. Still, still, far wide!

Doctor. He's scarce awake; let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abus'd. I should even die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cordelia. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
 And, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is, and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cordelia. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it,
 I know you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cordelia. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doctor. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
 You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
 Till further settling.

Cordelia. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.

Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE DEATH OF LEAR

[*Enter Lear, with Cordelia in his arms*]

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
 I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
 She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edgar. Or image of that horror?

Albany. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent [*kneeling*]. O my good master!

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edgar. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Gentleman. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made him skip. I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best. I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man —

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Albany. He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.

[*Enter a Messenger*]

Edgar. Very bootless.

Messenger. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Albany. That's but a trifle here. —

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
 What comfort to this great decay may come
 Shall be appli'd. For us, we will resign,
 During the life of this old majesty,
 To him our absolute gower; [*to Edgar and Kent*] you, to your rights,
 With boot, and such addition as your honors
 Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes
 The cup of their deservings. O see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never!
 Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.
 Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
 Look there, look there!

[*Dies.*]

Edgar. He faints! My lord! my lord!

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edgar. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost; O, let him pass! He hates him
 That would upon the rack of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer.

Edgar. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long;
 He but usurp'd his life.

Albany. Bear them from hence. Our present business
 Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar.*] Friends of my soul, you twain,
 Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go.

My master calls me; I must not say no.

Edgar. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

MACBETH BEFORE THE DEED

From 'Macbeth'

IF it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly; if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. — But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor: thus even-handed justice
 Commends th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First as I am his kinsman and his subject;
 Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other. —

Go: bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. — [Exit Servant.]
 Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee; —
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use. —
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no such thing;
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleeper; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

THE MURDER SCENE

[*Enter Lady Macbeth*]

LADY MACBETH. That which hath made them drunk hath
 made me bold;
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it;
 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macbeth [*within*].

Who's there? what, ho!

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

[*Enter Macbeth*]

My husband!

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodged together.

Macbeth. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,

Listening their fear. I could not say "Amen,"

When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth. But wherefore could I not pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep" — the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast —

Lady Macbeth.

What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth.

I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth.

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macbeth.

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

[*Re-enter Lady Macbeth*]

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*]

I hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us

And show us to be watchers: be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle

[Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman]

DOCTOR. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

[Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper]

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well —

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.]

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So good-night:

My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:

I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman.

Good-night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.]

MACBETH'S DESPAIR

In Dunsinane Castle

[Enter Macbeth, Doctor and Attendants]

MACBETH. Seyton! — I am sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,

And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 Seyton!

[*Enter Seyton*]

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more?

Seyton. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armor.

Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
 How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor. Therein the patient
 Must minister to himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
 Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
 Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
 Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say.
 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doctor. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.

Macbeth. Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doctor [aside]. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

[*Enter Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colors*]

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
 The cry is still "They come": our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up:
 Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*]

What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit.*]

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.

[*Re-enter Seyton*]

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS

From 'Antony and Cleopatra'

ENOBARBUS. The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them. The oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

Agrippa. O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings. At the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony
 Enthron'd 'i the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature.

Agrippa. Rare Egyptian!

Enobarbus. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper. She replied,
 It should be better he became her guest;
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
 And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agrippa. Royal wench!
 She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.
 He ploughed her, and she cropped.
Enobarbus. I saw her once
 Hop forty paces through the public street;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mæcenæ. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Enobarbus. Never; he will not.
 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

CLEOPATRA. Now, Charmian!
 Show me, my woman, like a queen. Go fetch
 My best attires; I am again for Cydnus
 To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah, Iras, go.
 Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
 To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
 Wherefore's this noise? *[Exit Iras. A noise within.]*

[Enter a Guardsman]

Guardsman. Here is a rural fellow
 That will not be denied your Highness' presence.
 He brings you figs.
Cleopatra. Let him come in.

[Exit Guardsman.]

What poor an instrument
 May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
 My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me; now from head to foot
 I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
 No planet is of mine.

[Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket]

Guardsman. This is the man.
Cleopatra. Avoid, and leave him.

[Exit Guardsman.]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleopatra. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm. But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleopatra. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleopatra. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleopatra. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleopatra. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleopatra. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleopatra. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, etc.*]

Cleopatra. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come!
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements

I give to baser life. So; have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Charmian. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
 The gods themselves do weep!

Cleopatra. This proves me base.

If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
 Unpolicied!

Charmian. O eastern star!

Cleopatra. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

Charmian. O, break! O, break!

Cleopatra. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle —
 O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too:

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]

What should I stay —

[*Dies.*]

Charmian. In this vile world? So, fare thee well!
 Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
 And golden Phæbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
 I'll mend it, and then play —

[*Enter the Guard, rushing in*]

1. *Guardsmen.* Where's the Queen?

Charmian. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. *Guardzman*. Cæsar hath sent —

Charmian.

Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp.*]

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

1. *Guardzman*. Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguil'd.

2. *Guardzman*. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

1. *Guardzman*. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Charmian. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*]

GEORGE CHAPMAN

GEORGE CHAPMAN, the translator of Homer, is of all the Elizabethan dramatists the most undramatic. He is akin to Marlowe in being more of an epic poet than a playwright; but unlike his young compeer "of the mighty line," who in his successive plays learned how to subdue an essentially epic genius to the demands of the stage, Chapman never got near the true secret of dramatic composition. Yet he witnessed the growth of the glorious Elizabethan drama, from its feeble beginning to its immortal masterpieces. He was born about 1559, five years before Marlowe, the "morning star" of the English drama, and he died in 1634, surviving Shakespeare, in whom it reached its maturity, and Beaumont, Middleton, and Fletcher, whose works foreshadow decay. From his native town Hitchin he passed on to Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. His first extant comedy, 'The Blind Beggar of Alexandria,' was acted in 1596, and two years later he appears in Francis Meres' famous enumeration of the poets and wits of the time. Hereafter his life is to be dated by his publications. Chapman takes rank among the dramatists mainly by his four chief tragedies: 'Bussy d'Ambois,' 'The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois,' 'The Conspiracy of Charles, Duke of Byron,' and 'The Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron.' They are unique among the plays of the period, in that they deal with almost contemporary events in French history; not with the purpose of exciting any feeling for or against the parties introduced, but in calm ignoring of public opinion, they bring recent happenings on the stage to suit the dramatist's purpose. He drew his material mainly from the 'Historiæ Sui Temporis' of Jacques Auguste de Thou, but he troubled himself little about following it with accuracy, or even painting the characters of the chief actors as true to life. In these tragedies, more than in the comedies, we get sight of Chapman the man; indeed, it is his great failing as playwright that his own individuality is constantly cropping out. He alone, of all the great Elizabethan dramatists, was unable to go outside of himself and enter into the habits and thoughts of his characters. Chapman was too much of a scholar and a thinker to be a successful delineator of men. His is the drama of the man who thinks about life, not of one who lives it.

Chapman wrote comedies to make money, and tragedies because it was the fashion of the day, and he studded these latter with exquisite passages because he was a poet born. But he was above all a scholar with wide and deep learning, not only of the classics but also of the Renaissance literature. From 1613 to 1631 he does not appear to have written for the stage, but was occupied with

his translations of Homer, Hesiod, Juvenal, Musæus, Petrarch, and others. Chapman also completed Marlowe's unfinished 'Hero and Leander.'

His fame, however, rests on his version of Homer. The first portion appeared in 1598: 'Seven Books of the Iliad of Homer, Prince of Poets; Translated according to the Greek in judgment of his best Commentaries.' In 1611 the Iliad complete appeared, and in 1615 the whole of the Odyssey; though he by no means reproduces Homer faithfully, he approaches the original in spirit and grandeur. It is a typical product of the English Renaissance, full of vigor and passion, but also of conceit and fancifulness. It lacks the simplicity and the serenity of the Greek, but has caught its nobleness and rapidity.

Keats' tribute, the sonnet 'On First Looking into Chapman's Homer,' attests another poet's appreciation of the Elizabethan's paraphrase. Lamb speaks of it as follows: — "His 'Homer' is not so properly a translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses rewritten. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of more modern translations. . . . passion (the all-in-all in poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them be disgusted and overcome their disgust."

ULYSSES AND NAUSICAA

From the Translation of Homer's Odyssey

STRAIGHT rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
 Fair-veiled Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
 To admiration took; who no time spent
 To give the rapture of her vision vent
 To her loved parents, whom she found within.
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
 A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shined;
 Her maids about her. But she chanced to find
 Her father going abroad, to council called
 By his grave Senate; and to him exhaled
 Her smother'd bosom was: — "Loved sire," said she,
 "Will you not now command a coach for me,
 Stately and complete? fit for me to bear
 To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
 Before re-purified? Yourself it fits
 To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits
 In place of council. And five sons you have,
 Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave

In every day's shift, that they may go dance;
 For these three last with these things must advance
 Their states in marriage; and who else but I,
 Their sister, should their dancing rites supply? "

This general cause she showed, and would not name
 Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
 He understood her yet, and thus replied: —
 " Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
 I either will deny thee, or defer,
 Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
 Fitting at all parts. Go; my servants shall
 Serve thy desires, and thy command in all."

The servants then commanded soon obeyed,
 Fetched coach, and mules joined in it. Then the Maid
 Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
 All up in coach; in which her mother placed
 A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
 And other junkets. Wine she likewise filled
 Within a goatskin bottle, and distilled
 Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
 Both for her daughter's and her handmaid's use,
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
 Cleansed from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes
 Th' observed Maid; takes both the scourge and reins;
 And to her side her handmaid straight attains.
 Nor these alone, but other virgins, graced
 The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy placed,
 Nausicaa scourged to make the coach-mules run,
 That neigh'd, and paced their usual speed, and soon
 Both maids and weeds brought to the riverside,
 Where baths for all the year their use supplied.
 Whose waters were so pure they would not stain,
 But still ran fair forth; and did more remain
 Apt to purge stains, for that purged stain within,
 Which by the water's pure store was not seen.

These, here arrived, the mules uncoach'd, and drave
 Up the gulfy river's shore, that gave
 Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then took
 Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook;
 Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
 With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,
 Who should have soonest and most cleanly done.
 When having thoroughly cleansed, they spread them on

The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where
 The waves the pebbles washed, and ground was clear,
 They bathed themselves, and all with glittering oil
 Smoothed their white skins; refreshing then their toil
 With pleasant dinner, by the river's side.
 Yet still watched when the sun their clothes had dried.
 Till which time, having dined, Nausicaa
 With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
 Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
 Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,
 The liking stroke struck, singing first a song,
 As custom ordered, and amidst the throng
 Made such a show, and so past all was seen,
 As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving Queen,
 Along the mountains gliding, either over
 Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
 Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chase,
 Or swift-hooved hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
 The field Nymphs, sporting; amongst whom, to see
 How far Diana had priority
 (Though all were fair) for fairness; yet of all,
 (As both by head and forehead being more tall)
 Latona triumphed, since the dullest sight
 Might easily judge whom her pains brought to light;
 Nausicaa so, whom never husband tamed,
 Above them all in all the beauties flamed.
 But when they now made homewards, and arrayed,
 Ordering their weeds; disordered as they played,
 Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought
 What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,
 That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
 Whom she intended should become his aid,
 Bring him to town, and his return advance.
 Her mean was this, though thought a stool-ball chance,
 The queen now, for the upstroke, struck the ball
 Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
 Amidst the whirlpools. At which outshrieked all,
 And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake;
 Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make
 That sudden outcry, and in mind thus strived: —
 "On what a people am I now arrived?
 At civil hospitable men, that fear
 The gods? or dwell injurious mortals here,

Unjust and churlish? Like the female cry
 Of youth it sounds. What are they? Nymphs bred high
 On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
 In herby marshes, or in leavy woods?
 Or are they high-spoke men I now am near?
 I'll prove and see." With this the wary peer
 Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
 Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow
 In covert of his nakedness, and then
 Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
 A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued
 With drops of trees, and weatherbeaten-hued,
 Bold of his strength goes on, and in his eye
 A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
 On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
 His belly charging him, and he must part
 Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,
 Even where from rape their strengths are most exempt:
 So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,
 Even to the home-fields of the country's breed
 Ulysses was to force forth his access,
 Though merely naked; and his sight did press
 The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was
 His rough appearance to them; the hard pass
 He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
 The virgins scattered, frightened with this sight,
 About the prominent windings of the flood.
 All but Nausicaa fled; but she fast stood:
 Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
 And in her fair limbs tender fear compressed.
 And still she stood him, as resolved to know
 What man he was; or out of what should grow
 His strange repair to them.

THE DUKE OF BYRON IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH

From the 'Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron'

BY horror of death, let me alone in peace,
 And leave my soul to me, whom it concerns;
 You have no charge of it; I feel her free:
 How she doth rouse, and like a falcon stretch

Her silver wings; a threatening death with death;
At whom I joyfully will cast her off.
I know this body but a sink of folly,
The groundwork and raised frame of woe and frailty;
The bond and bundle of corruption;
A quick corse, only sensible of grief,
A walking sepulcher, or household thief:
A glass of air, broken with less than breath,
A slave bound face to face to death, till death.
And what said all you more? I know, besides,
That life is but a dark and stormy night
Of senseless dreams, terrors, and broken sleeps;
A tyranny, devising pains to plague
And make man long in dying, racks his death;
And death is nothing: what can you say more?
I bring a long globe and a little earth,
Am seated like earth, betwixt both the heavens,
That if I rise, to heaven I rise; if fall,
I likewise fall to heaven; what stronger faith
Hath any of your souls? what say you more?
Why lose I time in these things? Talk of knowledge,
It serves for inward use. I will not die
Like to a clergyman; but like the captain
That prayed on horseback, and with sword in hand,
Threatened the sun, commanding it to stand;
These are but ropes of sand.

THOMAS DEKKER

THOMAS DEKKER was born about 1570 in London; at least in 1637 he speaks of himself as over threescore years of age. He came probably of a tradesman's family, for he describes better than any of his fellows in art the life of the lower middle class, and enters into the thoughts and feelings of that class with a heartiness which is possible only after long and familiar association.

He is first mentioned in Henslowe's diary in 1597, and after that his name appears frequently. He was evidently a dramatic hack, working for that manager, adapting and making over old plays and writing new ones. He must have been popular too, for his name appears oftener than that of any of his associates. Yet his industry and popularity could not always keep him above water. Henslowe was not a generous paymaster, and the unlucky dramatist knew the inside of the debtor's prison cell; more than once the manager advanced sums to bail him out. Oldys says he was in prison from 1613 to 1616. After 1637 we find his name no more.

As a dramatist, Dekker was most active between the years 1598 and 1602. In one of those years alone he was engaged on twelve plays. Many of these have been lost; of the few that remain, two of the most characteristic belong to this period. 'The Shoemaker's Holiday,' published in 1599, shows Dekker on his genial, realistic side, with his sense of fun and his hearty sympathy with the life of the people. It bubbles over with the delight in mere living, and is full of kindly feeling toward all the world. It was sure to appeal to its audience, especially to the pit, where the tradesmen and artisans applauded, and noisiest of all, the 'prentices shouted their satisfaction: here they saw themselves and their masters brought on the stage, somewhat idealized, but still full of frolic and good-nature. It is one of the brightest and pleasantest of Elizabethan comedies. Close on its heels followed 'The Pleasant Comedy of Old Fortunatus.' Here Dekker the idealist, the poet of luxurious fancy and rich yet delicate imagination, is seen at his best. Fortunatus with his wishing-hat and wonderful purse appealed to the romantic spirit of the time, when men still sailed in search of the Hesperides, compounded the elixir of youth, and sought for the philosopher's stone. Dekker worked over an old play of the same name; the subject of both was taken from the old German *Volksbuch* 'Fortunatus' of 1519. Among the collaborators of Dekker at this time was Ben Jonson. Both these men were realists, but Jonson slashed into life with bitter satire, whereas Dekker cloaked its frailties in a tender humor. Again, Jonson was a conscientious artist, aiming at perfection; Dekker, while capable

of much higher poetry, was often careless and slipshod. No wonder that the dictator scorned his somewhat irresponsible co-worker. The precise nature of their quarrel, one of the most famous among authors, is not known; it culminated in 1601, when Jonson produced 'The Poetaster,' a play in which Dekker and Marston were mercilessly ridiculed. Dekker replied shortly in 'Satiromastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet,' a burlesque full of good-natured mockery of his antagonist.

Dekker wrote, in conjunction with Webster, 'Westward Ho,' 'Northward Ho,' and 'Sir Thomas Wyatt'; with Middleton, 'The Roaring Girl'; with Massinger, 'The Virgin Martyr'; and with Ford, 'The Sun's Darling' and 'The Witch of Edmonton.' Among the products of Dekker's old age, 'Match Me in London' is ranked among his half-dozen best plays, and 'The Wonder of a Kingdom' is fair journeyman's work.

One of the most versatile of the later Elizabethans — prolonging their style and ideas into the new world of the Stuarts — Dekker was also prominent as pamphleteer. He first appeared as such in 1603, with 'The Wonderful Year 1603,' wherein is showed the picture of London lying sick of the Plague,' a vivid description of the pest, which undoubtedly served Defoe as model in his famous book on the same subject. The best known of his many pamphlets, however, is 'The Gull's Horn Book,' a graphic description of the ways and manners of the gallants of the time. These various tracts are invaluable for the light they throw on the social life of Jacobean London.

Lastly, Dekker as song-writer must not be forgotten. He had the genuine lyric gift, and poured forth his bird-notes, sweet, fresh, and spontaneous, full of the singer's joy in his song. He also wrote some very beautiful prayers.

Varied and unequal as Dekker's work is, he is one of the hardest among the Elizabethans to classify. He at times rises to the very heights of poetic inspiration, soaring above most of his contemporaries, to drop all of a sudden down to a dead level of prose. But he makes up for his shortcomings by his whole-hearted, manly view of life, his compassion for the weak, his sympathy with the lowly, his determination to make the best of everything, and to show the good hidden away under the evil.

CONTENT

From 'Patient Grissil'

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
 O sweet Content!
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
 O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
 O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labor bears a lovely face.
 Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny, nonny.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
 O sweet Content!
 Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
 O punishment!

Then he that patiently Want's burden bears
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king.
 O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!

RUSTIC SONG

From 'The Sun's Darling'

HAYMAKERS, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
 Wait on your Summer Queen!
 Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
 Daffodils strew the green!
 Sing, dance, and play,
 'Tis holiday!
 The sun does bravely shine
 On our ears of corn.
 Rich as a pearl
 Comes every girl.
 This is mine, this is mine, this is mine.
 Let us die ere away they be borne.

Bow to our Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
 Come to behold our sports:
 Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
 As those in princes' courts.
 These and we
 With country glee,
 Will teach the woods to resound,
 And the hills with echoes hollow.
 Skipping lambs
 Their bleating dams
 'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
 For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
 Hounds, make a lusty cry;
 Spring up, you falconers, partridges freely,
 Then let your brave hawks fly!
 Horses amain,
 Over ridge, over plain,
 The dogs have the stag in chase:
 'Tis a sport to content a king.
 So ho! ho! through the skies
 How the proud bird flies,
 And sousing, kills with a grace!
 Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring.

LULLABY

From 'Patient Grissil'

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
 Smiles awake you when you rise.
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby.
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you.
 You are care, and care must keep you.
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby.
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

A SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY

Act III, Sc. 5

The Lord Mayor's House at Old Ford

[*Enter the Lord Mayor, his daughter Rose, and her servant Sybil; Simon Eyre, master shoemaker, who has just been made an Alderman of the City of London, and his wife Margery in a French hood.*]

Lord Mayor. Trust me, you are as welcome to Old Ford as I myself.

Margery. Truly, I thank your lordship.

Lord Mayor. Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give.

Eyre. Good cheer, my lord mayor, fine cheer! A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat.

Lord Mayor. Now, by my troth, I'll tell thee, Master Eyre,
It does me good, and all my brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thyself
Is entered into our society.

Margery. Ay, but, my lord, he must learn now to put on gravity.

Eyre. Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity! When I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a justice of peace; but now I am here at Old Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it go by, vanish, Maggy, I'll be merry; away with flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries. What, honey? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. What says my lord mayor?

Lord Mayor. Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than a thousand pound, I had a heart but half so light as yours.

Eyre. Why, what should I do, my lord? A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry, whiles we are young; old age, sack, and sugar will steal upon us, ere we be aware.

THE FIRST THREE-MEN'S SONG

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, so green, so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say:
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

"Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale;
Lo, longer she sitteth, her breast against a briar.

"But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth: come away, my joy;
Come away, I prithee: I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy."

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
And then did I unto my true love say:
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

Lord Mayor. It's well done; Mistress Eyre, pray, give good counsel to my daughter.

Margery. I hope, Mistress Rose will have the grace to take nothing that's bad.

Lord Mayor. Pray God she do; for i' faith, Mistress Eyre,
 I would bestow upon that peevish girl
 A thousand marks more than I mean to give her,
 Upon condition she'd be ruled by me;
 The ape still crosseth me. There came of late
 A proper gentleman of fair revenues,
 Whom gladly I would call son-in-law:
 But my fine cockney would have none of him.
 You'll prove a coxcomb for it, ere you die:
 A courtier, or no man must please your eye.

Eyre. Be ruled, sweet Rose: th'art ripe for a man. Marry not with a boy that has no more hair on his face than thou hast on thy cheeks. A courtier, wash, go by, stand not upon pishery-pashery: those silken fellows are but painted images, outsides, outsides, Rose; their inner linings are torn. No, my fine mouse, marry me with a gentleman grocer like my lord mayor, your father, a grocer is a sweet trade: plums, plums. Had I a son or daughter should marry out of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he should pack; what, the gentle trade is a living for a man through Europe, through the world.

[*A noise within of a tabor and a pipe.*]

Lord Mayor. What noise is this?

Eyre. O my lord mayor, a crew of good fellows that for love to your honor are come hither with a morris-dance. Come in, my Mesopotamians, cheerily.

[*Enter Hodge, Hans, Ralph, Firk, and other Shoemakers, in a morris; after a little dancing the Lord Mayor speaks.*]

Lord Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre. All cordwainers, my good lord mayor.

Rose [*Aside*]. How like my Lacy looks yonder shoemaker!

Hans [*Aside*]. O that I durst but speak unto my love!

Lord Mayor. Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these drink. You are all welcome.

All. We thank your lordship.

[*Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.*]

Rose. For his sake whose fair shape thou representest, good friend, I drink to thee.

Hans. I thank you, good maid!

Margery. I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want judgment; you have drunk to the properest man I keep.

Firk. Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he.

Lord Mayor. Well, urgent business calls me back to London:

Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer;

And to make merry as you homeward go,
Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford-Bow.

Eyre. To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre adds another; then cheerily,
Firk, tickle it, Hans, and all for the honor of shoemakers.

[*All go dancing out.*]

Lord Mayor. Come, Master Eyre, let's have your company.

[*Exeunt.*]

Rose. Sybil, what shall I do?

Sybil. Why, what's the matter?

Rose. That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy,
Disguised in that attire to find me out.

How should I find the means to speak with him?

Sybil. What, mistress, never fear; I dare venture my maidenhead to nothing,
and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London,
shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your father's policies
steal you away and marry you. Will not this please you?

Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

Sybil. Away, then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence
cause him to suspect something:

Tomorrow, if my counsel be obeyed,
I'll bind you 'prentice to the gentle trade.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act IV, Sc. 4

London: A Room in the Lord Mayor's House

[*Enter Hans and Rose, arm in arm*]

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee!
Oh, I did fear such cross mishaps did reign,
That I should never see my Rose again.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity
Offers herself to further our escape,
Let not too over-fond esteem of me
Hinder that happy hour. Invent the means,
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh, how I surfeit with excess of joy,
Made happy by thy rich perfection!
But since thou payest sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling love on love, let me once more
Like to a bold-faced debtor crave of thee,
This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house,
Who now by death of certain aldermen
Is mayor of London, and my master once,

Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change,
Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

[*Enter Sybil*]

Sybil. Oh God, what will you do, mistress? Shift for yourself, your father is at hand! He's coming, he's coming! Master Lacy, hide yourself in my mistress! For God's sake, shift for yourselves!

Hans. Your father come, sweet Rose — what shall I do?

Where shall I hide me? How shall I escape?

Rose. A man, and want to wit in extremity?

Come, come be Hans still, play the shoemaker,

Pull on my shoe.

[*Enter the Lord Mayor*]

Hans. Mass, and that's well remembered.

Sybil. Here comes your father.

Hans. Indeed, mistress, 'tis a good shoe, it shall fit well, or you shall not pay.

Rose. Oh God, it pincheth me; what will you do?

Hans [*Aside*]. Your father's presence pincheth, not the shoe.

Lord Mayor. Well done; fit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.

Hans. Yes, yes, I know that well; indeed, 'tis a good shoe, 'tis made of neat's leather, see here, good sir!

[*Enter a 'Prentice*]

Lord Mayor. I do believe it — What's the news with you?

'*Prentice*. Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate

Is newly 'lighted and would speak with you.

Lord Mayor. The Earl of Lincoln come to speak with me?

Well, well, I know his errand. Daughter Rose,

Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done!

Syb, make things handsome! Sir boy, follow me.

[*Exit.*]

Hans. Mine uncle come! Oh, what may this portend?

Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismayed at this; whate'er befall,

Rose is thine own. To witness I speak truth,

Where thou appointest the place, I'll meet with thee.

I will not fix a day to follow thee,

But presently steal hence. Do not reply:

Love, which gave strength to bear my father's hate,

Shall now add wings to further our escape.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act V, Sc. 1

A Room in Eyre's House[*Enter Eyre, Margery, Hans, and Rose*]

Eyre. This is the morning, then; stay, my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable: therefore if you —

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ands, Hans, and these et ceteras! By mine honor, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee. Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre Lord Mayor of London? Fear nothing, Rose: let them all say what they can; dainty, come thou to me — laughest thou?

Margery. Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman? No, vah! Fie, I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou had'st never covered thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor loaden thy bum with this farthingale ('tis trash, trumpery, vanity); Simon Eyre had never walked in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold but for my fine journeyman's Portuguese. — And shall I leave him? No! Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind.

Hans. My lord, 'tis time for us to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gowns at Simon Eyre's heels; take them, good Lady Madgy; trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy; see them linked, countenance the marriage; and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow turtle-doves. I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre; come, dwell with me, Hans, thou shalt eat minced-pies and marchpane. Rose, away, cricket; trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy; Hans, wed, and to bed; kiss and away! Go, vanish!

Margery. Farewell, my lord.

Rose. Make haste, sweet love.

Margery. She'd fain the deed were done.

Hans. Come, my sweet Rose; faster than deer we'll run.

[*Exeunt Hans, Rose, and Margery.*]

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I say! By the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a lord mayor; it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honor of Saint Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings; his Majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day, my fellow 'prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shall

have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would feast them all, and I'll do't, I'll do't, by the life of Pharaoh; by this beard, Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides, I have procured that upon every Shrove-Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap up their shop windows, and away. This is the day, and this day they shall do't, they shall do't.

Boys, that day are you free, let masters care,
And 'prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre.

[Exit.]

Act V, Sc. 5

An Open Yard before the Hall

[A long flourish, or two. Enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, Margery, Lacy, Rose. Lacy and Rose kneel.]

King. Well, Lacy, though the fact was very foul
Of your revolting from our kingly love
And your own duty, yet we pardon you.
Rise both, and, Mistress Lacy, thank my lord mayor
For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre. So, my dear liege, Sim Eyre, and my brethren, the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet Majesty's image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this honor you have done poor Simon Eyre. I beseech your grace, pardon my rude behavior. I am a handicraftsman, yet my heart is without craft; I would be sorry at my soul, that my boldness should offend my king.

King. Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even as merry
As if thou wert among thy shoemakers:
It does me good to see thee in this humor.

Eyre. Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian? Then humph! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. By the Lord of Ludgate, my liege, I'll be as merry as a pie.

King. Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker; you see not a white hair on my head, not a gray in this beard. Every hair, I assure thy Majesty, that sticks in this beard, Sim Eyre values at the King of Babylon's ransom, Tamar Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to't: yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-balls with it, to please my bully king.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I can cry humph! with a sound heart for the honor of Saint Hugh. Mark this old wench, my king: I danced the shaking of the sheets with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young lord mayors, ere I die. I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still. Care and cold lodging brings white hairs. My sweet Majesty, let

care vanish, cast it upon thy nobles, it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry humph! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born.

King. Ha, Ha!

Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like?

Cornwall. Not I, my lord.

[*Enter the Earl of Lincoln and the Lord Mayor*]

King. Lincoln, what news with you?

Lincoln. My gracious lord, have care unto yourself,

For there are traitors here.

All. Traitors? Where? Who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid! Where be my officers? I'll spend my soul, ere my king feel harm.

King. Where is the traitor, Lincoln?

Lincoln. Here he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy! — Lincoln, speak,

What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge?

Lincoln. This, my dear liege: your Grace, to do me honor,

Heaped on the head of this degenerate boy

Desertless favors: you made choice of him,

To be commander over powers in France.

But he —

King. Good Lincoln, prithee, pause a while!

Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak.

I know how Lacy did neglect our love,

Ran himself deeply, in the highest degree,

Into vile treason —

Lincoln. Is he not a traitor?

King. Lincoln, he was; now have we pardoned him.

'Twas not a base want of true valor's fire,

That held him out of France, but love's desire.

Lincoln. I will not bear his shame upon my back.

King. Nor shalt thou, Lincoln; I forgive you both.

Lincoln. Then, good my liege, forbid the boy to wed

One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married?

Lincoln. No, my liege.

Both. We are.

King. Shall I divorce them then? O be it far

That any hand on earth should dare untie

The sacred knot, knit by God's majesty;

I would not for my crown disjoin their hands,

That are conjoined in holy nuptial bands.

How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?

Lacy. Not for all India's wealth, my sovereign.

King. But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forego?

Rose. If Rose were asked that question, she'd say no.

King. You hear them, Lincoln?

Lincoln. Yea, my liege, I do.

King. Yet canst thou find i'th' heart to part these two?

Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers?

Lord Mayor. I do, my gracious lord, I am her father.

King. Sir Roger Oateley, our last mayor, I think?

Nobleman. The same, my liege.

King. Would you offend love's laws?

Well, you shall have your wills, you sue to me,

To prohibit the match. Soft, let me see —

You both are married. Lacy, art thou not?

Lacy. I am, dread sovereign.

King. Then, upon thy life,

I charge thee, not to call this woman wife.

Lord Mayor. I thank your grace.

Rose. O my most gracious lord!

[*Kneels.*]

King. Nay, Rose, never woo me; I tell you true,

Although as yet I am a bachelor,

Yet I believe, I shall not marry you.

Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul,

Yet make the body live?

King. Yea, so profound?

I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide.

This fair maid, bridegroom, cannot be your bride.

Are you pleased Lincoln? Oateley, are you pleased?

Both. Yes, my lord.

King. Then must my heart be eased;

For, credit me, my conscience lives in pain,

Till these whom I divorced, be joined again.

Lacy, give me thy hand; Rose lend me think!

Be what you would be! Kiss now! So, that's fine.

At night, lovers, to bed! — Now, let me see,

Which of you all mislikes this harmony.

Lord Mayor. Will you then take from me my child perforce?

King. Why, tell me, Oateley: shines not Lacy's name

As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams

Of any citizen?

Lincoln. Yea, but, my gracious lord,

I do dislike the match far more than he;

Her blood is too, too base.

King. Lincoln, no more.

Dost thou not know that love respects no blood,
 Cares not for difference of birth or state?
 The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
 A worthy bride for any gentleman.
 Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
 To bare necessity, and, as I hear,
 Forgetting honors and all courtly pleasures,
 To gain her love, became a shoemaker.
 As for the honor which he lost in France,
 Thus I redeem it: Lacy, kneel thee down! —
 Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy! Tell me now,
 Tell me in earnest, Oateley, canst thou chide,
 Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride?

Lord Mayor. I am content with what your grace hath done.

Lincoln. And I, my liege, since there's no remedy.

King. Come on, then, all shake hands: I'll have you friends:

Where there is much love, all discord ends.

What says my mad lord mayor to all his love?

Eyre. O my liege, this honor you have done to my fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these favors which you have shown to me this day in my poor house, will make Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm summers more than he should.

King. Nay, my mad lord mayor, that shall be thy name,

If any grace of mine can length thy life,

One honor more I'll do thee: that new building,

Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,

Shall take a name from us; we'll have it called

The Leadenhall, because in digging it

You found the lead that covereth the same.

Eyre. I thank your Majesty.

Margery. God bless your grace!

King. Lincoln, a word with you!

[*Enter Hodge, Firk, Ralph, and more Shoemakers*]

Eyre. How now, my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly, yonder is the King.

King. With the old troop which there we keep in pay,

We will incorporate a new supply.

Before one summer more pass o'er my head,

France shall repent England was injured.

What are all those?

Lacy. All shoemakers, my liege.

Sometime my fellows; in their companies

I lived as merry as an emperor.

King. My mad lord mayor, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre. All shoemakers, my liege; all gentlemen of the gentle craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers: they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh.

All the Shoemakers. God save your Majesty!

King. Mad Simon, would they anything with us?

Eyre. Mum, mad knaves! Not a word! I'll do't: I warrant you. They are all beggars, my liege: all for themselves, and I for them all on both my knees do entreat, that for the honor of poor Simon Eyre and the good of his brethren these mad knaves, your Grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week.

King. Mad Sim, I grant your suit; you shall have patent
To hold two market-days in Leadenhall,
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times.
Will this content you?

All. Jesus bless your grace!

Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your Grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more.

King. What is it, my lord mayor?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with feasts.
Already have I been too troublesome;
Say, have I not?

Eyre. O my dear King, Sim Eyre was taken unawares upon a day of shroving, which I promised long ago to the 'prentices of London.

For, an't please your highness, in time past,
I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse upon my back:
And then, upon a morning, some mad boys,
It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 'tis now,

Gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my tankard, if ever I came to be lord mayor of London, I would feast all the 'prentices. This day, my liege, I did it, and the slaves had a hundred tables five times covered; they are gone home and vanished;

Yet add more honor to the gentle trade,
Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy made.

King. Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,
I have not met more pleasure on a day.
Friends of the gentle craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks, my kind lady mayoress, for our cheer —
Come, Lords, a while let's revel it at home!
When all our sports and banquetings are done,
Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun. [Exeunt.]

BEN JONSON

BEN JONSON was born about 1573, and died in 1637. A typical Londoner all his life, it was his fortune to find an unintentional biographer in a contemporary man of letters who was not even a resident of England. In the year 1618, Jonson, then in the full ripeness of his fame and character, walked to Scotland, where he visited William Drummond of Hawthornden. In Drummond's note-book, which survives, we have a remarkable record of his conversation. Quotations from this will give a better idea of him than can any paraphrase: —

OF HIS OWNE LYFE, EDUCATION, BIRTH, ACTIONS

His grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it; he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman. His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfaitted; at last turn'd Minister: so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a moneth after his father's decease; brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Cambden); after taken from it, and put to ane other craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*), which he could not endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the camps, killed ane enemie and taken *spolia opima* from him; and since his comming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie, which had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his: for the which he was emprissoned, and almost at the gallowes. Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prisson. Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist.

He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie. . . .

At that tyme the pest was in London; he being in the country . . . with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a sword, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he sould not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes then letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

He was dilated . . . to the King for writting something against the Scots,

. . . and voluntarily imprissoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery he banqueted all his friends . . . at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison; and that she was no churle, she told: she minded first to have drunk of it herself. . . .

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes . . . caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was; therafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawn by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them that was a more lively image of the Crucifix than any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delyghted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it. . . .

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wine. . . .

He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination. . . .

HIS CENSURE OF MY VERSES WAS: That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaphe of the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme. . . .

He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant. . . .

[He said] he was better versed, and knew more Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England. . . . In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January, 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that farr again. . . .

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.

Drummond of Hawthornden was a rather precise Scottish gentleman. When he made these memoranda, he was clearly stirred by such emotions as declare themselves in any conservative and respectable man who has been startled at his own table by the outburst of an unconventional Bohemian. His private opinion of his guest, therefore, was hardly favorable.

JANUARY 19, 1619.—He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous

of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.

With due allowance for the personal feeling which pervades these memoranda, they give incomparably the most vivid portrait in existence of an Elizabethan man of letters. The man they deal with, while not the greatest poet of his time, was distinctly the most conspicuous personal figure among those whose profession was literature. An excellent scholar, according to the contemporary standard; a playwright who never deigned to sacrifice his artistic conscience to popular caprice; a lyric poet acceptable alike to the great folk who patronized him, and to the literary followers who gathered about him at his favorite taverns; laureate; chief writer of the masques which were so characteristic a diversion of the court — he went sturdily through life with more renown than fortune. Born before the outburst of Elizabethan literature, he lived until the times of Charles I had begun to be troublous. He lies in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, with the epitaph "O rare Ben Jonson" cut in the pavement above his head.

In 1616, the year when Shakespeare died, Jonson published in folio a collection of his plays and poems. To this he gave the characteristic title of 'Works.' There were current jokes, of course, about the absurdity of so naming a volume of obvious plays; but the name was well chosen. What Jonson achieved, he achieved by conscientious labor. Drummond was right when he wrote, "Above all he excelleth in a Translation." Jonson knew two things thoroughly: the language and literature of classical Rome, and the language and life of London under Elizabeth, James, and Charles. The former he possessed to a degree almost unique; the latter, of course, he shared to the full with the human beings about him. As his two tragedies show, as is shown by many passages in his comedies, and again and again in his lyrics, the thing he could do supremely well was to turn the lifelessness of the classics into terms of contemporary vitality. In the best sense of the word, no better translator ever lived: he never forgot that faithfulness to his original is only half the task of the translator, who adds only to the dead weight of printed matter if he fail to bear to living men, in living language, tidings that without him were to them unmeaning.

The very trait which made him a consummate translator, however, made

him, in spite of his vigorous personality, a less effective original writer than many of his less gifted contemporaries. Inevitably, a man who becomes saturated with classical literature becomes possessed of the chief ideal which pervades it — the ideal which maintains that there is one definite way in which things ought to be done, as distinguished from the innumerable other ways in which they ought not to be done. The general trait of the Elizabethan drama is untrammelled freedom of form. Jonson, as a dramatist, felt conscientiously bound to keep in mind the laws of classical composition. In this respect, his work is more analogous to that which has prevailed on the stage of France and of Italy than to that which has characterized the stage of England. "Shakspeer," he told Drummond, "wanted art." No one ever admired Shakespeare more sturdily than did Ben Jonson. All the same, he could never forget that Shakespeare broke every rule of dramatic art maintained by the authorities of Greece and Rome. By the same token, Jonson's own plays never achieved the full vitality of Elizabethan England.

This fact has been generally remarked. Another trait of his, which greatly affected his dramatic writing, has hardly been recognized. He told Drummond, we may remember, that he had seen his dead child in a vision; and that he had lain awake watching strange figures battling about his great toe. In modern terms, this means that he was gifted with an exceptional visual imagination. The chief imaginative trait of the Elizabethan drama is sympathetic insight: whatever else the dramatists knew of their characters, they knew how those characters must have felt; they were in full touch not with their physical life, but with their emotional. In Jonson's case, all this was reversed; one often doubts whether he were in deep emotional sympathy with his characters, but one is sure that he knew precisely how those characters looked and moved. When one has been reading Shakespeare, or almost any of his other contemporaries, Jonson's plays often seem obscure and puzzling. If in such case one turn for an hour to Hogarth, the whole thing is explained. Jonson's imagination was primarily visual; though his vehicle was poetry, his conception was again and again that of painting. Ask yourself not what Jonson's characters felt, but what they looked like, and they will spring into life.

The analogy between Jonson and Hogarth, indeed, is very suggestive. Not only were both gifted with singular fertility of visual imagination, but both alike instinctively expressed themselves in such exaggerated terms as in our time would be called caricature, and as in Jonson's time were called humorous. Both seized upon some few characteristic traits of the personages with whom they dealt, and so emphasized these traits as to make them monstrous. Both were stirred by conscious moral purpose; both had a crude but wholesome sense of fun; both knew London to the core. In spite of the century and more which separates them, they may well be studied together. Whoever understands the one will understand the other.

For both alike were really artists. In the color and the texture of Hogarth's

paintings, one feels, for all their seeming ugliness of purpose, a genuine sense of what is beautiful. In Jonson's verses, from beginning to end, one feels, as surely as one feels the occasional limitations of pedantry, that higher, purer spirit of classical culture, which maintains that whatever a poet utters should be phrased as beautifully as his power can phrase it. In some lyrics, and in certain lines and passages of his plays, Jonson fairly excels. A scholar and a Londoner, vigorous, sincere, untiring, he stands in our literature as the great type of a sturdy British artist.

In the selections which follow, an attempt has been made to give some slight evidence of his purposes and his achievement. The passage from his posthumous 'Timber, or Discoveries' may suggest at once his literary method and the temper in which he regarded his chief contemporary. His well-known verses on Shakespeare repeat in more studied form the latter views, and at the same time show his mastery of English verse. The prologue to 'Every Man in His Humor' states his dramatic creed. The passage from 'Sejanus' shows his great, if superficial, mastery of Roman life and manners. The passage from 'The Silent Woman' shows at once his "humorous" manner, and his consummate power of translation; for the tirade against women is taken straight from Juvenal. Finally, the necessarily few fragments from his other plays, and selections from his lyrics, may perhaps serve to indicate the manner of thing which his conscientious art has added to permanent literature.

BARRETT WENDELL

ON SHAKESPEARE

From 'Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter'

DE SHAKESPEARE NOSTRAT [1].—I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand"; which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped—"Sufflaminandus erat," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

TO draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
 While I confess thy writings to be such
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
 As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance.
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
 These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
 Should praise a matron: what could hurt her more?
 But thou art proof against them, and indeed
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
 MY SHAKESPEARE rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further off, to make thee room:
 Thou art a monument without a tomb;
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
 I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek
 From thence to honor thee, I will not seek
 For names: but call forth thundering Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted life,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to fame:
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue: even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay: I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

FROM 'SEJANUS'

Scene: The Garden of Eudemus in Rome. Enter Sejanus, Livia, and Eudemus

SEJANUS. Physician, thou art worthy of a province
 For the great favors done unto our loves;
 And but that greatest Livia bears a part
 In the requital of thy services,
 I should alone despair of aught like means
 To give them worthy satisfaction.

Livia. Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
 A fit and full reward for his large merit.
 But for this potion we intend to Drusus —
 No more our husband now — whom shall we choose
 As the most apt and abled instrument
 To minister it to him?

Eudemus. I say, Lydgus.

Sejanus. Lydgus? what's he?

Livia. An eunuch Drusus loves.

Eudemus. Ay, and his cup-bearer. . . .

Sejanus. Send him to me; I'll work him. — Royal lady,
 Though I have loved you long, and with that height
 Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
 It mounts it trembles, thinking naught could add
 Unto the fervor which your eye had kindled —
 Yet now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,
 Quickness and will to apprehend the means
 To your own good and greatness, I protest
 Myself through rarefied and turned all flame
 In your affection: such a spirit as yours
 Was not created for the idle second
 To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine
 Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
 And share the sovereignty of all the world.
 Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
 When she and her Sejanus shall divide
 The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
 Be dimmed with glory of a brighter beam;
 When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
 And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all

His little light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb.

[*Knocking within.*]

Who's that? Eudemus,
Look. 'Tis not Drusus, lady; do not fear.

[*Exit Eudemus.*]

Livia. Not I, my lord: my fear and love of him
Left me at once.

Sejanus. Illustrious lady, stay —
Eudemus [*within*]. I'll tell his Lordship.

[*Re-enter Eudemus*]

Sejanus. Who is it, Eudemus?

Eudemus. One of your Lordship's servants brings you word
The Emperor hath sent for you.

Sejanus. Oh, where is he?
With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
A question, and return.

[*Exit.*]

Eudemus. Fortunate princess!
How are you blest in the fruition
Of this unequalled man, the soul of Rome,
The Empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's world!

Livia. So blessèd, my Eudemus, as to know
The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look today?

Eudemus. Excellent clear, believe it. This same fucus
Was well laid on.

Livia. Methinks 'tis here not white.

Eudemus. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sun
Hath given some little taint unto the ceruse;
You should have used of the white oil I gave you.
Sejanus, for your love! his very name
Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts —

[*Paints her cheek.*]

Livia. Nay, now you've made it worse.

Eudemus. I'll help it straight —

And but pronounced, is a sufficient charm
Against all rumor; and of absolute power
To satisfy for any lady's honor.

Livia. What do you now, Eudemus?

Eudemus. Make a light fucus,
 To touch you o'er withal. Honored Sejanus!
 What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
 But that addition will at least bear out,
 If't do not expiate?

Livia. Here, good physician.

Eudemus. I like this study to preserve the love
 Of such a man, that comes not every hour
 To greet the world. — 'Tis now well, lady, you should
 Use of this dentifrice I prescribed you too,
 To clear your teeth; and the prepared pomatum,
 To smooth the skin. A lady cannot be
 Too curious of her form, that still would hold
 The heart of such a person, made her captive,
 As you have his; who, to endear him more
 In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,
 The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
 Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
 To your new pleasures.

Livia. Have not we returned
 That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery
 Of all his counsels?

Eudemus. Yes, and wisely, lady.
 The ages that succeed, and stand far off
 To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
 And reckon it an act without your sex:
 It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
 Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound
 Than mixed with Drusus; but when they shall hear
 That and the thunder of Sejanus meet —
 Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
 And rings about the concave; great Sejanus,
 Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,
 The often iterating of Sejanus —
 They then will lose their thoughts, and be ashamed
 To take acquaintance of them.

[*Re-enter Sejanus*]

Sejanus. I must take
 A rude departure, lady: Cæsar sends
 With all his haste both of command and prayer.
 Be resolute in our plot: you have my soul,
 As certain yours as it is my body's.

And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,
 As you may lay the subtle operation
 Upon some natural disease of his;
 Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
 Glory of ladies, and commend my love
 To your best faith and memory.

Livia. My lord,
 I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet this
 Remember for your heed: he loves you not;
 You know what I have told you; his designs
 Are full of grudge and danger; we must use
 More than a common speed.

Sejanus. Excellent lady,
 How you do fire my blood!

Livia. Well, you must go?
 The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show.

[*Exit Sejanus.*]

Eudemus. When will you take some physic, lady?

Livia. When
 I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus' drug
 Be first prepared.

SOLILOQUY OF SEJANUS

DULL, heavy Cæsar!
 Wouldst thou tell me thy favors were made crimes,
 And that my fortunes were esteemed thy faults,
 That thou for me wert hated, and not think
 I would with wingèd haste prevent that change
 When thou mightest win all to thyself again
 By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
 Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
 This sparkling forge, created me an armor
 T'encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
 And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
 As thou hadst snuffed up hemlock, or ta'en down
 The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
 Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
 Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
 To public cares.

FROM 'THE SILENT WOMAN'

Scene: A Room in Morose's House. Enter Morose, with a tube in his hand, followed by Mute.

MOROSE. Cannot I yet find out a more compendious method than by this trunk, to save my servants the labor of speech and mine ears the discords of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? Answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise. [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt or flock bed on the outside of the door: that if they knock with their daggers or with brickbats, they can make no noise? — But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head or shrug. [*Mute makes a leg.*] So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay: if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one. [*Mute holds up a finger bent.*] Good: half a quarter? 'Tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And is the lock oiled, and the hinges, today? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And the quilting of the stairs nowhere worn out and bare? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. I see, by much doctrine and impulsion it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth: still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*] How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? Look — [*Exit Mute. Horn again.*] Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-bound, devil can this be?

[*Re-enter Mute*]

Mute. It is a post from the court —

Morose. Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says he must speak with you, pain of death —

Morose. Pain of thy life, be silent!

[*Enter Truewit with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand*]

Truewit. By your leave, sir — I am a stranger here — is your name Master Morose? is your name Master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? Nothing? Has Hypocrates been here with his club, among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time; I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir —

Morose. O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?

Truewit. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Morose. Whose knave are you?

Truewit. Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Morose. Fetch me my sword —

Truewit. You shall taste the one half of my dagger if you do, groom; and you the other if you stir, sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the King's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Morose. How then, rude companion?

Truewit. Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London bridge at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or such a delicate steeple in the town as Bow, to vault from; or braver height, as Paul's; or if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret window into the street; or a beam in the said garret, with this halter [*shows him the halter*] which they have sent — and desire that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot than to the wedlock noose; or take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or a fly, as one said, with a straw in your body: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. . . .

Morose. Good sir, have I ever cozened any friends of yours of their lands? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begged a reversion from them? . . . What have I done that may deserve this? . . .

Truewit. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you what you must hear. It seems your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger. (But you may do your pleasure for all them; I persuade not, sir.) If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances a jig, . . . why, it is not their fault; they have discharged their consciences, when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young, and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses in the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them. . . . If rich,

and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. . . . If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited to hear her speak Latin and Greek. . . . If precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family or wood of them; and hear long-winded exercises, singings, and catechizings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for, to please the zealous matron your wife, who for the holy cause will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir! but this is not half, i' faith; you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before: I come not to persuade you. — [*Mute is stealing away.*] Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Morose. Oh, what is my sin! what is my sin!

Truewit. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir — oh, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! . . . That friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; . . . she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber filled with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewelers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets: never weighs what her pride costs, sir, so she may . . . be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress; or so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them — Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth; or be thought cunning in controversies or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics and demonstration: and answer in religion to one, in state to another, in folly to a third.

Morose. Oh! oh!

Truewit. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer and this cunning woman: where the first question is, How soon you shall die? . . . What precedence she shall have by her next match? And sets down the answers, and believes them above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Morose. Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things.

Truewit. Yes, sir; and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat, with going afoot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus: God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot: . . . I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance. — Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*]

Morose. Come, have me to my chamber; but first shut the door. [*Truewit winds the horn without.*] Oh, shut the door, shut the door! Is he come again?

PROLOGUE FROM 'EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR'

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
 As art and nature have not bettered much;
 Yet ours, for want, hath not so loved the stage
 As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
 Or purchase your delight at such a rate
 As, for it, he himself must justly hate.
 To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
 Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed
 Past threescore years; or with three rusty swords,
 And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
 And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
 He rather prays, you will be pleased to see
 One such today, as other plays should be:
 Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas;
 Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please;
 Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afraid
 The gentlewomen; nor rolled bullet heard
 To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
 Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come:
 But deeds and language such as men do use,
 And persons such as comedy would choose,
 When she would show an image of the times,
 And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

SONG TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine:
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change from thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me:
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

SONG — THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
 So court a mistress, she denies you;
 Let her alone, she will court you.
 Say, are not women truly, then,
 Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
 At noon they are or short or none:
 So men at weakest, they are strongest,
 But grant us perfect, they're not known.
 Say, are not women truly, then,
 Styled but the shadows of us men?

SONG FROM 'VOLPONE'

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we can, the sports of love;
 Time will not be ours forever,
 He at length our good will sever:
 Spend not then his gifts in vain;
 Suns that set may rise again;
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night. . . .
 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
 But the sweet thefts to reveal —
 To be taken, to be seen —
 These have crimes accounted been.

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

WEEP with me, all you that read
 This little story;
 And know, for whom a tear you shed
 Death's self is sorry.

'Twas a child that so did thrive
 In grace and feature,
 As heaven and nature seemed to strive
 Which owned the creature.
 Years he numbered scarce thirteen
 When fates turned cruel,
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act, what now we moan,
 Old men so duly,
 As sooth the Parcæ thought him one,
 He played so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented;
 But viewing him since, alas, too late!
 They have repented;
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him:
 But being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER

HERE lies, to each her parents ruth,
 Mary, the daughter of their youth;
 Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
 It makes the father less to rue.
 At six months' end she parted hence
 With safety of her innocence;
 Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name she bears,
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath placed amongst her virgin train:
 Where while that, severed, doth remain,
 This grave partakes the fleshy birth;
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

FROM 'CYNTHIA'S REVELS'

Enter Hesperus, Cynthia, Arete, Timè, Phronesis, and Thaumà.

Music accompanied. Hesperus sings

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close:
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver,
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

THE NOBLE NATURE

IT is not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night:
 It was the plant and flower of Light,
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

JOHN WEBSTER

LITTLE is known of the life of Shakespeare's greatest pupil in tragedy, John Webster. He began to write for the stage about 1601: between 1601 and 1607 he made certain additions to Marston's 'Malcontent,' and collaborated with Dekker in 'The History of Sir Thomas Wyatt,' 'Northward Ho' and 'Westward Ho.' In 1612 'Vittoria Corombona,' the most famous of his tragedies, was published, and in 1623 'The Duchess of Malfi' appeared. Webster's classical tragedy, 'Appius and Virginia,' was not published until 1654. Besides these plays he wrote a tragicomedy entitled 'The Devil's Law-Case,' and with Rowley the curious drama of 'A Cure for a Cuckold.' In his introduction to the Mermaid Edition of Webster's plays, J. A. Symonds points out that there is little internal evidence of this collaboration, for which the publisher Kirkman's word was the authority.

For two hundred years after Webster lived, he was almost forgotten. The keen appreciation of Charles Lamb rescued him from the strange oblivion which had rested upon his remarkable if sinister genius. In his 'Specimens from the English Dramatic Poets,' he accords him the highest praise. In 1830 the Rev. Alexander Dyce collected and edited the works of Webster; bringing them for the first time within the reach of the general reader, and securing the preservation of what are acknowledged masterpieces of a certain order of tragedy.

The two Italian dramas, 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'Vittoria Corombona; or The White Devil,' belong to that strange genus, the "tragedy of blood," which began with the extravagances of Kyd, a predecessor of Shakespeare, and received its highest illustration by the master himself in 'Hamlet.' Webster made a less plausible use of this kind of tragedy than did Shakespeare, although he sometimes approaches him in dramatic strength. His sinister imagination is like the lightning of a midnight tempest, revealing the tormented sky and the black fury of the storm. "No dramatist," writes J. A. Symonds, "showed more consummate ability in heightening terrific effects, in laying bare the inner mysteries of crime, remorse, and pain . . . he was drawn to comprehend and reproduce abnormal elements of spiritual anguish." His men and women go out of life in a black mist, as they pass through it in a red mist of crime.

Webster's style is singularly well adapted to the spirit in which he portrays human life. It is cutting, sententious, powerful. He has the faculty of expressing an entire gamut of human emotions in a few words, as when Ferdinand in the 'Duchess of Malfi' sees the body of his twin-sister murdered by his orders, and exclaims:

Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle; she died young.

FROM 'THE DUCHESS OF MALFI'

[The Duchess of Malfi, having secretly married her steward Antonio, arouses thereby the wrath of her brother, Duke Ferdinand, the heir of her great fortune had she died childless. She is forced to separate from her husband, and by the order of her brother she and her children and her attendant Cariola are put to death.]

Scene: Room in the Duchess' Lodging. Enter Duchess and Cariola.

DUCHESS. What hideous noise was that?
 Cariola. 'Tis the wild consort

Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
 Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
 I think, was never practised till this hour.

Duchess. Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
 Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
 And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
 Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Cariola. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.

Duchess. Thou art deceived:
 To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
 This is a prison?

Cariola. Yes, but you shall live
 To shake this durance off.

Duchess. Thou art a fool:
 The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
 Never live long in cages.

Cariola. Pray, dry your eyes.
 What think you of, madam?

Duchess. Of nothing;
 When I muse thus I sleep.

Cariola. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

Duchess. Dost thou think we shall know one another
 In the other world?

Cariola. Yes, out of question.

Duchess. Oh that it were possible we might
 But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
 From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
 I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle:
 I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow;
 The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
 I am acquainted with sad misery
 As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar:
 Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
 And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Cariola. Like to your picture in the gallery —
 A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
 Or rather like some reverend monument
 Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duchess. Very proper;
 And fortune seems only to have her eyesight
 To behold my tragedy. — How now!
 What noise is that?

[*Enter Servant*]

Servant. I am come to tell you
 Your brother hath intended you some sport.
 A great physician, when the Pope was sick
 Of a deep melancholy, presented him
 With several sorts of madmen, which wild object,
 Being full of change and sport, forced him to laugh,
 And so the imposthume broke: the selfsame cure
 The duke intends on you.

Duchess. Let them come in.

[*Here a dance of Eight Madmen, with music answerable thereto; after which Bosola, like an Old Man, enters.*]

Duchess. Is he mad too?

Servant. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.
 [*Exeunt Servant and Madmen.*]

Bosola. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duchess. Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
 Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bosola. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duchess. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bosola. Yes.

Duchess. Who am I?

Bosola. Thou art a box of wormseed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? A little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of

grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duchess. Am not I thy duchess?

Bosola. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duchess. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bosola. That makes thy sleeps so broken:

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duchess. Thou art very plain.

Bosola. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living: I am a tomb-maker.

Duchess. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bosola. Yes.

Duchess. Let me be a little merry: — of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bosola. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duchess. Why do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bosola. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the toothache: they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.

Duchess. Let me know fully therefore the effect

Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

Bosola. Now I shall:

[*Enter Executioners, with a coffin, cords, and a bell*]

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duchess. Let me see it.

I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bosola. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cariola. O my sweet lady!

Duchess. Peace: it affrights not me.

Bosola. I am the common bellman,

That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.

Duchess.

Even now thou said'st

Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bosola.

'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification. Listen,

Hark! now everything is still.

The screech-owl and the whistler shrill

Call upon our dame aloud,

And bid her quickly don her shroud!

Much you had of land and rent;

Your length in clay's now competent:

A long war disturbed your mind;

Here your perfect peace is signed.

Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?

Sin their conception, their birth weeping,

Their life a general mist of error,

Their death a hideous storm of terror.

Strew your hair with powders sweet,

Don clean linen, bathe your feet,

And (the foul fiend more to check)

A crucifix let bless your neck:

'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;

End your groan and come away.

Cariola. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!

What will you do with my lady? — Call for help.

Duchess. To whom? to our next neighbors? they are mad-folks.

Bosola. Remove that noise.

Duchess.

Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give —

A many hungry guests have fed upon me;

Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cariola.

I will die with her.

Duchess. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl

Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[*Cariola is forced out by the Executioners.*]

Now what you please:

What death?

Bosola.

Strangling; here are your executioners.

Duchess. I forgive them:

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs

Would do as much as they do.

Bosola. Doth not death fright you?

Duchess. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?

Bosola. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.

Duchess. Not a whit:
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smotherèd
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways; any way, for Heaven sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's-fault:
I'd not be tedious to you.

First Executioner. We are ready.

Duchess. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?

First Executioner. Yes.

Duchess. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me; —
Yet stay: heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. [*Kneels.*] Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep! —
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*The Executioners strangle the Duchess.*]

Bosola. Where's the waiting-woman?

Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[*Cariola and Children are brought in by the Executioners; who presently strangle the Children.*]

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

Cariola. Oh, you are damned

Perpetually for this! My turn is next —

Is't not so ordered?

Bosola. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepared for't.

Cariola. You are deceived, sir:
I am not prepared for't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.

Bosola. Come, dispatch her. —
You kept her counsel; now you shall keep ours.

Cariola. I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.

First Executioner. Here's your wedding-ring.

Cariola. Let me but speak with the duke: I'll discover
Treason to his person.

Bosola. Delays: throttle her

First Executioner. She bites and scratches.

Cariola. If you kill me no
I am damned: I have not been at confession
This two years. . . .

[*The Executioners strangle Cariola.*]

Bosola. Bear her into the next room,
Let these lie still.

[*Exeunt the Executioners with the body of Cariola.*]

[*Enter Ferdinand*]

Ferdinand. Is she dead?

Bosola. She is what
You'd have her. But here begin your pity:

[*Shows the Children strangled.*]

Alas, how have these offended?

Ferdinand. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

Bosola. Fix your eye here.

Ferdinand. Constantly.

Bosola. Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferdinand. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle; she died young.

Bosola. I think not so: her infelicity
Seems to have years too many.

Ferdinand. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

Bosola. It seems she was born first:
You have bloodily approved the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.

Ferdinand. Let me see her face
Again. Why didst not thou pity her? What
An excellent honest man mightst thou have been,
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary!
Or, bold in a good cause, opposed thyself,
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocence and my revenge!
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done 't.
For let me but examine well the cause:
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only I must confess I had a hope,
Had she continued widow, to have gained
An infinite mass of treasure by her death:
And what was the main cause? her marriage,
That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.
For thee — as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is cursed
For playing a villain's part — I hate thee for 't;
And for my sake, thou hast done much ill well.

DIRGE FROM 'VITTORIA COROMBONA'

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

WE have Thomas Heywood's own word that he was the author of the whole or chief part of two hundred and twenty plays. For years he wrote his dramas and acted in them with Henslowe's company, or that of the Lord Admiral, or at the theater of the Red Bull in London; and composed, too, many of the Lord Mayor's pageants. Yet so modest was he about his own achievements, and so careless of fame, that he made no effort to preserve his work, and now we have only twenty-three plays and a variety of scattered fragments. From these we may gather many hints of his genial and gifted mind; but of his actual life we know little. There is evidence that he was of good family, a fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and remarkably well read; and that he early went to London. Even the dates of his birth and death are lost; but he was probably about ten years younger than Shakespeare, and must have known him well.

Heywood was primarily a poet, and scattered through his plays are dainty, breezy lyrics of "April morning freshness," which show an easy mastery of meter. But he is best known as a dramatist; and his readers must admire his eloquent expression of deep feeling and delicacy of taste. He first tried historical plays; but although these contain fine passages, they are less satisfactory than his later work. There is a suggestion of the realist in Heywood; for he seldom left home for his subjects, but sought them in English men and women of his time. He excelled in strong and simple situations, and in able touches which depicted character and developed a homely every-day atmosphere; but his work is very uneven, showing many technical faults of uneven meter and interrupted rhyme, and his finest passages are sometimes followed by jagged doggerel unworthy a schoolboy. He wrote too rapidly to take much heed of form, and when not mastered by an emotional instinct for the fitting expression, he was careless of minor points.

Among his best known plays are 'The English Traveller,' a study of character; 'The Fair Maid of the West,' and 'A Woman Killed with Kindness.' The last is well sustained, and in its capable character-drawing and eloquent blank verse is considered his masterpiece. Henslowe records in his diary that he paid Heywood three pounds for it. The slight plot — the story of a faithless wife whose husband sends her to a manor-house where she must live separated from him and from her children, although in comfort, and who dies there of her bitter repentance — is of less interest than the naturalness of the emotion and the lofty moral feeling for which Heywood is especially noteworthy.

APULEIUS' SONG

From 'The Rape of Lucrece'

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day;
 With night we banish sorrow:
 Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow:
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
 Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
 Sing, birds, in every furrow;
 And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush —
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow —
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

HARVEST SONG

From 'The Silver Age'

WITH fair Ceres, Queen of grain,
 The reaped fields we roam, roam, roam!
 Each country peasant, nymph, and swain
 Sing their harvest home, home, home!
 Whilst the Queen of plenty hallows
 Growing fields as well as fallows.

Echo double all our lays,
 Make the Champions found, found, found,
 To the Queen of harvest praise
 That sows and reaps our ground, ground, ground.
 Ceres, Queen of plenty, hallows
 Growing fields as well as fallows.

Tempest hence, hence winds and hails,
 Tares, cockles, rotten flowers, flowers, flowers;
 Our song shall keep time with our flails —
 When Ceres sings none lowers, lowers, lowers.
 She it is whose godhood hallows
 Growing fields as well as fallows.

SONG

From 'The Fair Maid of the Exchange'

YE little birds that sit and sing
 Amidst the shady valleys,
 And see how Phyllis sweetly walks,
 Within her garden alleys;
 Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
 Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
 Ah me! methinks I see her frown!
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tell her through your chirping bills,
 As you by me are bidden;
 To her is only known my love,
 Which from the world is hidden.
 Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
 See that your notes strain not too low,
 For still methinks I see her frown:
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tune your voices' harmony,
 And sing, I am her lover;
 Strain loud and sweet, that every note
 With sweet content may move her.
 And she that hath the sweetest voice
 Tell her I will not change my choice;
 Yet still, methinks, I see her frown:
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
 Into a pretty slumber!
 Sing round about her rosy bed,
 That waking she may wonder.

Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you:
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warbling.

FRANKFORD'S SOLILOQUY

From 'A Woman Killed with Kindness'

O GOD! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the West, draw his coach backward —
Take from the account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons called again,
These minutes and these actions done in them.

POPULAR PLAYWRIGHTS

MELLIFLUOUS Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Bedipped in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, was but Jack;
Dekker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
And he's but now Jack Ford that once was John.

SHEPHERD'S SONG

WE that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of scepters we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition:

We with the sun our flocks unfold,
 Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
 Our music from the birds we borrow,
 They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.
 Our habits are but coarse and plain,
 Yet they defend from wind and rain;
 As warm too, in an equal eye,
 As those bestained in scarlet dye.
 The shepherd, with his homespun lass,
 As many merry hours doth pass,
 As courtiers with their costly girls,
 Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
 And though but plain, to purpose woo,
 Nay, often with less danger too.
 Those that delight in dainties' store,
 One stomach feed at once, no more;
 And when with homely fare we feast,
 With us it doth as well digest;
 And many times we better speed,
 For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
 If we sometimes the willow wear,
 By subtle swains that dare forswear,
 We wonder whence it comes, and fear
 They've been at court, and learned it there.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

Act IV, Sc. 6

[Enter Wendoll, running over the stage in a night-gown, Frankford after him with a sword drawn; a Maid-servant in her smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him. Frankford pauses for a while.]

FRANKFORD. I thank thee, maid; thou, like the angel's hand,
 Hast stayed me from a bloody sacrifice. *[Exit Maid-servant.]*
 Go, villain, and my wrongs sit on thy soul
 As heavy as this grief doth upon mine!
 When thou record'st my many courtesies,
 And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
 Lay them together, weigh them equally,
 'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
 A Judas: pray, pray, lest I live to see
 Thee, Judas-like, hanged on an elder-tree.

[Enter Mistress Frankford in her night attire]

Mistress Frankford. Oh, by what word, what title, or what name,
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband —
O me, most wretched! I have lost that name,
I am no more your wife.

Nicholas. 'Sblood, sir, she swoons.

Frankford. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee:
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the sun's clear brown. What wouldst thou speak?

Mistress Frankford. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under your feet? when drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand thousandfold
More than you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament — even for His sake
That hath redeemed our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformèd to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence.
Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave;
This granted, I am ready for my grave. [Kneels.]

Frankford. My God, with patience arm me! Rise, nay, rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou playedst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy,
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Mistress Frankford. I was.

Frankford. Was it then disability in me;
Or in thine eye seemed he a properer man?

Mistress Frankford. Oh no.

Frankford. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee here in my heart?

Mistress Frankford. You did.

Frankford. I did, indeed; witness my tears I did.

Go, bring my infants hither.

[*Enter Servant with two Children*]

O Nan! O Nan!

If neither fear of shame, regard of honor,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is characterized,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years —
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them! lest, as her spotted body
Hath stained their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them!

[*Exeunt Servant and Children.*]

Mistress Frankford. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.

Frankford. Stand up, stand up; I will do nothing rashly;

I will retire a while into my study,

And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently.

[*Exit.*]

Mistress Frankford. 'Tis welcome, be it death. O me, base strumpet,

That, having such a husband, such sweet children,

Must enjoy neither! Oh, to redeem my honor,

I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts seared,

Be racked, strappadoed, put to any torment:

Nay, to whip but this scandal out, I would hazard

The rich and dear redemption of my soul.

He cannot be so base as to forgive me;

Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.

O women, women, you that yet have kept

Your holy matrimonial vow unstained,

Make me your instance: when you tread awry,

Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

Act V, Sc. 6

Mistress Frankford's Bedchamber

[*Mistress Frankford in bed; enter Sir Charles Mountford, Sir Francis Acton, Malby, Cranwell, and Susan.*]

Malby. How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

Mistress Frankford. Sick, sick, oh, sick. Give me some air, I pray you.

Tell me, oh, tell me where is Master Frankford?
Will he not deign to see me ere I die?

Malby. Yes, Mistress Frankford: divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbors, with that just request
Have moved, and told him of your weak estate:
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And surely he will be here immediately.

Mistress Frankford. You have half revived me with those pleasing news:
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? Tell me, gentlemen.

Sir Charles. Alas good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mistress Frankford. Then sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrive, then I am fit for Heaven.

Sir Francis. I came to chide you; but my words of hate
Are turned to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you; but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's Master Frankford now.

[*Enter Frankford*]

Frankford. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had He pleased) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground;
But He that made us, made us to this woe.

Mistress Frankford. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.

Frankford. How do you, woman?

Mistress Frankford. Well, Master Frankford, well; but shall be better.
I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe,
Out of your grace and your humanity,
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Frankford. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis gripped by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold!

Mistress Frankford. Amen, amen.

Out of my zeal to Heaven, whither I'm now bound,
 I was so impudent to wish you here;
 And once more beg your pardon. O good man,
 And father to my children, pardon me,
 Pardon, oh, pardon me! My fault so heinous is,
 That if you in this world forgive it not,
 Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
 Faintness hath so usurped upon my knees
 That kneel I cannot, but on my heart's knees
 My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
 To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, oh, pardon me!

Frankford. As freely, from the low depth of my soul,
 As my Redeemer hath forgiven His death,
 I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee, pray with thee;
 And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
 I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nicholas. So will not I;
 I'll sigh and sob, but, my faith, not die.

Sir Francis. O Master Frankford, all the near alliance
 I lose by her shall be supplied in thee:
 You are my brother by the nearest way;
 Her kindred hath fallen off, but yours doth stay.

Frankford. Even as I hope for pardon at that day
 When the great Judge of Heaven in scarlet sits,
 So be thou pardoned. Though thy rash offense
 Divorced our bodies, thy repentant tears
 Unite our souls.

Sir Charles. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford;
 You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
 Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you?

Sir Francis. How do ye feel yourself?

Mistress Frankford. Not of this world.

Frankford. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
 My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
 Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
 And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
 Though thou art wounded in thy honored name,
 And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
 Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Mistress Frankford. Pardoned on earth, soul, thou in Heaven art free.

Once more: thy wife dies thus embracing thee.

[*Dies.*]

Frankford. New married, and new widowed. Oh! she's dead,
And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.

Sir Charles. Sir, be of good comfort; and your heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us: storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.

Cranwell. Do, Master Frankford: he that hath least part
Will find enough to drown one troubled heart.

Sir Francis. Peace with thee, Nan. Brothers, and gentlemen,
All we that can plead interest in her grief,
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punished her sin, the grief of her offense
Had not with such true sorrow touched her heart.

Frankford. I see it had not: therefore on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engraved.
In golden letters shall these words be filled,
"Here lies she whom her husband's kindness killed."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THERE is a great deal that is extraordinary and almost nothing that is commonplace in the literary history of Beaumont and Fletcher. Just at the time that the Elizabethan drama was at its zenith, when Jonson and Chapman and Heywood and Dekker were at their best, when the London public was witnessing the first performances of 'Othello' and 'Lear,' two young poets made their way on the scene. They soon united in a close friendship and began to produce in collaboration a series of plays, distinguished at once by great theatrical effectiveness and by the appeal of their poetry. The young dramatists fascinated both the groundlings of the pit and the courtiers in the boxes, both the crowd and the critics, both playgoers and readers. It seems clear that they outdid Shakespeare in immediate popularity on the stage, and they at once took a leading part in those assemblies of the poets and wits at the Mermaid Tavern, already notable for the contests between Jonson and Shakespeare.

When, little more than half-a-dozen years after his first appearance as a dramatist, Beaumont retired from the stage, no one's fame seemed more secure. No play had appeared in print with his name, but the court and theaters were ringing with his applause, and the poets were uniting to praise him. He died when barely thirty, in the same year as Shakespeare, and a contemporary epigram adjures Chaucer, Spenser, and Beaumont to lie a little closer

to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

After Beaumont's retirement Fletcher collaborated with Shakespeare on 'Henry VIII' and 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' and succeeded Shakespeare as the chief writer for the king's company of players. For the next dozen years he was unquestionably the king of the theaters. Play after play came from his facile pen, now often in collaboration with Massinger or another, and added to his long list of dramatic successes.

The young writers imitated his style and dramatic methods. No one except the Puritans thought of offering a censure. Because of his deficiency in moral and artistic earnestness, however, modern critics have usually debited him with marking the decline of the drama. The drama, indeed, was bound to decline from the high estate to which Shakespeare had raised it; but the decline was by no means a mere deterioration. Fletcher helped to give the drama a new direction, but still preserved it as a vehicle for poetry, fancy, and wit. In the general development, or decline, from Shakespeare to Dryden, Otway, and

Congreve, he was at all events the leading figure. Jonson and Shakespeare were still great influences, inspiring or overshadowing the efforts of the younger man; but, for bad and good, the dominating force in the drama from 1616 to 1642 was Fletcher.

When at the restoration of Charles II the theaters were reopened, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were again the favorites and again stimulated the invention and wit of contemporary dramatists. The tragedies of Shakespeare and a few of the comedies of Jonson were almost their only rivals in carrying on the great Elizabethan traditions across the break made by the Commonwealth, over to a new generation of theatergoers. Collected editions of their plays made them familiar to readers and for a time they held their own with their great contemporary, even in the opinion of the judicious. Dryden sums up the judgment of his day in the famous criticism which finds them worthy of comparison with Jonson and Shakespeare.

But this new glory was short-lived. One by one their plays ceased to please upon the stage. By the beginning of the eighteenth century there was a new taste in poetry which did not relish their extravagance and a new strictness in morality which frowned on their wit. Their romances came to be acted only rarely, though a few of their comedies kept the stage well into the nineteenth century.

In the closet as on the stage they could not bear comparison with Shakespeare, but they did not lack readers. Their plays have been continually re-edited, and they shared in the fervor of appreciation which the Elizabethan drama received from Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and other of the romanticists. The fine edition of their works by Dyce in the middle of the nineteenth century placed them on the library shelves of all lovers of literature; and the twentieth century has already seen two new variorum editions and many reprints of individual plays.

Beaumont and Fletcher were men of the theater and they secured immediate and long-continued vogue on the stage. They took the theaters by storm as did Kotzebue, Scribe, or Sardou. But they were also poets who have delighted generation after generation. They are very vulnerable to serious assault by either moralist, realist, or dramaturgist; but they are nevertheless very readable. They do not represent the best and greatest in the thought and feeling of their own age, and they offer no profound criticism on life to arouse the reflection of the present. But he who reads for wit, for fancy, for verse that can mirror the play of varying sentiment and passion, will find their colors but little dimmed by time and their jewels still sparkling brilliantly. Perhaps no poetical drama, clearly not of the first rank, has withstood changes of time and taste better than the product of this famous collaboration.

During their lifetimes no attempt was made to separate the work of the two collaborators. That task was left to modern criticism and has engaged the labors of many scholars. Fletcher's blank verse is marked by very definite man-

nerisms, especially the unprecedented combination of a very large proportion of double or feminine endings with an almost equally large proportion of end stopped lines. These traits render its cadences easily recognizable to any one familiar with Elizabethan verse and also susceptible of analysis by verse tests. His share in the plays collected under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher has now been rather closely defined. The share of Massinger who collaborated with Fletcher in many of the later plays can also be set off with some distinctness because of the contrast which it offers to the distinctively Fletcherian portions.

Of the two chief collaborators, Beaumont's is a somewhat shadowy figure. There is no single play that can be indisputably assigned to his sole authorship, and probably only about a dozen plays in which he had any part. In consequence we are far from having any sure canon by which to judge of his qualities of style and invention. Modern criticism, however, has been eager and acute in its attempts to define and value both his personality and his poetry. The difficulty with such analysis is that it must rest on a negative basis, and Beaumont is made the opposite and the negation of Fletcher. Moreover, Fletcher exhibits his faults so openly that there is a temptation to assign all the opposite virtues to his collaborator. Beaumont is held to be graver, more critical, more moral, more Shakespearian; but the comparatives cannot be said to result in any very positive definition. Both men were in the twenties when they began their collaboration, which is marked by an audacity and prodigality of talent. About all that can be said surely of Beaumont is that he had a large share in the few plays that must be ranked as the masterpieces of their collaboration.

Apart from their plays, there are few records of the lives of the two dramatists, and these may be briefly summarized.

Francis Beaumont, third son of Sir Francis Beaumont of Grace Dieu in Leicestershire, one of the Justices of Common Pleas, was born about 1584 and died March 6, 1616. He was admitted gentleman commoner at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, in 1597, and was entered at the Inner Temple, London, November 3, 1600. In addition to his plays, very little of his writing has survived. His 'Masque of the Inner Temple' was given an elaborate performance on March 1, 1613; and Beaumont seems to have ceased writing for the public theaters before that date. He was married to Ursula, daughter of Henry Isley of Sundridge, Kent, probably in 1613, and left two daughters (one a posthumous child). He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Fletcher, son of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London, was baptized at Rye in Sussex, where his father was then minister, December 20, 1579, and died of the plague in August, 1625. He was entered as a pensioner at Benedict College, Cambridge, 1591. His father as Dean of Peterborough attended Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, and was later rapidly promoted to the sees of Bristol, Worcester, and London. Handsome of person and eloquent of

speech, he was a successful courtier and a favorite of the Queen, though he suffered a loss of favor shortly before his death in 1596. The dramatist received by bequest a share in his father's books, but apparently little other property. Frequent references to his poetry occur in contemporary plays and verses, but very little information has survived concerning his personality or circumstances. He was evidently busily occupied in writing for the theaters for some twenty years. He was buried August 29, 1625, in Saint Saviour's, Southwark.

The following list gives all the plays in which either Beaumont or Fletcher had a part. They are arranged in groups and in a conjecturally chronological order, the exact dates of performance being rarely determinable. Beaumont's share is confined largely to the first group. Fletcher had a share in all the plays of the second and third groups. The initials indicate some of the surer ascriptions to Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, and Shakespeare.

First Period

Woman's Prize; or, The Tamer Tamed. F.	1604?
Wit at Several Weapons. First version.	1605?
The Woman Hater. B.	1606?
Love's Cure, or, The Martial Maid.	1606?
Thierry and Theodoret.	1607?
Monsieur Thomas. F.	1607-8?
The Knight of the Burning Pestle. B.	1607-8
Four Plays in One. B. and F.	1608?
The Faithful Shepherdess. F.	1608?
Philaster; or, Love Lies A-Bleeding. B. and F.	1608?
The Coxcomb.	1609?
The Maid's Tragedy. B. and F.	1609?
Cupid's Revenge. B. and F.	1609-10?
The Scornful Lady. B. and F.	1610-11?
A King and No King. B. and F.	1611
The Captain.	1611?

Second Period

The Nice Valor; or, The Passionate Madman.	1612?
The Night Walker; or, The Little Thief.	1612?
The Beggar's Bush.	1612?
Cardenio. (non-extant)	1612-13?
The Mask of the Inner Temple. B.	1612
The Two Noble Kinsmen. F. and Sh.	1613?
Henry VIII. F. and Sh.	1613?
The Honest Man's Fortune.	1613

Wit Without Money. F.	1614?
Love's Pilgrimage.	1614?
The Faithful Friends.	1614?
The Chances. F.	1615?
Bonduca. F.	1615?
Valentinian. F.	1615-16?
The Jeweller of Amsterdam. (non-extant)	1616-17?
The Bloody Brother; or, Rollo, Duke of Normandy.	1617?
The Queen of Corinth. F. and M.	c.1617
The Loyal Subject. F.	1618
The Mad Lover. F.	c.1618
The Knight of Malta.	c.1618

Third Period

The Humorous Lieutenant. F.	c.1619?
Sir John van Olden Barnaveldt. F. and M.	1619?
The Custom of the Country. F. and M.	c.1619
The Double Marriage. F. and M.	c.1619
The Laws of Candy.	c.1619
The Little French Lawyer. F. and M.	c.1620
The False One. F. and M.	c.1620
Woman Pleased. F.	c.1620
The Island Princess. F.	c.1620
The Pilgrim. F.	c.1621
The Wild Goose Chase. F.	c.1621
The Prophetess.	1622
The Sea Voyage.	1622
The Spanish Curate.	1622
The Maid in the Mill.	1622
The Lover's Progress (The Wandering Lovers).	1623
The Fair Maid of the Inn.	1623-4
A Wife for a Month. F.	1624
Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.	1624
The Noble Gentleman.	1625?
Coronation.	1625?
The Elder Brother.	1625?

Among the plays of the first period are the charming pastoral 'The Faithful Shepherdess' by Fletcher, and 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' probably mainly by Beaumont. The three best of the other plays of this group, 'The Maid's Tragedy,' 'Philaster,' and 'A King and No King' are the best representatives of the collaboration. They owed much to the contemporary and the

preceding drama, but they brought a new tone and a new method to the stage. They are melodramatic with highly colored and sharply contrasting situations and with a marked variation of tragic and idyllic emotions. Their tone is that of the artificial, courtly romance destined to prevail for nearly a century, and their method is that of an alternation of surprise and suspense leading to a highly developed *dénouement*.

Other plays in the group have corresponding qualities, and aid in fixing a type which was conspicuous in tragedy and tragicomedy until the close of the theaters. The plots, largely invented, are ingenious and complicated. They deal with royal persons, heroic actions, foreign localities, and passions that ruin kingdoms and torture the heart. Usually contrasting a story of gross sexual passion with one of idyllic love, they introduce sensational incidents and aim at producing a succession of thrills. The *dramatis personæ* belong to the impossible and romantic situations rather than to life, and are usually of certain fixed types — the sentimental heroine, the evil woman, the poltroon, the violent or sentimental hero, and his faithful, blunt soldier-friend. The clever construction that carries the interest from one surprise to another is supported by the vigor and felicity of the poetry which rises to emotion after emotion without effort or turgidity. This style of romance was especially suited to tragicomedy, where the tragic and idyllic could be heightened and contrasted, and where the suspense might be finally relieved through a happy ending.

In the second and third period the influence of this type of play is manifest, but Fletcher's practice is, of course, not confined to any single type. It would be possible to arrange his many plays in a sort of emotional scale — tragedies, tragicomedies, romantic comedies, comedies of manners, farces. The prevailing note is still that of extravagant romance and the prevailing method that of the construction of effective theatrical situations with a large use of the element of surprise. New types of character, however, appear, as notably the scapegrace, sower of wild oats, as the hero, and the saucy and self-reliant young woman as the heroine.

Fletcher was at his best when he was collaborating with Beaumont or with Shakespeare. As he goes on he rises less often to noble poetry and he loses rather than gains in artistic sincerity. But throughout his work there is the same prodigality of talent. He has no profound thought, no searching interpretation of life, no great emotion to reveal, but his Pegasus is fleet-footed and ready for any leap within his master's hunting ground.

A. H. THORNDIKE

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

BY FLETCHER

[Clorin, a shepherdess, watching by the grave of her lover, is found by a Satyr.]

CLORIN. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
 The truest man that ever fed his flocks
 By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly.
 Thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay
 My early vows, and tribute of mine eyes,
 To thy still lovèd ashes: thus I free
 Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
 Of love: all sports, delights, and jolly games,
 That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
 Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
 With youthful coronals, and lead the dance.
 No more the company of fresh fair maids
 And wanton shepherds be to me delightful:
 Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
 Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
 Plays on the leavès: all be far away,
 Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
 How often have I sat, crowned with fresh flowers
 For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
 Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
 And hanging script of finest cordovan!
 But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
 And all are dead but thy dear memory;
 That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,
 Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
 And here will I, in honor of thy love,
 Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
 That former times made precious to mine eyes,
 Only remembering what my youth did gain
 In the dark hidden virtuous use of herbs.
 That will I practice, and as freely give
 All my endeavors, as I gained them free.
 Of all green wounds I know the remedies
 In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
 Or charmed with powerful words of wicked art;
 Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat

Grown wild, or lunatic; their eyes, or ears,
Thickened with misty film of dulling rheum:
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applièd by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pulled from the fair head of the straight-grown pine.
On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blessed.

[*A Satyr enters*]

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun.
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains this coming night
His paramour the Syrinx bright:
But behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mold
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and — but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells —
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good;

Sweeter yet did never crown
 The head of Bacchus: nuts more brown
 Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them;
 Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
 For these, black-eyed Driope
 Hath oftentimes commanded me
 With my clasped knee to climb.
 See how well the lusty time
 Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
 Such as on your lips is spread.
 Here be berries for a queen;
 Some be red, some be green;
 These are of that luscious meat
 The great god Pan himself doth eat:
 All these, and what the woods can yield,
 The hanging mountain, or the field,
 I freely offer, and ere long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
 Till when humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade,
 I must go, I must run,
 Swifter than the fiery sun.

Clorin. And all my fears go with thee.

What greatness, or what private hidden power,
 Is there in me to draw submission
 From this rude man and beast? sure, I am mortal,
 The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
 And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand
 And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
 The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
 Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal:
 Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
 And now I do believe it, if I keep
 My virgin flower uncropped, pure, chaste, and fair,
 No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
 Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires,
 Or voices calling me in dead of night
 To make me follow, and so toll me on
 Through mire, and standing pools, to find my ruin.

Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
 Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
 Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
 In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard; for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell.

FROM 'PHILASTER, OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING'

ARETHUSA'S DECLARATION

LADY. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Arethusa.

Oh, 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself.

[*Exit Lady.*]

Philaster.

Madam, your messenger

Made me believe you wished to speak with me.

Arethusa. 'Tis true, Philaster, but the words are such

I have to say, and do so ill beseem

The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,

And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known

That I have aught detracted from your worth?

Have I in person wronged you? or have set

My baser instruments to throw disgrace

Upon your virtues?

Philaster.

Never, madam, you.

Arethusa. Why then should you, in such a public place

Injure a princess, and a scandal lay

Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,

Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Philaster. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be

Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,

I could afford myself to have no right

To anything you wished.

Arethusa.

Philaster, know,

I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Philaster.

Madam, both?

Arethusa. Both, or I die; by fate, I die, Philaster,

If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Philaster. I would do much to save that noble life,

Yet would be loath to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a scepter and a crown
To save a lady's longing.

Arethusa. Nay, then, hear:

I must and will have them, and more —

Philaster. What more?

Arethusa. Or lose that little life the gods prepared

To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Philaster. Madam, what more?

Arethusa. Turn, then, away thy face.

Philaster. No.

Arethusa. Do.

Philaster. I can endure it. Turn away my face!

I never yet saw enemy that looked
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life: .
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis to me
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.

Arethusa. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

Philaster. I do.

Arethusa. Then know, I must have them and thee.

Philaster. And me?

Arethusa. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discovered yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.

Philaster. Is't possible?

Arethusa. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may,) I have unripped my breast.

Philaster. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts

To lay a train for this condemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes I do, above my life!
But how this passion should proceed from you

So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Arethusa. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss:
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Philaster. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.

Arethusa. 'Tis true: and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?

Philaster. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Yet not seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me; but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art

That could be wished: so that methought I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertained
 Him, who was glad to follow: and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
 That ever master kept. Him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

THE STORY OF BELLARIO

PHILASTER. But Bellario
 (For I must call thee still so), tell me why
 Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault,
 A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
 Of truth outweighed it: all these jealousies
 Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
 What now we know.

Bellario. My father oft would speak
 Your worth and virtue; and as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the man so praised. But yet all this
 Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
 As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
 I thought (but it was you), enter our gates:
 My blood flew out and back again, as fast
 As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
 Like breath; then was I called away in haste
 To entertain you. Never was a man
 Heaved from a sheep-cote to a scepter, raised
 So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you for ever; I did hear you talk,
 Far above singing. After you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
 What stirred it so: alas, I found it love!
 Yet far from lust; for, could I but have lived
 In presence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble father
 With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
 In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you; and, understanding well

That when I made discovery of my sex
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
 For other than I seemed, that I might ever
 Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
 Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
 Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
 And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
 Wilt well deserve him.

Bellarion. Never, sir, will I
 Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
 But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
 To see the virtues of her lord and her,
 I shall have hope to live.

Arethusa. I, Philaster,
 Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
 Dressed like a page to serve you; nor will I
 Suspect her living here. — Come, live with me;
 Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
 Cursed be the wife that hates her!

FROM 'THE MAID'S TRAGEDY'

CONFESSION OF EVADNE TO AMINTOR

EVADNE. Would I could say so [farewell] to my black disgrace!
 Oh, where have I been all this time? how friended,
 That I should lose myself thus desperately,
 And none for pity show me how I wandered?
 There is not in the compass of the light
 A more unhappy creature: sure, I am monstrous;
 For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
 Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaden soul,
 Be not so cruel to me; choke not up
 The way to my repentance!

[Enter Amintor]

O my lord!

Amintor. How now?

Evadne. My much-abused lord!

[Kneels.]

Amintor.

This cannot be!

Evadne. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amintor.

Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrows:
Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage: prithee, do not mock me.

Evadne. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set, even with my life:
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amintor.

Sure, I dazzle:

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no God more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is? O *Evadne*!
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! but I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

Evadne.

My lord,

Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,
A soul as white as Heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
(As all say women can,) or to make less
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrances; no, I do not;
I do appear the same, the same *Evadne*,
Dressed in the shames I lived in, the same monster.

But these are names of honor to what I am:
 I do present myself the foulest creature,
 Most poisonous, dangerous, and despised of men,
 Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus. I am hell,
 Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
 The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,
 And wither with the fear of one condemned,
 Till I have got your pardon.

Amintor.

Rise, Evadne.

Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
 Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
 Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
 Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
 Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
 Give thee a great example of their justice
 To all ensuing ages, if thou playest
 With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evadne. I have done nothing good to win belief,
 My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures
 Made for Heaven's honors have their ends, and good ones,
 All but the cozening crocodiles, false women:
 They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
 Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
 Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,
 And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord,
 Those short days I shall number to my rest
 (As many must not see me) though too late,
 Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
 Since I can do no good, because a woman,
 Reach constantly at something that is near it;
 I will redeem one minute of my age,
 Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep,
 Till I am water.

Amintor.

I am now dissolved:

My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
 Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
 Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
 Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,
 Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand:
 From this time I will know thee; and as far
 As honor gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
 When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
 And pray the gods to give thee happy days:

[*Evadne rises.*]

My charity shall go along with thee,
 Though my embraces must be far from thee.
 I should have killed thee, but this sweet repentance
 Locks up my vengeance: for which thus I kiss thee — [*Kisses her.*]
 The last kiss we must take; and would to Heaven
 The holy priest that gave our hands together
 Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
 The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
 My honor falls no farther: I am well, then.
Evadne. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter,
 Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
 And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
 Till she have tried all honored means, that may
 Set her in rest and wash her stains away.

FROM 'BONDUCA'

THE DEATH OF THE BOY HENGO

Scene: A field between the British and the Roman camps

CARATACH. How does my boy?
Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well;
 I do not fear.
Caratach. My good boy!
Hengo. I know, uncle,
 We must all die: my little brother died;
 I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure,
 There's no great pain in't, uncle. But pray tell me,
 Whither must we go when we are dead?
Caratach [aside]. Strange questions!
 Why, the blessed'st place, boy! ever sweetness
 And happiness dwell there.
Hengo. Will you come to me?
Caratach. Yes, my sweet boy.
Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins?
Caratach. All, my good child.
Hengo. No Roman, uncle?
Caratach. No, boy.
Hengo. I should be loath to meet them there.
Caratach. No ill men,
 That live by violence and strong oppression,
 Come thither: 'tis for those the gods love, good men.

Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely
I am persuaded they love me: I never
Blasphemed 'em, uncle, nor transgressed my parents;
I always said my prayers.

Caratach. Thou shalt go, then;
Indeed thou shalt.

Hengo. When they please.

Caratach. That's my good boy!
Art thou not weary, Hengo?

Hengo. Weary, uncle!
I have heard you say you have marched all day in armor.

Caratach. I have, boy.

Hengo. Am not I your kinsman?

Caratach. Yes.

Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things as blood?

Caratach. Thou art too tender.

Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty miles a day; I see no reason
But, to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.

Caratach. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength!

Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom. Hark!

[*Drum within.*]

.

[*They are on a rock in the rear of a wood.*]

Caratach. Courage, my boy! I have found meat: look, Hengo,
Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: cheer up, boy;
Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. O uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long! yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.

Caratach. Thou shalt, long, I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

[Enter Macer and Judas, and remain at the side of the stage]

Macer.

Mark 'em well, Judas.

Judas. Peace, as you love your life.

Hengo.

Do not you hear the noise of bells?

Caratach. Of bells, boy! 'tis thy fancy;

Alas, thy body's full of wind!

Hengo.

Methinks, sir,

They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation

To some near funeral of state: nay, weep not,

Mine own sweet uncle; you will kill me sooner.

Caratach. O my poor chicken!

Hengo.

Fie, faint-hearted uncle!

Come, tie me in your belt and let me down.

Caratach. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo.

No, as you love me, uncle:

I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;

The danger only I desire: pray, tie me.

Caratach. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come, child,

My valiant child!

Hengo.

Let me down apace, uncle,

And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it

From all their policies; for 'tis most certain

A Roman train: and you must hold me sure, too;

You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,

We'll be as merry —

Caratach.

Go, i' the name of Heaven, boy!

[Lets Hengo down by his belt.]

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle! I have it.

[Judas shoots Hengo with an arrow.] Oh!

Caratach.

What ail'st thou?

Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!

Caratach [to Judas].

I see you,

And Heaven direct my hand! destruction

Go with thy coward soul!

[Kills Judas with a stone, and then draws up Hengo. Exit Macer.]

How dost thou, boy? —

O villain, pocky villain!

Hengo.

Oh, uncle, uncle,

Oh, how it pricks me! — am I preserved for this? —

Extremely pricks me!

- Caratach.* Coward, rascal coward!
Dogs eat thy flesh!
- Hengo.* Oh, I bleed hard! I faint too; out upon't,
How sick I am! — The lean rogue, uncle!
- Caratach.* Look, boy;
I have laid him sure enough.
- Hengo.* Have you knocked his brains out?
- Caratach.* I warrant thee, for stirring more: cheer up, child.
- Hengo.* Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh, wretched fortune,
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.
- Caratach.* Heaven look upon this noble child!
- Hengo.* I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans
At my sword's point, to have revenged my father,
To have beaten 'em — oh, hold me hard! — but, uncle —
- Caratach.* Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?
- Hengo.* You draw away my soul, then. I would live
A little longer — spare me, Heavens! — but only
To thank you for your tender love: good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not.
- Caratach.* O my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose?
- Hengo.* Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this 'scaped me,
Fever or famine — I was born to die, sir.
- Caratach.* But thus unblown, my boy?
- Hengo.* I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure, I shall know you
When you come, uncle.
- Caratach.* Yes, boy.
- Hengo.* And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.
- Caratach.* Most certain, child.
- Hengo.* I grow cold.
Mine eyes are going.
- Caratach.* Lift 'em up.
- Hengo.* Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew! — Mercy!
- Caratach.* Mercy!
You blessèd angels, take him!

Hengo.

Kiss me: so.

Farewell, farewell!

[Dies.]

Caratach.

Farewell, the hopes of Britain!

Thou royal graft, farewell for ever! — Time and Death,
 Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
 Pluck off thy veil and view thy triumph; look,
 Look what thou hast brought this land to! — O fair flower,
 How lovely yet thy ruins show, how sweetly
 Even death embraces thee! the peace of Heaven,
 The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

SONG

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince; fall, like a cloud,
 In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
 Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
 Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
 Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

SONG

GOD Lyæus, ever young,
 Ever honored, ever sung,
 Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
 In a thousand lusty shapes,
 Dance upon the mazer's brim,
 In the crimson liquor swim;
 From thy plenteous hand divine,
 Let a river run with wine.
 God of youth, let this day here
 Enter neither care nor fear!

ASPATIA'S SONG

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear,
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

LEANDRO'S SONG

BY FLETCHER

DEAREST, do not you delay me,
Since thou know'st I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odors far excel.

Oh then speak, thou fairest fair!
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighboring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken
Which being restrained, a heart is broken.

TRUE BEAUTY

MAY I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air:
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch:
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, lover, where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise,
 And her falsehood not disguise:
 Hath she wit as she hath will,
 Double armed she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
 And not wavering like the wind:
 How should I call that love mine,
 When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true,
 There is beauty's fairest hue,
 There is beauty, love, and wit:
 Happy he can compass it!

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

BY BEAUMONT

MORTALITY, behold, and fear!
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones:
 Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands;
 Where from their pulpits, soiled with dust,
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest, royal'st seed,
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin:
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 "Though gods they were, as men they died."
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY

BY FLETCHER

HENCE, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly!
 There's naught in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy;
 Oh, sweetest melancholy!
 Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves!
 Moonlight walks when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
 A midnight bell, a parting groan!
 These are the sounds we feed upon;
 Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

FROM 'THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN'

BY SHAKESPEARE AND FLETCHER

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue;
 Maiden-pinks, of odor faint,
 Daisies smell-less yet most quaint,
 And sweet thyme true;
 Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
 Merry springtime's harbinger,
 With her bells dim;
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Larks'-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
 Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
 Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
 But from it fly!

PHILIP MASSINGER

THE events of Massinger's life are obscure and elusive. He was born in 1583; he entered St. Albans Hall, Oxford, in 1602. During his four years' residence there "he gave his mind more to poetry and romances than to logic and philosophy." After leaving Oxford he went up to London, to throw in his fortunes with the frequenters of the Mermaid Tavern.

Massinger, though contemporary with these great children of a great age, belongs by his spirit to a duller time. His dramas have the solidity of prose without its freedom. His characters and situations lack the spontaneity of nature. He is melodramatic in the sense that his men and women are personifications of virtue or vice. He is blind to the half-lights of character, to the subtle blendings of shade and color in the minds of men.

Camiola and Adorni in 'The Maid of Honor' are exceptions to this rule. Camiola, who loves Bertoldo and is herself hopelessly beloved of Adorni, is "a small but ravishing substance." Her impetuous affection, like Juliet's, goes directly to its goal without subterfuge or deviation. When she learns that Bertoldo is in prison, abandoned by the king, the impatience of her sorrow leaps to her lips and must find an immediate outlet.

Adorni is a noble and convincing figure. When he is commissioned by Camiola to rescue his rival, she asks of him, "You will do this?" He answers, "Faithfully, madam"; aside, "but not live long after." Massinger rarely clothes such abundance of meaning in so few words.

'The Fatal Dowry' and 'The Duke of Milan' are generally assigned the first place among the tragedies of Massinger. They are stately plays, but dreary and lifeless. His two comedies 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts' and 'The City Madam' are comedies only in the sense that they do not end in death and disaster. The character of Sir Giles Overreach in the former play has held the stage.

Massinger wrote a number of plays in conjunction with other dramatists. The best known is 'The Virgin-Martyr.' He was a prolific writer, and did good journeyman work. Coleridge recommended the diction of Massinger to the imitation of modern writers, on the ground that it is the nearest approach to the language of real life at all compatible with a fixed meter.

FROM 'THE MAID OF HONOR'

[Camiola, who is in love with Bertoldo, is told by his friends Antonio and Gasparo that he is a prisoner, and that the king has refused to pay his ransom.]

[*Enter a Servant*]

SERVANT. The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renowned Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.

Camiola. Without him?

Servant. I think so.

Camiola. Never think more, then!

Servant. They have been at court,
Kissed the king's hand, and, their first duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second service.

Camiola. Wait them hither.

Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now if ever
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashioned,
Must not, nay, cannot, in Heaven's providence
So soon miscarry! —

[*Enter Antonio and Gasparo*]

Pray you, forbear: ere you take
The privilege as strangers to salute me,
(Excuse my manners) make me first understand
How it is with Bertoldo.

Gasparo. The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.

Antonio. I wish
Some other should inform you.

Camiola. Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare inquire it.

Gasparo. Dead! Would that were the worst: a debt were paid then,
Kings in their birth owe nature.

Camiola. Is there aught
More terrible than death?

Antonio. Yes, to a spirit
Like his: cruel imprisonment, and that

Without the hope of freedom.

Camiola. You abuse me:
The royal king cannot, in love to virtue,
(Though all the springs of affection were dried up)
But pay his ransom.

Gasparo. When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise: no less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.

Camiola. A petty sum,
The price weighed with the purchase: fifty thousand!
To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransom
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The king's munificence.

Antonio. In your opinion;
But 'tis most certain: he does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.


Camiola. Are you sure of this?

Gasparo. You may read
The edict to that purpose, published by him.
That will resolve you.

Camiola. Possible! Pray you, stand off.
If I do mutter treason to myself
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him —
He is my king. The news you have delivered
Makes me weary of your company: we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

FROM 'A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS'

[Sir Giles Overreach, on fire with greed and with ambition to found a great feudal house, treats about marrying his daughter with Lord Lovell.]

 VERREACH. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion — that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have

One motive to induce you to believe
 I live too long, since every year I'll add
 Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lovell. You are a right kind father.

Overreach. You shall have reason
 To think me such. How do you like this seat?
 It is well wooded and well watered — the acres
 Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change
 To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
 What thinks my noble lord?

Lovell. 'Tis a wholesome air,
 And well built; and she that is mistress of it
 Worthy the large revenues.

Overreach. She the mistress!
 It may be so for a time; but let my lord
 Say only that he but like it, and would have it —
 I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lovell. Impossible!

Overreach. You do conclude too fast: not knowing me,
 Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
 The lady Allworth's lands; — but point out any man's
 In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
 And useful for your Lordship, and once more
 I say aloud, they are yours.

Lovell. I dare not own
 What's by unjust and cruel means extorted.
 My fame and credit are more dear to me,
 Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
 The public voice.

Overreach. You run, my lord, no hazard:
 Your reputation shall stand as fair
 In all good men's opinions as now.
 Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
 Cast any foul aspersion upon yours:
 For though I do condemn report myself,
 As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
 Of what concerns you in all points of honor,
 That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
 Nor your unquestioned integrity,
 Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
 That may take from your innocence and candor.
 All my ambition is to have my daughter
 Right Honorable, which my lord can make her;

And might I live to dance upon my knee
 A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
 I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
 As for possessions and annual rents,
 Equivalent to maintain you in the part
 Your noble birth and present state require,
 I do remove the burden from your shoulders,
 And take it on my own; for though I ruin
 The country to supply your riotous waste,
 The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.

Lovell. Are you not frightened with the imprecations
 And curses of whole families, made wretched
 By your sinister practices?

Overreach. Yes, as rocks are
 When foamy billows split themselves against
 Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
 When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
 I am of a solid temper, and like these,
 Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
 If called into the field, I can make that right
 Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
 Now, for those other piddling complaints,
 Breathed out in bitterness: as when they call me
 Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
 On my poor neighbor's rights, or grand incloser
 Of what was common to my private use;
 Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
 And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold:
 I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
 Right Honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm
 Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
 Or the least sting of conscience.

Lovell. I admire
 The toughness of your nature.

Overreach. 'Tis for you,
 My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

JOHN FORD

THE dramatic genius of the English Renaissance had well-nigh spent itself when the somber creations of John Ford appeared upon a stage over which the clouds of the Civil War were fast gathering. He was born in 1586; entered the Middle Temple in 1602; after 1641 he is swallowed up in the turmoil of the time. The few scattered records of his life add nothing to, nor do they take anything from, the John Ford of 'The Broken Heart' and 'Perkin Warbeck.'

Coming after Shakespeare, Webster, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson, Ford's work naturally owes much to these masters. In stage presentation, in themes, and in types of character, he follows the established traditions of the Elizabethan drama. Like many of his predecessors, his main theme was romantic love, but Ford was predisposed to abnormal or exaggerated forms of human experience. He weaves the spell of his genius around strange sins.

His dramas are singularly uneven. 'The Lady's Trial,' 'The Fancies Chaste and Noble,' 'The Sun's Darling' (written in conjunction with Dekker), are scarce worthy of passing notice. In 'Perkin Warbeck,' the one historical play of Ford, he exhibits his mastery over straightforward, sinewy verse. 'The Witch of Edmonton,' of which he wrote only a part, gives a signal example of his modern style and spirit. In 'The Lover's Melancholy' a quiet beauty rests upon the famous scene in which Parthenophil strives with the nightingale for the prize of music. The three plays which reveal Ford as an original and extraordinary genius are 'The Broken Heart,' 'Love's Sacrifice,' and 'Tis Pity She's a Whore.'

Problems of despair, propounded but never solved, form the plot of 'The Broken Heart'; Calantha, Ithocles, Penthea, Orgilus, are wan types of the passive suffering which numbs the soul to death. Charles Lamb has eulogized the final scene of this drama. To other critics, the self-possession of Calantha savors of the theatrical. The scene between Penthea and her brother Ithocles, who had forced her to marry Bassanes though she loved Orgilus, is replete with the tenderness, the sense of subdued anguish, of which Ford was a master. His love of "passion at war with circumstance" again finds expression in 'Love's Sacrifice,' and in 'Tis Pity,' with its story of incest. The verse of Ford at its best has a complex and beautiful melody. There is a subtle music in his lines which haunts the memory.

Parthenophil is lost, and I would see him;
For he is like to something I remember,
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

FROM 'PERKIN WARBECK'

[Perkin Warbeck and his followers are presented to King Henry VII by Lord Dawbeny as prisoners.]

DAWBENY. Life to the king, and safety fix his throne.
 I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
 Of Majesty, but in effect a substance
 Of pity; a young man, in nothing grown
 To ripeness, but th' ambition of your mercy;
 Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder!

King Henry.

Dawbeny,

We observe no wonder; I behold ('tis true)
 An ornament of nature, fine and polished,
 A handsome youth, indeed, but not admire him.
 How comes he to thy hands?

Dawbeny.

From sanctuary.

At Bewley, near Southampton; registered,
 With these few followers, for persons privileged.

King Henry. I must not thank you, sir! you were to blame
 To infringe the liberty of houses sacred;
 Dare we be irreligious?

Dawbeny.

Gracious lord!

They voluntarily resigned themselves,
 Without compulsion.

King Henry.

So? 'twas very well,

'Twas very well. Turn now thine eyes,
 Young man! upon thyself and thy past actions:
 What revels in combustion through our kingdom
 A frenzy of aspiring youth has danced;
 Till wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
 To break thy neck.

Warbeck.

But not my heart; my heart

Will mount till every drop of blood be frozen
 By death's perpetual winter. If the sun
 Of Majesty be darkened, let the sun
 Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
 Lasting and universal. Sir, remember
 There was a shooting in of light when Richmond
 (Not aiming at the crown) retired, and gladly,
 For comfort to the Duke of Bretagne's court.
 Richard, who swayed the scepter, was reputed

A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
 To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
 When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore
 At Milford Haven.

Dawbeny. Whither speeds his boldness?
 Check his rude tongue, great sir.

King Henry. Oh, let him range:
 The player's on the stage still; 'tis his part:
 He does but act. — What followed?

Warbeck. Bosworth Field:
 Where at an instant, to the world's amazement,
 A morn to Richmond and a night to Richard
 Appear'd at once. The tale is soon applied:
 Fate which crowned these attempts, when least assured,
 Might have befriended others, like resolved.

King Henry. A pretty gallant! thus your aunt of Burgundy,
 Your duchess aunt, informed her nephew: so
 The lesson, prompted, and well conned, was molded
 Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
 Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

Warbeck. Truth in her pure simplicity wants art
 To put a feigned blush on; scorn wears only
 Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
 Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath; in such a court
 Wisdom and gravity are proper robes
 By which the sovereign is best distinguished
 From zanies to his greatness.

King Henry. Sirrah, shift
 Your antic pageantry, and now appear
 In your own nature; or you'll taste the danger
 Of fooling out of season.

Warbeck. I expect
 No less than what severity calls justice,
 And politicians safety; let such beg
 As feed on alms: but if there can be mercy
 In a protested enemy, then may it
 Descend to these poor creatures whose engagements
 To the bettering of their fortunes have incurred
 A loss of all to them, if any charity
 Flow from some noble orator; in death
 I owe the fee of thankfulness.

King Henry. So brave?
 What a bold knave is this!

We trifle time with follies.
 Urswick, command the Dukeling and these fellows
 To Digby, the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Warbeck.

Noble thoughts

Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower,
 Our childhood's dreadful nursery!

King Henry. Was ever so much impudence in forgery?
 The custom, sure, of being styled a king
 Hath fastened in his thought that he is such.

PENTHEA'S DYING SONG

From 'The Broken Heart'

O H, no more, no more — too late;
 Sighs are spent; the burning taper
 Of a life as chaste as fate,
 Pure as are unwritten papers,
 Are burnt out; no heat, no light,
 Now remains; 'tis ever night.
 Love is dead; let lovers' eyes
 Locked in endless dreams,
 Th' extremes of all extremes,
 Ope no more, for now Love dies;
 Now Love dies — implying
 Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

FROM 'THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY'

AMETHUS AND MENAPHON

MENAPHON. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
 Which poets of an elder time have feigned
 To glorify their Temple, bred in me
 Desire of visiting that paradise.
 To Thessaly I came; and living private
 Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
 Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
 I day by day frequented silent groves

And solitary walks. One morning early
 This accident encountered me: I heard
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention
 That art and nature ever were at strife in.

Amethus. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
 By art and nature.

Menaphon. I shall soon resolve ye.
 A sound of music touched my ears, or rather
 Indeed entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,
 Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
 To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
 That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
 Wondering at what they heard: I wondered too.

Amethus. And so do I: good, on!

Menaphon. A nightingale,
 Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
 The challenge, and for every several strain
 The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
 He could not run division with more art
 Upon his quaking instrument than she,
 The nightingale, did with her various notes
 Reply to: for a voice and for a sound,
 Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
 That such they were than hope to hear again.

Amethus. How did the rivals part?

Menaphon. You term them rightly;
 For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
 Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
 Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
 To end the controversy, in a rapture
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly
 So many voluntaries and so quick,
 That there was curiosity and cunning,
 Concord in discord, lines of differing method
 Meeting in one full center of delight.

Amethus. Now for the bird.

Menaphon. The bird, ordained to be

Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
 These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
 Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,
 And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
 To see the conqueror upon her hearse
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
 That trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
 Mine own unmanly weakness that made me
 A fellow mourner with him.

Amethus. I believe thee.

Menaphon. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
 Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried: —
 "Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
 This cruelty upon the author of it;
 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
 Shall never more betray a harmless peace
 To an untimely end": and in that sorrow,
 As he was pushing it against a tree,
 I suddenly stepped in.

THE BROKEN HEART

Act V, Sc. 2

The Revels

Music. Nearchus dances with Euphranea, Prophilus with Calantha, Christalla with Hemophil, Philema with Groneas.

[*They dance the first change; during which Armostes enters.*]

ARMOSTES [*whispers Calantha*]. The king your father's dead.
Calantha. To the other change.
Armostes. Is't possible?

[*They dance the second change.*]

[*Enter Bassanes*]

Bassanes [*whispers Calantha*]. O, madam!

Pentheas, poor Pentheas's starved.

Calantha. Beshrew thee! —

Lead to the next.

Bassanes. Amazement dulls my senses.

[*They dance the third change.*]

[*Enter Orgilus*]

Orgilus [*whispers Calantha*]. Brave Ithocles is murdered,
murdered cruelly.

Calantha. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly;
Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Orgilus. I am thunderstruck.

[*The last change.*]

Calantha. So! let us breathe awhile. [*Music ceases.*]

Hath not this motion

Raised fresher color on our cheeks?

Nearchus. Sweet princess,

A perfect purity of blood enamels

The beauty of your white.

Calantha. We all look cheerfully:

And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption

In any who prefer our lawful pleasures

Before their own sour censure, t'interrupt

The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Nearchus. None dares, lady.

Calantha. Yes, yes; some hollow voice delivered to me

How that the king was dead.

Armestes. The king is dead:

That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms

He breathed his last, and with his crown bequeathed you

Your mother's wedding-ring; which here I tender.

Crotolon. Most strange!

Calantha. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen, then.

Nearchus. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign queen!

All. Long live the queen!

Calantha. What whispered Bassanes?

Bassanes. That my Penthea, miserable soul,

Was starved to death.

Calantha. She's happy; she hath finished

A long and painful progress. — A third murmur

Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Orgilus. That Ithocles

Was murdered; — rather butchered, had not bravery

Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,

Proclaimed his last act triumph over ruin.

Armotes. How! murdered!

Calantha. By whose hand?

Orgilus. By mine; this weapon

Was instrument to my revenge: the reasons
Are just, and known; quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

Crotolon. Fie, *Orgilus*!

Euphranea. Fie, brother!

Calantha. You have done it?

Bassanes. How it was done let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigor of justice; but that done it is
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced. *Armotes*, rend not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities; thou'st lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife: continue man still;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
And entered into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly; mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear, not for *Pentheia*!
Excellent misery!

Calantha. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession,
Unhappy *Orgilus*, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excused. — Give, *Crotolon*, a blessing
To thy lost son; — *Euphranea*, take a farewell; —
And both be gone.

Crotolon [*To Orgilus*]. Confirm thee noble sorrow
In worthy resolution!

Euphranea. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.

Orgilus. All goodness dwell amongst you!
Enjoy my sister, *Prophilus*: my vengeance
Aimed never at thy prejudice.

Calantha. Now withdraw.

[*Exeunt Crotolon, Philus, and Euphranea.*]

Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
 For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
 And life by thee are both at once snatched from him,
 With honorable mention, make thy choice
 Of what death likes thee best; there's all our bounty. —
 But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
 Intreat you and these lords see execution
 Instant before you part.

Nearchus. Your will commands us.

Orgilus. One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe your clemency,
 That by no common hand I be divided
 From this my humble frailty.

Calantha. To their wisdoms
 Who are to be spectators of thine end
 I make the reference: those that are dead
 Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
 They must have paid the debt they owed to nature
 One time or other. — Use dispatch, my lords;
 We'll suddenly prepare our coronation.

[*Exeunt Calantha, Philema, and Christalla*]

Armotes. 'Tis strange these tragedies should never touch on
 Her female pity.

Bassanes. She has a masculine spirit;
 And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
 Put finger in the eye? Let's be all toughness,
 Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Nearchus. Now, Orgilus, thy choice?

Orgilus. To bleed to death.

Armotes. The executioner?

Orgilus. Myself, no surgeon;
 I am well skilled in letting blood. Bind fast
 This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
 Convey a full stream; here's a skilful instrument:

[*Shows his dagger.*]

Only I am a beggar to some charity
 To speed me in this execution
 By lending th' other prick to the t'other arm,
 When this is bubbling life out.

Bassanes. I am for you;
 It most concerns my art, my care, my credit. —
 Quick fillet both his arms.

Orgilus. Gramercy, friendship!
 Such courtesies are real which flow cheerfully

Without an expectation of requital.

Reach me a staff in this hand. *[They give him a staff.]*

— If a proneness

Or custom in my nature from my cradle
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betrayed me to ignoble flight
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety:
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune, which since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea had lain bed-ridden.
We trifle time in words: — thus I show cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[Pierces the vein with his dagger.]

Armotes. Desperate courage!

Nearchus. Honorable infamy!

Hemophil. I tremble at the sight.

Gronneas. Would I were loose!

Bassanes. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broached;

The vessels must be sound from which it issues. —

Grasp hard this other stick — I'll be as nimble —

But prithee, look not pale — have at you! stretch out

Thine arm with vigor and with unshook virtue.

[Opens the vein.]

Good! O, I envy not a rival, fitted

To conquer in extremities: this pastime

Appears majestic; some high-tuned poem

Hereafter shall deliver to posterity

The writer's glory and his subject's triumph.

How is't, man? — droop not yet.

Orgilus. I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death;

My sovereign, as his liegeman; on my mistress,

As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,

As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy:

Nor did I use an engine to entrap

His life, out of a slavish fear to combat

Youth, strength, or cunning; but for that I durst not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,

By which his name might have outfaced my vengeance.

O, Tecnicus, inspired with Phoebus' fire!

I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect;

"Revenge proves its own executioner."

When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters.

Bassanes. Life's fountain is dried up.

Orgilus. So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature!
A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright splendor
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow;
Welcome, thou ice, that sitt'st about my heart;
No heat can ever thaw thee.

[*Dies.*]

Nearchus. Speech hath left him.

Bassanes. He has shook hands with time; his funeral urn
Shall be my charge: remove the bloodless body.
The coronation must require attendance;
That past, my few days can be but one mourning.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3 — *A Temple*

An altar covered with white; two lights of virgin wax upon it. Recorders play, during which enter Attendants bearing Ithocles on a hearse (in a rich robe, with a crown on his head) and place him on one side of the altar. Afterwards enter Calantha in white, crowned, attended by Euphranea, Philema, and Christalla, also in white; Nearchus, Armestes, Crotolon, Phililus, Amelus, Bassanes, Hemophil, and Groneas.

Calantha kneels before the altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The recorders cease during her devotions. Soft music. Calantha and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the altar.

Calantha. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful. —

Now tell me, you whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties or obedience is to render
Subjection to the scepter of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition.
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanors, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike and inured to practice
Of policy and labor cannot brook
A feminine authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.

Nearchus.

Royal lady,

Your law is in your will.

Armotes.

We have seen tokens

Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crotolon. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice

By your own judgment both allowed and liked of,

Sparta may grow in power, and proceed

To an increasing height.

Calantha.

Hold you the same mind?

Bassanes. Alas, great mistress, reason is so clouded

With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,

That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.

Give me some corner of the world to wear out

The remnant of the minutes I must number,

Where I may hear no sounds but sad complaints

Of virgins who have lost contracted partners;

Of husbands howling that their wives were ravished

By some untimely fate; of friends divided

By churlish opposition; or of fathers

Weeping upon their children's slaughtered carcasses;

Or daughters groaning o'er their fathers' hearses;

And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort

As musical as theirs. What can you look for

From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man

But craziness of age?

Calantha. Cousin of Argos —

Nearchus.

Madam?

Calantha.

Were I presently

To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely

What articles I would propose to treat on

Before our marriage.

Nearchus.

Name them, virtuous lady.

Calantha. I would presume you would retain the royalty

Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos

Armotes might be viceroy; in Messene

Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes —

Bassanes. I, Queen! Alas, what I?

Calantha.

Be Sparta's marshal:

The multitudes of high employments could not

But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,

Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,

Should wait upon your person in your chamber. —

I would bestow Christalla on Amelus.

She'll prove a constant wife; and Philema
Should into Vesta's Temple.

Bassanes. This is a testament!

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Nearchus. All this should be performed.

Calantha. Lastly, for *Prophilus*,

He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honors, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend and my neglected husband
Too short a time enjoyed.

Prophilus. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.

Euphranea. Excellent lady!

Nearchus. Madam, what means that word, "neglected husband"?

Calantha. Forgive me: — now I turn to thee, thou shadow

Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His fingers; 'twas my father's last bequest.

[Places a ring on the finger of *Ithocles*.]

Thus I new-marry him whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. O, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another
Of death! and death! and death! still I danced forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to court new pleasures, and outlive them:
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings;
Let me die smiling.

Nearchus. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Calantha. One kiss on these cold lips, my last! [Kisses *Ithocles*.] —
Crack, crack! —

Argos now's Sparta's king. — Command the voices
Which wait at the altar now to sing the song
I fitted for my end.

Nearchus. Sirs, the song!

DIRGE

Chor. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled or by peace refined.

1st Voice. Crowns may flourish and decay,
 Beauties shine, but fade away.

2nd Voice. Youth may revel, yet it must
 Lie down in a bed of dust.

3rd Voice. Earthly honors flow and waste,
 Time alone doth change and last.

Chor. Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
 Rest for care;
 Love only reigns in death; though art
 Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

[*Calantha dies.*]

Armotes. Look to the queen!

Bassanes. Her heart is broke indeed.
 O, royal maid, would thou hadst missed this part!
 Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
 Her smile in death.

Armotes. Wise Tecnicus! thus said he;
 "When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
 The Lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart."
 'Tis here fulfilled.

Nearchus. I am your king.

All. Long live

Nearchus, King of Sparta!

Nearchus. Her last will
 Shall never be digressed from: wait in order
 Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us. —
 The counsels of the gods are never known
 Till men can call the effects of them their own.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE AGE OF MILTON

THE PURITAN REVOLUTION

THE Tudor sovereigns ruled England in secular matters through their Ministers and in religious matters through the Bishops, but this system of personal government broke down under the Stuarts, who contributed to its downfall, sometimes by tactlessness and mismanagement, sometimes by obstinate bigotry, sometimes by frivolity, sometimes by subjection to foreign influence or personal favorites at home, and generally by sheer stupidity. James I, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, succeeded to the throne of Elizabeth without disorder or difficulty, though he was at once faced with the dangerous elements which had declared themselves under his predecessor and were to oust his successors from the kingdom. Even in the year of the national triumph over the Spanish Armada, the Bishops had been violently attacked by anonymous and scurrilous pamphleteers who wrote under the name of Martin Marprelate. The clandestine presses on which the tracts were printed were eventually suppressed and the authors punished, but the cry for religious reform was not silenced. The Puritan party in the Church of England wished to carry further the work of the Protestant Reformation within the Church by simplifying its worship and discipline in accordance with what they conceived to be the practice of the primitive church as recorded in the New Testament. The Presbyterians wished to adopt the democratic system of church government and the theology of predestination associated with the name of John Calvin, the great French Protestant leader who had been exiled to Geneva. The Independents asserted the right of each congregation to choose its own pastor, administer its own affairs, and decide its own belief. Both the latter parties were determined opponents of the episcopal form of government, and when James came to the throne they lost no time in laying their views before him. But James was quick enough to see that the denial of the divine authority of the Bishops in ecclesiastical matters implied denial of the divine right of kings in secular matters. "No Bishop, no King."

These momentous issues were held in suspense during the reign of James and early years of his son Charles, who succeeded him in 1625. Charles I was conspicuously handsome (as the many surviving portraits of him by the great Flemish artist Van Dyke still testify) and there was much in his personal character that was attractive. But he misunderstood the temper of the times and his very virtues contributed to his undoing. He was devoted to his wife,

the French princess, Henrietta Maria, who had remained a Catholic after her marriage; Charles himself was a High Churchman but a consistent Anglican. He encouraged the High Church Archbishop of Canterbury, Laud, to put in force the existing laws against the Puritans, to controvert some of their most ardent convictions, and to prohibit some of their most cherished practices. The Puritans were fond of long sermons by visiting preachers and lecturers, whose activities Laud restricted and discouraged. On the other hand, by his "Declaration of Sports" (1633), he encouraged the playing of games on Sunday which the Puritans stoutly condemned. Laud in 1637 gave great offense in Scotland by the attempt to introduce the Anglican liturgy there, and the Scotch Presbyterians bound themselves by a Solemn Covenant to resist all attempts at "Popish aggression." In the back of the minds of both English and Scottish Puritans there was the fear of the restoration of the papal supremacy in matters of faith and religious worship.

In England, however, the issues were rather civil than religious. Early in his reign Charles became involved in difficulties with the Puritan majority in the House of Commons, and from 1629 to 1640 he ruled the country without calling Parliament together. In order to raise revenue he was forced to resort to exactions which the Puritans denounced as illegal; one of them, "ship money," was particularly obnoxious, and John Hampden of Buckingham refused to pay it. He was tried in 1637 and condemned by the courts, the judges being in the main subservient to the Crown. Another Puritan leader, William Prynne, the author of a virulent attack upon the theater, 'Histriomastix: a Scourge of Stage Players' (1632), was prosecuted for his reflections upon the queen, who had appeared in a sumptuous masque at Court, and he was condemned to stand, with his ears cut off, in the pillory; but the crowd, instead of deriding him, applauded. The temper of the time grew tenser in excitement and the current of popular feeling in London ran strongly against the king. In 1640 the troubles in Scotland compelled Charles to summon Parliament in his own defense; the first "Short" Parliament proved recalcitrant to the royal wishes, insisting upon the consideration of civil and religious grievances before it granted supplies; it had sat only for about a month, when it was dissolved by the King. The second House met on November 3, and refused to allow itself to be dismissed or browbeaten; this "Long" Parliament survived not only the Civil War and the execution of the King, but the recall of the second Charles, son of the first, to the throne in 1660.

THE COMMONWEALTH

For the intervening years England was a Republic with Oliver Cromwell, first as Commander of the Army of Parliament and then as Lord Protector, and John Milton as Latin Secretary. Together they represent the best characteristics of seventeenth century Puritanism. Both were freer from fanaticism

than most of their fellows, though both could be stern enough upon occasion. Cromwell, a country gentlemen upon whom great responsibilities were forced without being sought for, proved a wise and moderate ruler, restraining the extravagance of the extremists of the Puritan party, securing peace and order at home and making the country respected abroad. Milton, up to the outbreak of the Civil War, had been distinguished only as a youthful poet, a devoted student and lover of music, known at Cambridge on account of his girlish beauty and gentleness of disposition as "our lady of Christ's," in allusion to the college of which he was a member. When he was barely thirty he had decided to devote his life to the composition of a great poem, and he had decided that "He that would hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the most honorable things." In accordance with this conception of his high destiny, after extensive and profound studies at Cambridge, Milton was further improving himself by studying abroad (at Florence he met Galileo) when he was recalled home by the outbreak of the national crisis. "I considered it dishonorable," he wrote later, "to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom."

Milton's services to the cause of freedom were to be rendered, however, with the pen rather than with the sword. He wrote various pamphlets — against episcopacy, in favor of divorce, in defense of freedom of thought and publication — until in 1649 he became the official defender of the course of the Commonwealth in ordering the king's trial and execution. In his devotion to this arduous task he sacrificed his eyesight, and was sustained by the thought that he had made the sacrifice "in Liberty's defense." So he would not

bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

He had written earlier: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means."

Milton was continuing in these high thoughts when to his personal misfortunes there was added calamity to the Commonwealth in the death of the Great Protector. Still undismayed, he turned his undaunted mind and practised pen to the devising of other ways of preserving the English Republic when the Restoration broke in upon his meditations and drove him into hiding.

THE RESTORATION

From this time till his death fourteen years later Milton lived in seclusion, producing the great poems of his maturity: 'Paradise Lost,' 'Paradise Regained,' and 'Samson Agonistes.' So he still sang on with voice

unchanged

To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude.

When Dryden asked him if he could make rhymes of 'Paradise Lost' for the purpose of turning it into an opera, Milton said more than half-contemptuously, "Yes, young man, you may tag my verses if you will." His family life was not altogether happy, but he remained the student of his youth, the convinced republican of his prime, conscious that he held opinions far in advance of his age, and firm in his faith in knowledge and in reason, in right thinking and in right living.

His declining years belonged to a period altogether alien to his temper and view of life — the age of Dryden, who in 1659 lamented the death of Cromwell in "heroic stanzas," within two years welcomed the return of Charles II with effusive loyalty, and when the next change of sovereign came, changed his religious faith to adopt that of James II within a year of the latter's accession to the throne; it was the age of the Restoration drama, a by-word for indecency and immorality; the age of the sceptical and disillusioned philosopher, Hobbes; of the facile satirist, Samuel Butler; of the charming diarists, Evelyn and Pepys; and above all, of that other Puritan and immortal allegorist, John Bunyan, who made his imprisonment for "devilishly and maliciously" abstaining from coming to church the opportunity for writing 'Pilgrim's Progress,' perhaps after the Bible the most treasured religious book of the English-speaking peoples.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688

The Civil War and the Restoration culminating in the short reign of the impossible James II (1685-1688) were mere eddies in the current flowing ever steadily on toward representative and responsible government. The calling in of William of Orange, husband of James's eldest daughter, Mary, secured the Protestant succession the nation desired, enabled England to make headway against the threatening predominance of France, and made possible the eighteenth century reforms of agriculture and industry which established British world leadership in the nineteenth.

The transitional period of government by the Whig nobles was a time of preparation rather than of achievement, but even its beginnings under William of Orange were not without literary significance. The Revolution of 1688 recalled from exile in Holland the philosopher John Locke; he had the year before completed his 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' and published this important work in 1690. Locke was appointed Commissioner of Appeals under the new régime and defended the right of the people to dismiss their monarch and decide upon their own form of government in various treatises which afterwards offered a mine of arguments for the leaders of the American Revolution. Another distinguished supporter of the Revolution of 1688 was Sir Isaac Newton, who after inventing the Binomial Theorem while still an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, had become a fellow of his College and Professor of Mathematics in the University; in 1687 Newton submitted his famous 'Principia' to the Royal Society, of which he was already a member and afterwards became President. The University showed its appreciation of his intellectual distinction by sending him as its delegate to the Convention Parliament which settled the mode of government after the flight of James II. The new administration made him first Warden and then Master of the Mint, and he was knighted by Queen Anne. These are not extravagant honors for the master of modern science, but they indicate that the holders of temporal power in England at the end of the seventeenth century were able to recognize genius when they saw it. They did not perhaps turn it to the wisest of uses, but that would be too much to expect of those who make political appointments anywhere, at any time. The best the Greek world could do for Aristotle was to make him tutor of the young Alexander; the English revolutionary government at the end of the eighteenth century made John Locke Commissioner of Appeals and Sir Isaac Newton Master of the Mint.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

JOHN MILTON

MILTON was born in London, on December 9, 1608; the son of John Milton, who had amassed a competency as a scrivener. The elder Milton, besides his professional success, attained to considerable eminence as a musician. This talent, we know, descended to his son; and it may be that this inheritance had some bearing upon the genius of the poet, who was gifted with perhaps the finest ear possessed by any English writer, and whom critics have described as a musical rather than a picturesque poet. Milton tells us that he was instructed early, both at grammar schools and by private masters, "as my age would suffer." It was at St. Paul's School, however, which he had entered by the year 1620, that he began that career of diligent study which he was to pursue through life. "From my twelfth year of age," he says, "I scarcely ever went from my studies to bed before midnight." Milton left school at the end of 1624, when he was sixteen; as Masson says, "as scholarly, as accomplished, and as handsome a youth as St. Paul's School has sent forth." Early in the following year he entered Christ's College, Cambridge. It has been supposed that his career at college was not a happy one; and there was a story, now discarded, to which Johnson lent some kind of countenance, from which it appeared that he was one of the last students of the University to undergo corporal punishment. He was of a rebellious disposition, and may have found much to condemn both in the system of instruction then followed in the University and in his instructors. There is also evidence that the "lady of Christ's College," as he was termed in allusion to his beauty and the purity of his morals, was not popular with his fellow-collegians. He however took his degree in due course, and remained at the university some years after graduation. Among the incidents of his college life was his friendship with Edward King, the young poet celebrated in 'Lycidas.' He added French, Italian, and Hebrew to the university Greek and Latin; and he became an expert swordsman.

It was in 1632, at the end of his seven years' life at Cambridge, that he went to live with his father, who had just removed from London to the small village of Horton in Buckinghamshire, not far from Windsor. The idea with which he entered college, that of being a priest, had been abandoned, and he had decided upon a life devoted to learning and the pursuit of literature. He lived at Horton for the next six years. At Horton he wrote, besides other poetry, 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' 'Comus,' and 'Lycidas.' 'Comus,' like much of his earlier poetry, was the result of an occasion. The musician Lawes, who was his friend, had been employed to write a masque to be played

at Lord Bridgewater's place in Wales; and for this entertainment Milton wrote the words. There is perhaps not in all our literature so perfect an expression as 'Comus' of the beauty of a youthful mind filled with lofty principles; and this quality of the poem is all the more impressive, because we know that the ideals cherished in those days of hope and health and lettered enthusiasm are to be reasserted with deeper emphasis amid the tragic circumstances of the closing period of his career. It was the loss of his friend Edward King, by the foundering of a ship in the Irish Channel, which was the occasion of 'Lycidas,' a poem which is throughout a treasury of literary beauty.

His mother died in 1637, and his brother and his wife came to live with his father; and Milton now felt that he might carry out his long-contemplated project of a journey to Italy. He started upon this journey in 1637, and passed fifteen months on the Continent. This period was one of the brightest of his life, and is one of the most pleasing chapters of literary biography. After having visited Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Geneva—at all of which places he was received with a distinction and kindness due more, no doubt, to his character and accomplishments and his engaging personal qualities than to his fame, which could not at that time have been great—he returned to England. It was the alarming state of affairs at home which determined him to bring this charming episode of his career to an end. The words in which he stated the motive for this decision are significant of the abrupt change which was about to take place in his life:—"I considered it to be dishonorable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom."

On reaching England he went to live in London, receiving into his house as pupils his two nephews and some other boys, to whom he gave instruction. He of course continued his life of study; but he wrote little poetry. His exertions from now on to the time of the Restoration were to be mainly those of the pamphleteer and the politician. In the ranks of the triumphant party, which had successfully opposed the purposes of Charles and Laud, there had arisen several divisions, mainly over the question of Episcopacy. Milton belonged to what was termed the "root and branch party," which wished to do away with the bishops altogether. In answer to a manifesto published by the High Church division of the party, five Puritan ministers had issued a pamphlet signed "Smectymnuus"—a word made up of the initials of its five authors. Milton wrote during 1641 and 1642 a number of pamphlets in support of the views of this party. In 1643 he issued a pamphlet the motive of which was chiefly personal. In May of that year he had taken a journey into the country, and had brought back with him a wife. She was Mary Powell, a girl of seventeen, the daughter of a Royalist gentleman of Oxfordshire. The honeymoon was scarcely over before the young girl, who had found the abode of the Puritan scholar not so pleasant a place to live as the

free and easy cavalier house in Oxfordshire, went to her family on a visit; and Milton was presently informed that she had no intention of returning. It was in the following August that he published his 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' in which he attacked the accepted views of marriage, and expressed the hope that Parliament would legislate for the relief of persons incompatibly married. This, of course, Parliament failed to do; and Milton made few converts to his views upon this subject, although among the numerous sects of the day there was one known as Miltonists or Divorcers. In 1645 Milton's wife returned to him. The triumph of the Puritan party had brought ruin to her family. Milton received into his house the entire family, twelve in all, including the mother-in-law, who had been the chief cause of the quarrel. Mary Powell was the mother of his three children. She died nine years later.

In 1644 Milton published, without a license, a second edition of his pamphlet on 'Divorce.' In the same year he wrote his famous 'Areopagitica,' perhaps the most magnificent and the most known and admired of all his prose writings. There now seems to have succeeded a period of inactivity, which lasted till 1649. On January 30 of that year the king was beheaded, and within a fortnight Milton published a pamphlet in defense of the act. It may have been owing to his having written this pamphlet that he was, in the following month, made Latin Secretary to the Council of State, which governed the country. His business in this new office was to translate from and into Latin the communications received from abroad by the Council, and those sent in reply. But he had other duties, of an indefinite character. One was that of official pamphleteer for the new government, in which capacity he was to defend it from its critics at home and abroad. If the Irish Presbyterians attacked the government, Milton, who belonged to the Independents and favored toleration, must answer them in behalf of Cromwell and his Council, who were also Independents. His special duty, however, proved to be that of replying to assaults made in the interests of the monarchy. When the 'Eikon Basilike' [Royal Image] was published, a pamphlet supposed to be written by the king, the Council directed Milton to reply. This he did in the 'Eikonoklastes' [Image Breaker]. Charles II was at that time living at The Hague, and he employed the learned Salmasius, the great ornament of the University of Leyden, to write a defense of his father. Milton, having been ordered by the Council to answer Salmasius, wrote his 'Defense of the English People.' His labors in preparing this pamphlet were the cause of his blindness. He had been warned by his doctor that such would be the result, but he considered it to be his duty to make a deliberate sacrifice of his eyesight in the fulfilment of this task. He thus became blind at the age of forty-three. Another monograph, 'Regii Sanguinis Clamor' [Cry of the Royal Blood], having been issued from The Hague, Milton wrote his 'Second Defense' — a paper of extraordinary interest and eloquence, spoiled, however, by fanaticism,

and by a simplicity of combativeness which at times seems to approach the borders of puerility. We get some idea of the heroic elements and proportions of the scene which it discloses, when we hear the blind sage and patriot exclaim of Cromwell that he "had either extinguished, or by habit had learned to subdue, the whole host of vain hopes, fears, and passions which infest the soul." One incident of Milton's domestic life during this period should be mentioned: in 1656 he had married Katherine Woodcock, the "late espoused saint" of the sonnet, and with her had fifteen months of great happiness, which her death terminated. The aspect of public affairs soon began, from Milton's point of view, to darken. From the time of Oliver's death the tide of reaction was setting in, bearing irresistibly in the direction of a return of the monarchy. This result Milton set himself to the work of fighting with desperate energy. It is interesting to see that his proposal for the cure of the disorders of the time was the establishment of some such scheme of federal government as was destined more than a century later to be devised in the Constitution of the United States. How Milton succeeded in escaping the scaffold, after the Restoration had been accomplished, is not clear. But his escape was probably due to his literary eminence and to the secret services of friends and admirers. He was for a time in hiding, but from 1660 was without fear of molestation. He was then indeed "fallen on evil days." Besides his public causes of unhappiness, he was miserable at home. He found himself neglected by daughters whom he had failed to educate. He was not a worldly-wise man, nor a man of common worldly prudence: witness many facts of his life — such, for instance, as his thinking that an article was worth the sacrifice of his eyes, and his scheme of education founded on the belief that any boy could do what he did at school. In 1663 Milton married his third wife, a woman thirty years younger than himself — a marriage which proved fortunate. In his loneliness he was still visited by a few friends who were faithful to him, such as Andrew Marvell and Cyriac Skinner.

It was this period of his life which he occupied with the composition of 'Paradise Lost.' During the long interval which had elapsed since 'Lycidas,' Milton's only poems had been the sonnets; which, among the noblest poems of our language as they are, relate chiefly to the incidents of the political life in which he was throughout that time immersed. In 1658, the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, Milton had taken up 'Paradise Lost.' But the beginnings of the work far antedate that time. As early as 1638 he had determined to make the composition of a great poem the chief work of his life. In 1640-42 he was debating the subject and manner of the poem. More than ninety possible themes — the greater part of them Biblical, although some were historical — were considered by him. After his selection of the theme of 'Paradise Lost' as the subject, his first intention was that the form of the poem should be dramatic. About 1642 he worked upon parts of it. Satan's Address to the Sun was written at that time, and repeated by Milton to his

nephew, Edward Philips. When in 1658 the poem was resumed, it was under the epic form. It was published in 1667.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to attempt a description or criticism of 'Paradise Lost.' It is of course one of the world's great epics. The drama and story are of the grandest, and the entire subject and scenery of the work have entered into and profoundly influenced the mind of the English-speaking world. Nevertheless a story which concerns spirits is at a disadvantage by the side of stories which concern men, as the other great epics do. To most readers the work is perhaps lyrical rather than epic; a wonderful strain of music, rising now and again into still grander harmonies, rather than a relation of incidents. It is the splendid bursts of poetry scattered through the work, and expressing the mind of the poet, that interest us even more than the story. The poet himself is as much before us as in his more strictly lyrical productions. He is never absent from our thoughts. Thus, when the newly erected Pandemonium is likened to the pipes of an organ, we have before us the blind musician of the little house in Jewin Street. When we find the gods of Olympus among the hosts of hell, it is with a feeling of regret to see the friends of the young scholar of Horton in such company. What else than the most beautiful lyric poetry is the pathetic opening of the third book?

A word should be said of the scheme of the physical universe which the story of 'Paradise Lost' supposes. How is it that Satan in going from hell to earth at one time flies downward? How is it that in this journey he passes the gate of heaven? Milton supposes all space to be divided into two halves, an upper and a lower, the upper heaven and the lower chaos. From the floor of heaven is hung our starry universe, a hollow sphere with a hard crust, with the earth in the center and the sun and stars revolving round it. It was so our starry universe (solar system, as we should now call it) was regarded by the Ptolemaic astronomy, which Milton selected as the cosmogony of 'Paradise Lost.' When Satan and his angels are cast out of heaven they fall to the bottom of chaos and are there inclosed in hell, which is roofed over. Between heaven and hell is the rest of chaos. Our starry universe, as has been said, hangs from the floor of heaven near the gate of heaven. At this point there is a hole in the crust of our universe, which is the place of entrance to it. Satan gets out of hell, finds his way through chaos, passes near the gate of heaven, enters the aperture in the crust of our universe, and thence drops to the earth.

It was Ellwood, the young Quaker to whom Milton had shown 'Paradise Lost,' who suggested 'Paradise Regained.' He said to Milton on returning the MS., "Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" Ellwood, in relating the interview, says, "He made no answer, but sat some time in a muse." It is probable that at this time Milton conceived the idea of writing 'Paradise Regained.' This was published

in 1671. It is a poem upon which its author set great store; and which, whatever may be its deficiencies, has great beauties. It is especially a correct poem, very devoid of ornament. 'Samson Agonistes,' the concluding poem of his life, has a sad autobiographical interest as the poem of his old age. To that old age many elements of sadness contributed. Blind and ill, neglected by his daughters at home, he was witnessing the triumph without of the enemies of all he held sacred. The poem is an exact picture of such an old age.

In speaking of Milton's literary characteristics, it is natural to mention first the subject of style, in which he is perhaps the greatest of English writers. He has that power, which only the greatest poets have, of commanding a beautiful style, no matter what may be the nature of the subject. It should, of course, be within the power of a true poet to write well upon a theme which is of a character to awaken his feeling and imagination; for the excited feeling then prompts him to a style worthy of the subject. But to write in a fine style upon themes which are not in their nature dignified is far more difficult. It is done only by the great poets. It is no doubt true that Milton does not have occasion to exhibit this power as often as Homer and Vergil. But when the occasion comes, he is equal to it. It does not seem to be in his power to speak meanly or weakly. Even in passages where the subject is not only not poetical but seems to border upon the ridiculous — as for instance, that in which he describes the inhabitants of hell as having the capacity to reduce their bulk at will to the smallest dimensions — even in such passages the style does not falter. When we come to his manner of expression in treating great subjects, we find a dignity, a splendor, and a grace which are unequaled in English literature. In particular, there is a loveliness of elegance in which no English poet approaches him. Here he is unique; and like

That self-begotten bird
In Arabian woods embost,

of 'Samson Agonistes,' "no second knows nor third." A hundred examples crowd upon the memory or disclose themselves as we turn the pages. It is perhaps better, by the way, not to know such passages by heart; since a verbal familiarity with them may deprive you of that surprise with which the mind at each fresh perusal recognizes their incomparable, their almost miraculous felicity.

Matthew Arnold selected Milton as the one English poet whose style resembles what he calls the "grand style," as seen in the great epic poets of antiquity and in Dante, and through whom the great mass of English readers must know that style if they are to know it at all. This resemblance may be due in part to the fact that Milton's mind had been deeply influenced by the study of these great models. It is certainly true that no other English poetry so suggests the spirit of antiquity as his does. The result of his studies had

been to infuse a classical essence into his words and sentences. A similar education has produced a similar quality in other English poets; in Gray, for instance — the English poet who in this respect most resembles him. Milton was deeply versed in ancient literature, because in his time that was the chief literature; and he had great devotion to literature and profound faith in it. Literature was for him education rather than acquisition. For mere extent of reading he had no great respect, nor did he consider books interesting and valuable because written in an antique tongue. He wisely selected from among the writings of all time the worthiest and best, and diligently studied them; bringing to the appreciation of them the powers of his profound nature. He had indeed a special practical aim in these studies. They were pursued with a conscious purpose of fitting him for the work of poetry. To literature he went rather than to the world and nature for this preparation, although of course he was a student of both. He indeed considers them to be in a sense one and the same; for he says, "Whichever thing we see or hear sitting, walking, traveling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book." The result of his absorption in literature is that he sees everything by the light of literature, even nature. He does not seem to look at nature directly and immediately, but rather as remembered in the library. Thus, Milton's sun is not the sun as Shakespeare saw it, as in "Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops." Take for instance this passage, of such richness and splendor — which, by the way, came near being lost to us because the censor of the Restoration hesitated at the suggestion of monarchs being perplexed:

As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

Here we have the sun indeed, but the sun as seen through the medium of literature and history. A very accomplished man to whom I had mentioned this characteristic of Milton (it has no doubt been observed by many writers on Milton — by Pattison, among the rest) thought it was to be noticed in his later writings, and was due to blindness; but not in the earlier writings. As to blindness, surely even when blind, Milton might yet see with the eye of memory and imagination. "Yet not the more cease I to wander where the Muses haunt clear spring," etc. But I find the same characteristic in the earlier poems. This description of the sun from 'Lycidas' — one of the finest passages of the poem (what lovely vagueness in the phrase "repairs his drooping head"!) — is not so much the real sun as the sun reflected from the mirror of literature and art: —

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

Even those "high lawns" which appeared "under the opening eyelids of the morn" are not so much beheld with the direct vision as seen through some ethereal medium of the poet's fancy, under the influence of a literary and classical enchantment. It should not, however, be thought that Milton contradicts nature. This indeed has been charged. His description of the pine as "rooted deep as high," when that tree does not send its roots deep into the ground, and his use of the beautiful epithet "star-proof" as applied to the elm, which has not a thick foliage, have been said to indicate an eye inattentive to nature. But a poet is not of necessity a naturalist. Poets differ greatly in their manner of looking at nature. Milton saw nature closely enough for his purposes and for our enjoyment. We think there can be no question that in going to literature for his preparation, he chose the best education for himself. Had he not done so, we might have lost the most perfect of English literary artists without gaining a great poet of nature and the world. His chief strength did not lie in the portraiture of the visible world, whether of nature or humanity. We have seen his manner of regarding nature; at man he looked rather with the disposition of the priest than of the dramatic or epic poet. He had not the variety and humor, the play of mind, the pliant and many-sided sympathies, of that English poet in whose pages nature and the world were already mirrored.

Milton's prose has the greatness of his verse — the same greatness both of style and mind. The style often has a splendid way of advancing; the reader having the same sense of buoyant and powerful movement which he feels when he commits himself to the full tide and river of the verse. It is true that the prose has not the exquisite care of the verse. The language is frequently difficult. The sentence sometimes runs down a good part of the page; and if you would understand it, you must first go through the labor of finding subject and predicate, and correctly distinguishing principal and subordinate clauses. It does not often happen, however, that this is necessary; and even when it is necessary, the result is of course well worth the labor. That "cloth of gold," as Macaulay termed it, is thick with imagery, passion, thought, and splendid phrases. As one reads, one gets very near to the greatness of the man's intellect and nature — to his heroic ardor — and very near to some qualities which whether great or not, are surely not to be applauded. We see also much of him in one character in which he less often appears in verse — that of the satirist. There was in Milton the making of a satirist like Juvenal or Swift; for he had that insight into mind which is a chief condition of satire. The writer of this paper was once taken to task for having expressed the

opinion that Byron had not the insight or weight of mind for satire — that his greatness lay elsewhere than in the intellect. Now Milton, to my thinking, had the constitution of mind fitted to write satire. He could see a state of mind, seize it, and hold it in his strong imagination as in a vise. It is for this reason that his phrases cut to the bone as they do. The point of the blade is infinitely fine and sharp, but there is in the implement immense weight and force. Another characteristic of Milton's prose is that the thought is frequently more novel than that of his verse, which tends rather to the expression with unequalled perfection of truths that are universal and important, and for that reason have been often uttered.

From the time of the publication of 'Paradise Lost' till his death in 1674, Milton seemed to enjoy, so far as his afflictions and the public prejudice against him would permit, a kind of Indian summer, such as sometimes comes at the close of the lives of celebrated men. The astonishment produced by the work was very great; although one would think that anything might have been expected from the author of the earlier poems, of which an edition had been published in 1645. The accounts we have of the personal appearance, manners, habits, etc., of Milton date mostly from this time. We know from the touching vanity of the allusion to the subject in his 'Second Defense' that his eyes were "externally uninjured"; his answer to the indecent taunts of his antagonists being: — "They shine with an unclouded light, like the eyes of one whose vision is perfect." That insults could pass between men of education upon such a subject, seems to indicate that men's hearts and manners have got gentler with the spread and advance of that democratic civilization of which Milton was one of the chief friends and leaders. The accounts of the time, given by Masson, describe him as led about the street near his Bunhill house, a slender man, slightly under middle height, dressed in a gray cloak and wearing sometimes a small silver-hilted sword; looking in feeble health, but with his fair complexion and lightish hair, younger than he was. He was to be seen sitting in his garden near the door in warm weather, wearing a gray overcoat. Within doors his dress was neat black. He rose very early, giving his mornings to study and writing. Music was his chief afternoon and evening relaxation. "His manner with friends and visitors," says Masson, "was extremely courteous and affable, with just a shade of stateliness." Nevertheless there was a marked tendency in his talk to be sarcastic and satirical. He had a habit of pronouncing hard the letter *r*, the *litera canina* of the Romans, a characteristic which Dryden thought "a sure sign of a satirical disposition." In these days his house was frequented by persons of learning and rank, it is said, "much more than he did desire." Up to the time of his death he was a diligent student and writer. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the prose writings with which Milton occupied himself in the years just previous to his death. An incident of the last year of his life, 1674, was the rearrangement of 'Paradise Lost' into twelve books, in the place of the original ten in which it

was first published. He died on November 8 of that year, which was a Sunday, and was buried in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, by the side of his father.

E. S. NADAL

THE HYMN ON THE NATIVITY

IT was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies:
 Nature, in awe to him,
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize;
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw:
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around;
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
 The hookèd chariot stood,
 Unstained with hostile blood;
 The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook —
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed;
 The helmèd cherubim
 And sworded seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time;
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold;
 And hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
 And by men heart-easing Mirth;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
 With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
 Or whether (as some sager sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying,
 There, on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh blown roses washed in dew,
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprovèd pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landskip round it measures:
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,

Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How Faery Mab the junkets eat —
She was pinched and pulled, she said:
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings. —
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus's train.
 But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commèrcing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet;
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,

'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly.
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removèd place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptered pall come sweeping by,

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and flounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,

While the bee with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid;
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy-proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give:
 And I with thee will choose to live.

FROM 'COMUS'

SONG OF THE SPIRITS

SABRINA fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honor's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands;
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance;
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have.
 Listen and save!

[Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings:]

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,

Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays:
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread.
 Gentle swain, at thy request
 I am here!

Spirits. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmèd band
 Of true virgin here distressed
 Through the force and through the wile
 Of unblessed enchanter vile.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnarèd chastity.
 Brightest Lady, look on me.
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure;
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
 Next this marble-venomed seat,
 Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Spirits. Come, Lady, while heaven lends us grace
 Let us fly this cursèd place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence.

LYCIDAS

[In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height. — Note in original.]

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor *my* destined urn,
 And as she passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute:
 Tempered to the oaten flute
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone!
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows:
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there" — for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phæbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

Return, Alpheus — the dread voice is past

That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast

Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,

The tufted crow-toe, the pale jessamine,

The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,

The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears;

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

For so, to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,

Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;

Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,

Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

Where the great Vision of the guarded mount

Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold —

Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
 Tomorrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

ON SHAKESPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
 The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.

For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took —
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchered in such pomp dost lie
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
 Forget not, in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

CYRIACK, this three-years' day these eyes — though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot —
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defense — my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

From 'Paradise Lost'

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
 Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam!
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from eternity — dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
 Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless Infinite!
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
 I sung of chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

THE APPEAL OF SATAN

From 'Paradise Lost'

"IS this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
 Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
 That we must change for heaven? — this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
 Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
 Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
 Receive thy new possessor — one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure: and in my choice,
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
 Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 The associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"
 So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
 Thus answered: — "Leader of those armies bright
 Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers — heard so oft
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
 Their surest signal — they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lie

Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed:
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear — to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand —
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions — angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: — "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven — once yours; now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf? —
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

ADAM AND EVE

From 'Paradise Lost'

TWO of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 God-like erect, with native honor clad
 In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
 And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure —
 Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
 Whence true authority in men: though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
 For contemplation he and valor formed,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
 She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
 Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
 Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets waved
 As the vine curls her tendrils — which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received
 Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. . . .
 So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
 Of God or Angels; for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met —
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

EVE RELATES HER FIRST MEETING WITH ADAM

From 'Paradise Lost'

"THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,
 Pure as the expanse of heaven. I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
 Bending to look on me. I started back,
 It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
 Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warned me: 'What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces — he
 Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
 Mother of human race.' What could I do,
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
 Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image. Back I turned;
 Thou, following, cried'st aloud, 'Return, fair Eve:
 Whom fliest thou? Whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear:

Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unreprieved,
 And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
 On our first father; half her swelling breast
 Naked met his, under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds
 That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
 With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turned
 For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
 Eyed them askance.

SONG OF THE PAIR IN PARADISE

From 'Paradise Lost'

LOWLY they bowed, adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style; for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
 Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
 More tunable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness: and they thus began: —
 "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
 Angels — for ye behold him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing — ye in heaven;
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep —
Witness if *I* be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."
 So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE

From 'Paradise Lost'

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
 If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
 Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing!
 The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
 Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly born,
 Before the hills appeared or fountain flowed,
 Though with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
 Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
 Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,
 Return me to my native element;
 Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
 Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible diurnal sphere.
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
 On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn

Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage clamor drowned
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou who thee implores;
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

ON ERRORS IN TEACHING

From the 'Treatise on Education'

THE end then of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching. And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.

Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings,

like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. Besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste. Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices, at first coming, with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics; so that they, having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and battlements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge: till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding that flattery and court-shifts and tyrannous aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom, instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery — if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at the schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first

ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefulest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles, which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one-and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered.

FOR THE LIBERTY OF PRINTING

From the 'Areopagitica'

FOR, as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of Truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light, sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an Oligarchy of twenty ingrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free

speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and human government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits: this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? Not he who takes up arms for cote and conduct and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defense of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

OTHER POETS OF THE COMMON-WEALTH AND THE RESTORATION

RICHARD LOVELACE

RICHARD, eldest son of Sir William Lovelace of Woolwich, was born in 1618 and educated at the Charterhouse and at Oxford. In 1642 he spent seven months in prison for presenting to the Long Parliament a petition for the "restoration of the bishops, liturgy, and common prayer." This imprisonment inspired his best known lyric, 'To Althea from Prison.' He was again imprisoned in 1648 for leaving London without the consent of the Long Parliament, and took occasion to prepare for the press a new volume of poems, entitled 'Lucasta'—the heroine being identified with Lucy Sacheverell. He died in 1658 and of his last years Anthony Wood gives this gloomy picture: "Having by that time consumed all his estate he grew very melancholy . . . became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver) and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst beggars and poorest of servants."

TO LUCASTA GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fettered to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes that tinkle in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat will sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA

LUCASTA, frown, and let me die! .
 But smile, and, see, I live!
 The sad indifference of your eye
 Both kills and doth reprieve;
 You hide our fate within its screen;
 We feel our judgment, e'er we hear;
 So in one picture I have seen
 An angel here, the devil there!

ANDREW MARVELL

MARVELL was born in 1621, at Winestead, near Hull, in Yorkshire. His father was master of the grammar school, and there Andrew was prepared for Trinity College, Cambridge. But a boyish escapade led to his expulsion before the completion of his university course, and for several years he lived abroad; visiting France, Holland, Spain, and Italy, and improving his mind "to very good purpose," as his friend John Milton said admiringly. He returned to become tutor to Lord Fairfax's young daughter, and lived at Nun Appleton near Hull. He was an ardent lover of nature, finding rest and refreshment in its color and beauty, noting the lilt of a bird or the texture of a blossom with a happy zest which recalls the songs of the Elizabethans. Much of his pastoral verse was written at this period. But his energetic nature soon tired of country calm. His connection with Lord Fairfax had made him known in Roundhead circles, and he left Nun Appleton, appointed by Cromwell tutor to his young ward Mr. Dutton, and afterwards engaged in politics. His native Hull elected him to Parliament three times; and he is said to have been the last member up to recent times to receive payment—two shillings a day—for his services. So well did he satisfy his constituents that they continued him a pension until his death in 1678. His public career was distinguished for fearless integrity; and an often quoted instance of this describes Lord Treasurer Danby sent by Charles II to seek out the poet in his poverty-stricken lodgings off the Strand, with enticing offers to join the court party. These Marvell stoutly declined; although the story adds that as soon as his flattering visitor had gone he was forced to send out for the loan of a guinea.

The great objects of Marvell's veneration were Cromwell and Milton. He knew them personally, was the associate of Milton at the latter's request, and

these master minds inspired some of his finest verse. He has been called "the poet of the Protectorate"; and perhaps no one has spoken more eloquently upon Cromwell than he in his 'Horatian Ode' and 'Death of Cromwell.'

THE GARDEN

HOW vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness —
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
 In th' ocean's bosom, unespied —
 From a small boat that rowed along,
 The listening winds received this song: —
 What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where he the huge sea monsters wracks
 That lift the deep upon their backs,
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storm's and prelate's rage.
 He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet;
 But apples — plants of such a price
 No tree could ever bear them twice —
 With cedars, chosen by his hand
 From Lebanon, he stores the land;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound his name.
 Oh, let our voice his praise exalt
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
 Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sung they in the English boat
 An holy and a cheerful note;
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
 The nightingale does sit so late,
 And studying all the summer night,
 Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend
 No war, nor prince's funeral,
 Shining unto no other end
 Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
 To wandering mowers shows the way,
 That in the night have lost their aim,
 And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
 Since Juliana here is come;
 For she my mind hath so displaced,
 That I shall never find my home.

THE MOWER'S SONG

MY mind was once the true survey
 Of all these meadows fresh and gay;
 And in the greenness of the grass
 Did see its hopes as in a glass:
 When Juliana came, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
 Grew more luxuriant still and fine;
 That not one blade of grass you spied
 But had a flower on either side:
 When Juliana came, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
 A fellowship so true forego,
 And in your gaudy May-games meet,
 While I lay trodden under feet?
 When Juliana came, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But what you in compassion ought,
 Shall now by my revenge be wrought;
 And flowers, and grass, and I, and all,
 Will in one common ruin fall:
 For Juliana comes, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

And thus ye meadows, which have been
 Companions of my thoughts more green,
 Shall now the heraldry become
 With which I shall adorn my tomb:
 For Juliana comes, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C.

IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

SEE with what simplicity
 This nymph begins her golden days!
 In the green grass she loves to lie,
 And there with her fair aspect tames
 The wilder flowers, and gives them names;
 But only with the roses plays,
 And them does tell
 What color best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
 This darling of the gods was born?
 See! this is she whose chaster laws
 The wanton Love shall one day fear,
 And under her command severe,
 See his bow broke and ensigns torn.
 Happy who can
 Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

Oh, then let me in time compound
 And parley with those conquering eyes,
 Ere they have tried their force to wound —
 Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
 In triumph over hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise:
 Let me be laid
 Where I may see the glory from some shade.

Meanwhile, whilst every verdant thing
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,
 Reform the errors of the spring:
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
 And roses of their thorns disarm;
 But most procure
 That violets may a longer age endure.

But oh, young beauty of the woods,
 Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,
 Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
 Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
 To kill her infants in their prime.
 Should quickly make the example yours;
 And ere we see,
 Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

IN PRAISE OF CROMWELL

From 'An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland'

NATURE that hateth emptiness,
 Allows of penetration less:
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.
 What field of all the Civil Wars,
 Where his were not the deepest scars?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art.
 Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
 He wove a net of such a scope,

That Charles himself might chase
 To Carisbrook's narrow case.
 That thence the royal actor borne
 The tragic scaffold might adorn:
 While round the armed bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did or mean
 Upon that memorable scene:
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try:
 Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
 To vindicate his helpless right,
 But bowed his comely head,
 Down as upon a bed.
 This was that memorable hour
 Which first assured the forced power.
 So when they did design
 The Capitol's first line,
 A bleeding head where they begun,
 Did fright the architects to run;
 And yet in that the State
 Foresaw its happy fate.
 And now the Irish are ashamed
 To see themselves in one year tamed:
 So much one man can do,
 That does both act and know.
 They can affirm his praises best,
 And have, though overcome, confessed
 How good he is, how just,
 And fit for highest trust.

HENRY VAUGHAN

HENRY VAUGHAN — the Silurist, as he was called because of his residence among the Silures, the ancient name for the folk of South Wales — was born at Newton-by-Usk in that principality, in the year 1621. His family was an old and highly respectable one of the vicinage. Educated by a private tutor, he with his twin brother Thomas entered Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638, but was not graduated. Both the young Vaughans were stanch royalists, that political complexion being a tradition in the family; Henry was imprisoned during the Civil War. His private patrimony being

inadequate to his support, he qualified for medicine, and practised that profession with repute for many years in his native place. His literary work was thus an avocation pursued for the love of it. During his long and quiet life, Vaughan published various volumes of poems and translations. His first book appeared when he was twenty-five, and bore the title 'Poems, with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished' (1646). Subsequent books were: 'Olor Iscanus, a Collection of Select Poems and Translations' (1650); 'Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations' (1650-1); 'The Mount of Olives, or Solitary Devotions' (1652); 'Flores Solitudinis, or Certain Rare and Elegant Pieces' (1654); and 'Thalia Rediviva, the Pastimes and Diversions of a Country Muse, in Divine Poems' (1678).

The verse which preserves Vaughan's name in fragrant memory is contained in the 'Silex Scintillans.' Half a dozen pieces in that collection are familiar to all students of the choicest English religious song. The quaint classical titles of his books give a notion of the mystic, removed nature of this poet's Muse. In many lyrics he waxes didactic, and moralizes upon man and God in a fashion not edifying to the present-day reader, if it was when they were composed. But when inspiration visited him, and he could write such a unique poem as 'The Retreat' — a kind of seventeenth-century forerunner of Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality' — or an exquisite elegiac poem like 'They Are All Gone' (a prime favorite with Lowell), Vaughan found lyric expression for the spiritual mood such as few men have found in the whole range of British song. His religion did not clog his poetry, but lent it wings; and no more sincere and intimate personal confession of faith can be named. He has the high rhapsody of the Celt, with a piquant gift in the use of the mother English. One thinks of him with affection, and re-reads his best poems with a sense of beauty communicated, and a breath deeper taken for delight.

During his last years Vaughan seems to have ceased from literary activity. He lived quietly in the lovely vale watered by the Usk, the river he loved; and having attained to the good age of seventy-two, died on April 23 — Shakespeare's death-day — in the year 1693.

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days when I
 Shined in my angel infancy!
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white, celestial thought;

When yet I had not walked above
 A mile or two from my first love,
 And looking back, at that short space,
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train;
 From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
 That shady city of palm-trees.
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came — return.

THE ORNAMENT

THE lucky world showed me one day
 Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,
 Where with proud haste the rich made way
 To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seemed, and bought up all
 The latest modes of pride and lust;
 Although the first must surely fall,
 And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring ware,
 With idle hearts and busy looks,
 They viewed — for idleness hath there
 Laid up all her archives and books —

Quite through their proud and pompous file,
 Blushing, and in meek weeds arrayed,
 With native looks which knew no guile,
 Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid.

Whom strait the shining row all faced,
 Forced by her artless looks and dress;
 While one cried out, We are disgraced!
 For she is bravest, you confess.

THEY ARE ALL GONE

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering here!
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
 High as the heavens above!
 These are your walks, and you have showed them me
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death — the jewel of the just!
 Shining nowhere but in the dark;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown;
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there;
 But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under thee!
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass.

THE REVIVAL

UNFOLD! unfold! take in His light,
 Who makes thy cares more short than night.
 The joys which with his day-star rise
 He deals to all but drowsy eyes;
 And (what the men of this world miss)
 Some drops and dews of future bliss.
 Hark! how the winds have changed their note,
 And with warm whispers call thee out!
 The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
 And backward life at last comes on.
 The lofty groves, in express joys,
 Reply unto the turtle's voice:
 And here, in dust and dirt — oh, here,
 The lilies of his love appear!

RETIREMENT

FRESH fields and woods! the earth's fair face!
 God's footstool! and man's dwelling-place!
 I ask not why the first believer
 Did love to be a country liver,
 Who to secure pious content
 Did pitch by groves and wells his tent,
 Where he might view the boundless sky,
 And all these glorious lights on high,
 With flying meteors, mists, and showers,
 Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flowers,
 And every minute bless the King
 And wise Creator of each thing.
 I ask not why he did remove
 To happy Mamre's holy grove,
 Leaving the cities of the plain
 To Lot and his successful train.
 All various lusts in cities still
 Are found: they are the thrones of ill;
 The dismal sinks where blood is spilled,
 Cages with much uncleanness filled.
 But rural shades are the sweet sense
 Of piety and innocence:
 They are the meek's calm region, where
 Angels descend and rule the sphere;
 Where heaven lies leaguer, and the Dove
 Duly as dew comes from above.
 If Eden be on earth at all,
 'Tis that which we the country call.

THE PALM-TREE

DEAR friend, sit down, and bear awhile this shade,
 As I have yours long since: this plant, you see
 So pressed and bowed, before sin did degrade
 Both you and it, had equal liberty

With other trees; but now, shut from the breath
 And air of Eden, like a malcontent,
 It thrives nowhere. This makes these weights, like death
 And sin, hang at him; for the more he's bent,

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
 Aspire for home; this, Solomon of old,
 By flowers and carvings, and mysterious skill
 Of wings and cherubims and palms, foretold.

This is the life which, hid above with Christ
 In God, doth always hidden multiply,
 And spring and grow — a tree ne'er to be priced,
 A tree whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and fought,
 And won the fight, and have not feared the frowns
 Nor loved the smiles of greatness, but have wrought
 Their Master's will, meet to receive their crowns.

Here is the patience of the saints: this tree
 Is watered by their tears, as flowers are fed
 With dew by night; but One you cannot see
 Sits here, and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
 When we two part, I will a journey make
 To pluck a garland hence while you do sleep,
 And weave it for your head against you wake.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

ABRAMHAM COWLEY was born in London in 1618, and educated at Westminster School. In 1639 he took the degree of B.A. and in 1642 that of M.A. During the civil commotions that followed, he was ejected from Cambridge University and withdrew to Oxford, which had become for the time being the headquarters of the royalist party. He became secretary to Lord Jermyn and followed to France the Queen Henrietta Maria, who left England for that country in 1644. In her service Cowley was diligently employed in carrying on the cipher correspondence that took place between the king and queen. This, and duties allied to this, were so engrossing that according to Sprat, his intimate friend and first biographer, they "for some years together took up all his days and two or three nights every week."

He returned at the Restoration, only to meet with the neglect which was

incurred by the followers of the exiled monarch who made the mistake of combining an objectionable sobriety and decency of life with loyalty to the house of Stuart. Withdrawing entirely from public life, he lived successively at Barn Elms and at Chertsey in Sussex. At the latter place he died on July 18, 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In the essay entitled 'Of Myself,' quoted below, and in 'The Complaint,' we get not only further details of the author's personal fortunes, but an insight into the feelings of disappointment and dejection which came over him. In the preface to the volume of 1656, he wrote: "My desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted), and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations; not to seek for gold or to enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, which is the end of most men that travel thither, . . . but to forsake this world forever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself in some obscure retreat there, but not without the consolations of letters and philosophy."

Yet Cowley's youth had been one of extraordinary promise. In 1633, when he was but fifteen years old, he brought out a little volume containing over a thousand lines and entitled 'Poetical Blossomes.' Of this work a second edition appeared in 1636, with a number of additional poems, including one entitled 'A Vote.' This poem, which he never surpassed, he tells us was written when he was thirteen years old; it must be regarded as a marvelous production for a boy, not alone for the poetic ability displayed in it, but for the philosophic view it takes of life.

On his return to England during the Protectorate he brought out a collected edition of his works in folio. It was published in 1656, and amongst the matter which then appeared for the first time were the odes written in professed imitation of Pindar. The composition of these set a literary fashion which did not die out till the latter half of the next century. Among them can occasionally be found genuine imitations of Pindar's measure, such as are the odes of Congreve and of Gray; but of the countless number of all kinds produced, those of the last-named author are the only ones that can be said still to survive.

Another production that made its first appearance in the folio of 1656 was part of an epic poem, which Cowley had begun while he was at the University. Its subject was the life and exploits of King David, and his intention was to complete it in the orthodox number of twelve books. Fortunately it was not completed beyond the fourth book; it would not have lessened Cowley's reputation if the first had never been begun.

Cowley continued to write after this volume was published; but a good deal of his later production was in Latin, and has in consequence been condemned to perpetual obscurity. His fame stood highest in his own century, and he is perhaps as much underestimated now as he was overestimated then. His col-

lected works passed through edition after edition, and by 1681 had reached the seventh. Cowley's reputation was then steadily sinking, and was destined to sink still lower. In 1737 Pope directly referred to the fact in the following lines: —

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
It is his moral pleases, not his wit;
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

Cowley's claim to the attention of the modern student is that he was the first regular writer of modern prose. In certain particulars his work in that line has rarely been surpassed. It is simple and straightforward, never sinking into commonplace when treating of the common, never lacking in dignity when occasion demands it to rise.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

OF MYSELF

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind: neither my mind nor my body nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world or the glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion if I could find any of the same temper. I was then too so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess I wonder at, myself) may appear by the

latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
 Some honor I would have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone;
 The unknown are better, than ill known:
 Rumor can ope the grave.
 Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
 Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
 And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
 My house a cottage more
 Than palace; and should fitting be
 For all my use, no luxury.
 My garden painted o'er
 With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield,
 Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
 For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
 And in this true delight,
 These unbought sports, this happy state,
 I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
 But boldly say each night,
 "Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,
 Or in clouds hide them; I have lived today."

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) —

but there was wont to lie Spenser's works: this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights and giants and monsters and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life — that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect: —

Well then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought, in that case, I might easily have compassed as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretenses have arrived to extraordinary fortune: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth though not in the elegance of it: —

"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
 Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.
 Content thyself with the small barren praise
 Which neglected verse does raise."
 She spake; and all my years to come
 Took their unlucky doom.
 Their several ways of life let others choose,
 Their several pleasures let them use;
 But I was born for Love and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
 Such I began, such am, and so must end.
 The star that did my being frame
 Was but a lambent flame,
 And some small light it did dispense,
 But neither heat nor influence.
 No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see
 That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be
 Of folly, lust, and flattery,
 Fraud, extortion, calumny,
 Murder, infidelity,
 Rebellion and hypocrisy.
 Do thou nor grieve nor blush to be,
 As all th' inspired tuneful men,
 And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer down to Ben.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *à corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease." I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine; yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum" [I have not sworn an idle oath]; nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her: —

Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
 Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
 Hortique Sylvæque, anima remanente, relinquam.

[Nor by me e'er shall you,
 You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
 You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
 You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.]

But this is a very pretty ejaculation; because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humor to the last.

EPITAPH ON A LIVING AUTHOR

HERE, passenger, beneath this shed,
 Lies Cowley, though entombed, not dead;
 Yet freed from human toil and strife,
 And all th' impertinence of life.

Who in his poverty is neat
 And even in retirement great,
 With Gold, the people's idol, he
 Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say, he has resigned
 His breath, to this small cell confined?
 With this small mansion let him have
 The rest and silence of the grave:

Strew roses here as on his hearse,
 And reckon this his funeral verse;
 With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
 The yet surviving poet's urn.

EDMUND WALLER

WALLER was born in Hertfordshire, March 3, 1605. His family were wealthy landowners, and his mother, although related to Cromwell, was an ardent royalist. He followed whichever side was victorious. At sixteen he was in Parliament, but kept becomingly silent, merely using the advantages of his position to marry a young heiress; and with her fortune joined to his, he retired to the country to give himself up to

literary pursuits. Some of his best poetry was written in an effort to win Lady Dorothea Sidney, his *Saccharissa*, between the death of his wife in 1634 and the marriage of Lady Dorothea in 1639. Meeting him years after, the lady asked him when he would again write such verses to her. "When you are as young, madam, and as handsome, as you were then," replied the poet.

In 1643, when the struggle between the king and Parliament grew hotter, Waller was implicated in what was known as "Waller's plot." He was discovered, but turning informer was let off with a fine of £1000, and was banished to France. From France he directed the publication of his first volume of poems. Here he lived in high reputation as a wit for nine years; when, at the intervention of anti-royalist friends, he was allowed to return to England. He immediately wrote a 'Panegyric to my Lord Protector,' which is one of his best poems. However, when Charles II came into his kingdom, Waller was ready with a series of verses for him. Charles, who admitted the poet to his intimacy, complained that this poem was inferior to Cromwell's. "Sire," responded the quick-witted Waller, "poets succeed better in fiction than in truth."

Waller was in Parliament up to the time of his death in 1687. He was said to be the delight of the Commons for his wit. His poems went through several editions, and he became the founder of a school, the influence of which extended over a hundred and fifty years; but as a poet he sinks into insignificance beside Dryden and Pope, who gave the school its character when they stamped it with their genius.

ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer;
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair:
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

GO, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee! —
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

FROM 'A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR'

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
 You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
 Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe;
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
 Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
 And own no liberty, but where they may
 Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious State;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends so far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its States to awe,
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressèd shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succor at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector, shall be known. . . .

Still as you rise, the State exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene! when, without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
 Gave a dim light to violence and wars —
 To such a tempest as now threatens all,
 Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great Senate could not wield that sword
 Which of the conquered world had made them lord,
 What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
 To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
 Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose;
 To every duty could their minds engage,
 Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
 And angry grows, if he that first took pain
 To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
 Itself into Augustus' arms did cast,
 So England now does, with like toil oppress,
 Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
 Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns stormed, and armies overrun,
 And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
 How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
 Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
 And every conqueror creates a Muse!
 Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing,
 But there, my lord, we'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
O'er conquered nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbor princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and due.

SAMUEL BUTLER

A PRETTY picture of the time is the glimpse of young Mr. Pepys at the bookseller's in London Strand on a February morning in 1663, making haste to buy a new copy of 'Hudibras,' and carefully explaining that it was "ill humor of him to be so against that which all the world cries up to be an example of wit." The Clerk of the Admiralty had connections at court; and between that February morning and a December day when Mr. Battersby was at the Wardrobe using the king's time in gossip about the new book of drollery, the merry Stuart had found out Sam Butler's poem and had given it the help of his royal approval.

Samuel Butler was born near Strensham, Worcestershire, in 1612, the fifth child and second son of a farmer of that parish, whose homestead was known up to the nineteenth century as "Butler's tenement." The elder Butler was not well-to-do, but had enough to educate his son at the Worcester Grammar School, and to send him to a university. Butler went into the service of Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, at Wrest in Bedfordshire, where he had the use of a good library and the friendship of John Selden, then steward of the Countess's estate. It was there and in association with Selden that he began his literary work. Some time afterward he held a servitor's position in the family of an officer of Cromwell's army, Sir Samuel Luke, of Woodend, Bedfordshire. A manuscript note in an old edition of 'Hudibras,' 1710, "from the books of Phil. Lomax by gift of his father, G. Lomax," confirms the tradition that this Cromwellian colonel was the original of Hudibras. The elder Lomax is said to have been an intimate friend of Butler. Another name on the list of candidates for this humorous honor — the honor of contributing with Don Quixote to the increase of language — is that of Sir Henry Rosewell of Ford Abbey, Devonshire. But it is unnecessary to limit to an individual sample the satirist and poet of the whole breadth of human nature.

It was about 1659, when the decline of the Cromwells became assured, that Butler ventured, but anonymously, into print with a tract warmly advocating the recall of the king. At the Restoration, and probably in reward for this evidence of loyalty, he was made secretary to the Earl of Carbury, President of Wales, by whom he was appointed steward of Ludlow Castle. About this time he married a gentlewoman of small fortune, and is said to have lived comfortably upon her money until it was lost by bad investments. The

king having come to his own again, Butler obtained permission in November 1662 to print the first part of 'Hudibras.' The quaint title of this poem has attracted much curious cavil. The name is used by Milton, Spenser, and Robert of Gloucester for an early king of Britain, the grandfather of King Lear; and by Ben Jonson — from whom Butler evidently adopted it — for a swaggering fellow in the 'Magnetic Lady': —

Rut. Where is your captain
Rudhudibrass de Ironside?

Act iii, Scene 3

Charles II was so delighted with the satire that he not only read and re-read it, but gave many copies to his intimates. The royal generosity, lavish in promises, never exerted itself further than to give Butler—or Boteler, as he is writ in the warrant—a monopoly of printing his own poem.

The second part of 'Hudibras' appeared in 1664, and the third and last in 1678. It was never finished; for Butler, who had been confined by his infirmities to his room in Rose Court, Covent Garden, after 1676, died on September 25, 1680. William Longueville, a devoted friend but for whose kindness the poet might have starved, buried the remains at his own expense in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. In 1721 John Barber, Lord Mayor of London, set up in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey an inscription to Butler's memory. Butler's manuscripts, many of which have never been published, were placed in the British Museum in 1885.

HUDIBRAS DESCRIBED

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion as for Punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A Wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bent his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights, and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of War as well as Peace.
So some rats of amphibious nature
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise, or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a Fool;
And offered to lay wagers that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras:
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out;
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.

He was in Logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in Analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either side he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;

He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl;
A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice,
And rooks Committee-Men or Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure, he would do.

For Rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
He had hard words, ready to show why
And tell what rules he did it by.
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a Rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

His ordinary rate of speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnèd pedants much affect;
It was a parti-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages:
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he'd talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
They'd heard three laborers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large,
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit:
Words so debased and hard, no stone

Was hard enough to touch them on;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em —
 That had the orator who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have used no other ways.

In Mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra. . . .

Beside, he was a shrewd Philosopher,
 And had read every text and gloss over:
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit 'faith:
 Whatever Sceptic could inquire for;
 For every WHY he had a WHEREFORE:
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go.
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion served, would quote;
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell,
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts:
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghost of defunct bodies, fly;
 Where Truth in person does appear,
 Like words congealed in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly. . . .

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:

'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly-thorough-Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done,
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly:
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend — plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose. . . .

His puicant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,

With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t'any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt
The rancor of its edge had felt. . . .

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score.

THOMAS HOBBS

THOMAS HOBBS, whose name in the history of English philosophy is a large one, was the son of a Wiltshire vicar, and was born April 5, 1588. His mother, who was of yeoman stock, gave birth to him prematurely, upon hearing the news of the Spanish Armada. The father is represented as a man of violent temper and small education. Hobbes began his schooling at the age of four, and when six was engaged with Greek and Latin, translating Euripides into Latin iambics before he was fourteen, and showing himself to be a youth of unusual thoughtfulness. The schools at Malmesbury and Westport gave him his preliminary training, and in 1602 or 1603 he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford. At this time the old scholastic methods obtained, and disputes between Churchmen and Puritans were rife. This state of things was distasteful to the young Hobbes, and he neglected his studies and read in a desultory fashion. He took his degree in 1607.

After his college days, Hobbes became tutor to the eldest son of William Cavendish, later Earl of Devonshire, and was attached to this family for many years, teaching the Cavendishes, father and son, traveling with them abroad, and being pensioned by them in his old age. This life brought him into contact with people of gifts and station, both in England and on the Continent; and gradually Hobbes, by study and conversation with leaders of thought, developed his theory of psychology and of the State. He lived for years at a time in Paris, when he feared to remain in his own land because of the hostility excited by his works on 'Human Nature' and 'De Corpore Politico.' In 1661, at the age of seventy-three, he returned to England and made his headquarters at the Cavendishes' town and country houses, rounding out his philosophical system, and enjoying the friendship of such men as Selden of 'Table Talk' fame, and Harvey the scholar. Always a controversialist, seldom free from an intellectual quarrel with members of the Royal Society, his last days were no exception; and he no doubt wasted much time, better spent upon his main philosophical treatises, in bickerings about mathematics and other abstruse matters, keeping this up until his death at the rare old age of ninety-one. He died December 4, 1679, at Hardwicke Hall.

Hobbes maintained his intellectual and physical powers to the very end. His health was poor in his youth, but improved in middle life. He wrote his autobiography at eighty-four, and when eighty-six translated Homer. In person he is described as over six feet in height, erect, keen-eyed, with black hair. He had a contempt for physicians, was regular in his dietary and other habits; used tobacco, and states gravely that during his long life he calcu-

lated he had been drunk one hundred times. After he was sixty he took no wine. At seventy-five he played tennis. Intellectually audacious, he had personal timidity; charges of time-serving made against him have not been substantiated, however, as even so harsh a critic as Cunningham confesses. That Hobbes was a man of marked social attraction can easily be inferred. His friendships with Descartes, Bacon, Lord Herbert, Ben Jonson, and many other typical great men of his day, indicate it, and there was much in his experience to develop that side of his character.

Hobbes's fame as thinker and writer rests solidly on two great works: 'Human Nature: or, The Fundamental Principles of Policy concerning the Faculties and Passions of the Human Soul' (1650); and 'Leviathan: or, The Matter, Forme, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil' (1651). The former states his philosophical, the latter his political views. In the 'Human Nature' his materialistic conception of the origin of man's faculties is developed: he regarded matter in motion as an ultimate fact, and upon it built up his psychology, deriving all the higher faculties from the senses. "There is no conception in a man's mind," said he, "which hath not at first, totally or by parts, been begotten upon the organ of sense." And he assumed selfishness as the motor power of human conduct, and made his explanation of right and wrong to rest upon purely utilitarian reasons. The modernness of this position may be seen at a glance. It anticipates nineteenth-century psychology and the tenets of Herbert Spencer. In one passage where he speaks of the incomprehensibility of God to a human faculty, latter-day agnosticism is foreshadowed. In the 'Leviathan' we get his equally radical views of the State. He conceives that in a state of nature, men war upon each other without restraint. For mutual benefit and protection in the pursuit of their own interests, the social compact is made, and the power of rule relegated to some one best fitted to exercise it. That some one, in Hobbes's opinion, should be and is the king as an embodiment of the State; hence he preaches an absolute monarchy as the ideal form of government, the leviathan of the human deep. And he would have ecclesiastical as well as other authority subservient to the State. Very briefly stated, these are the cardinal points of his two great works.

Of course, Hobbes's theories were bitterly assailed. Because of his ethics he was dubbed "atheist"; and his opponents included thinkers like Clarendon, Cudworth, Henry More, and Samuel Clarke. He was one of the best hated men of his time. His teaching in the 'Leviathan' naturally brought the clergy about his ears, and the work was burned at Oxford after his death. But his principles made much stir, especially abroad; and looking back upon Hobbes from the present vantage-point, it is plain that he is part of the great movement for thought expansion in which Bacon, Galileo, Kepler, Harvey, and Descartes are other parts. Locke probably was little influenced by Hobbes, who, however, prepared the way for him; the Dutch Spinoza and the German

Leibnitz were, and in France, Diderot, Rousseau, and De Maistre felt his thought.

Comparing his two main works, Hobbes is most satisfactory in his political philosophy. His psychology is deduced, rather than established by the Baconian method of induction, and his reading was not wide enough for such an inquiry. As an explanation of man, his philosophy is too fragmentary and too subjective, though brilliant, original, often logical. But the 'Leviathan' is a complete exposition from certain premises, and a wonderful example of philosophic thinking. Moreover, it is by far the most attractive of his writings as literature. Its style is terse, weighty, at times scintillating with sarcastic humor, again impressive with stately eloquence. Among works in its field it is remarkable for these qualities.

OF LOVE

From 'Human Nature'

LOVE, by which is understood the joy man taketh in the fruition of any present good, hath been already spoken of in the first section, chapter seven, under which is contained the love men bear to one another or pleasure they take in one another's company; and by which nature men are said to be sociable. But there is another kind of love which the Greeks call Eros, and is that which we mean when we say that a man is in love: forasmuch as this passion cannot be without diversity of sex, it cannot be denied but that it participateth of that indefinite love mentioned in the former section. But there is a great difference betwixt the desire of a man indefinite and the same desire limited *ad hunc*: and this is that love which is the great theme of poets; but notwithstanding their praises, it must be defined by the word *need*, for it is a conception a man hath of his need of that one person desired. The cause of this passion is not always nor for the most part beauty, or other quality in the beloved, unless there be withal hope in the person that loveth; which may be gathered from this, that in great difference of persons the greater have often fallen in love with the meaner, but not contrary. And from hence it is that for the most part they have much better fortune in love whose hopes are built on something in their person than those that trust to their expressions and service; and they that care less than they that care more: which not perceiving, many men cast away their services as one arrow after another, till in the end, together with their hopes they lose their wits.

CERTAIN QUALITIES IN MEN

From 'Leviathan'

HAVING showed in the precedent chapters that sense proceedeth from the action of external objects upon the brain, or some internal substance of the head; and that the *passions* proceed from the alterations there made, and continued to the heart: it is consequent in the next place (seeing the diversity of degrees of knowledge in divers men to be greater than may be ascribed to the divers tempers of their brain) to declare what other causes may produce such odds and excess of capacity as we daily observe in one man above another. As for that difference which ariseth from sickness, and such accidental distempers, I omit the same, as impertinent to this place; and consider it only in such as have their health, and organs well disposed. If the difference were in the natural temper of the brain, I can imagine no reason why the same should not appear first and most of all in the senses; which being equal both in the wise and less wise, infer an equal temper in the common organ (namely the brain) of all the senses.

But we see by experience that joy and grief proceed not in all men from the same causes, and that men differ very much in the constitution of the body; whereby that which helpeth and furthereth vital constitution in one, and is therefore delightful, hindereth it and crosseth it in another, and therefore causeth grief. The difference therefore of wits hath its original from the different passions, and from the ends to which the appetite leadeth them.

And first, those men whose ends are sensual delight, and generally are addicted to ease, food, operations and exonerations of the body, must needs be the less thereby delighted with those imaginations that conduce not to those ends; such as are imaginations of honor and glory, which, as I have said before, have respect to the future. For sensuality consisteth in the pleasure of the senses, which please only for the present, and take away the inclination to observe such things as conduce to honor; and consequently maketh men less curious and less ambitious, whereby they less consider the way either to knowledge or other power: in which two consisteth all the excellency of power cognitive. And this is it which men call *dullness*; and proceedeth from the appetite of sensual or bodily delight. And it may well be conjectured that such passion hath its beginning from a grossness and difficulty of the motion of the spirit about the heart.

The contrary hereunto is that quick ranging of mind described, Chap. iv, Sect. 3, which is joined with curiosity of comparing the things that come into the mind, one with another: in which comparison a man delighteth himself either with finding unexpected similitude of things otherwise much unlike (in which men place the excellency of fancy, and from whence proceed

those grateful similes, metaphors, and other tropes, by which both poets and orators have it in their power to make things please and displease, and show well or ill to others, as they like themselves), or else in discerning suddenly dissimilitude in things that otherwise appear the same. And this virtue of the mind is that by which men attain to exact and perfect knowledge; and the pleasure thereof consisteth in continual instruction, and in distinction of places, persons, and seasons, and is commonly termed by the name of *judgment*: for to judge is nothing else but to distinguish or discern; and both fancy and judgment are commonly comprehended under the name of *wit*, which seemeth to be a tenuity and agility of spirits, contrary to that restiness of the spirits supposed in those that are dull.

There is another defect of the mind, which men call *levity*, which betrayeth also mobility in the spirits, but in excess. An example whereof is in them that in the midst of any serious discourse have their minds diverted to every little jest or witty observation; which maketh them depart from their discourse by a parenthesis, and from that parenthesis by another, till at length they either lose themselves, or make their narration like a dream, or some studied nonsense. The passion from whence this proceedeth is curiosity, but with too much equality and indifference; for when all things make equal impression and delight, they equally throng to be expressed.

The virtue opposite to this defect is *gravity*, or steadiness; in which the end being the great and master delight, directeth and keepeth in the way thereto all other thoughts.

The extremity of dullness is that natural folly which may be called *stolidity*; but the extreme of levity, though it be natural folly distinct from the other, and obvious to every man's observation, I know not how to call it.

There is a fault of the mind called by the Greeks *amathia*, which is *indocibility*, or difficulty in being taught; the which must needs arise from a false opinion that they know already the truth of what is called in question: for certainly men are not otherwise so unequal in capacity, as the evidence is unequal between what is taught by the mathematicians and what is commonly discoursed of in other books; and therefore if the minds of men were all of white paper, they would almost equally be disposed to acknowledge whatsoever should be in right method and by right ratiocination delivered to them. But when men have once acquiesced in untrue opinions, and registered them as authentical records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligibly to such men than to write legibly upon a paper already scribbled over. The immediate cause therefore of *indocibility* is prejudice; and of prejudice, false opinion of our own knowledge.

Another and a principal defect of the mind is that which men call *madness*; which appeareth to be nothing else but some imagination of some such predominacy above the rest, that we have no passion but from it: and this conception is nothing else but excessive vainglory, or vain dejection; which is most

probable by these examples following, which proceed in appearance every one of them from pride, or some dejection of mind. As first, we have had the example of one that preached in Cheapside from a cart there, instead of a pulpit, that he himself was Christ, which was spiritual pride or madness. We have had also divers examples of learned madness, in which men have manifestly been distracted upon any occasion that hath put them in remembrance of their own ability. Amongst the learned men may be remembered (I think also) those that determine of the time of the world's end, and other such the points of prophecy. And the gallant madness of Don Quixote is nothing else but an expression of such height of vainglory as reading of romance may produce in pusillanimous men. Also rage, and madness of love, are but great indignations of them in whose brains is predominant contempt from their enemies or their mistresses. And the pride taken in form and behavior hath made divers men run mad, and to be so accounted, under the name of fantastic.

And as these are the examples of extremities, so also are there examples too many of the degrees, which may therefore be well accounted follies: as it is a degree of the first for a man, without certain evidence, to think himself to be inspired, or to have any other effect of God's holy spirit than other godly men have; of the second, for a man continually to speak his mind in a cento of other men's Greek or Latin sentences; of the third, much of the present gallantry in love and duel. Of rage, a degree is *malice*; and of fantastic madness, *affectation*.

As the former examples exhibit to us madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from the excess of self-opinion, so also there be other examples of madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from too much vain fear and dejection; as in those melancholy men that have imagined themselves brittle as glass, or have had some other like imagination: and degrees hereof are all those exorbitant and causeless fears which we commonly observe in melancholy persons.

OF ALMIGHTY GOD

From 'Leviathan'

HITHERTO of the knowledge of things *natural*, and of the passions that arise naturally from them. Now forasmuch as we give names not only to things natural but also to *supernatural*, and by all names we ought to have some meaning and conception, it followeth in the next place to consider what thoughts and imaginations of the mind we have, when we take into our mouths the most blessed name of God, and the names of those virtues we attribute unto him; as also, what image cometh into the mind at hearing the name of *spirit*, or the name of *angel*, good or bad.

And forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and consequently all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, excepting only this, That there is a God. For the effects we acknowledge naturally do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that again by something else before that, till we come to an eternal (that is to say, the first) Power of all powers, and first Cause of all causes: and this is it which all men conceive by the name of God, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And thus all that will consider, may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

And whereas we attribute to God Almighty *seeing, hearing, speaking, knowing, loving*, and the like, by which names we understand something in men to whom we attribute them — we understand nothing by them in the nature of God. For, as it is well reasoned, *Shall not the God that made the eye, see, and the ear, hear?* so it is also, if we say, Shall God, which made the eye, not see without the eye; or that made the ear, not hear without the ear; or that made the brain, not know without the brain; or that made the heart, not love without the heart? The attributes, therefore, given unto the Deity are such as signify either our *incapacity* or our *reverence*: our incapacity, when we say Incomprehensible and Infinite; our reverence, when we give him those names which amongst us are the names of those things we most magnify and command, as Omnipotent, Omniscient, Just, Merciful, etc. And when God Almighty giveth those names to himself in the Scriptures, it is but anthropopathos — that is to say, by descending to our manner of speaking; without which we are not capable of understanding him.

IZAAK WALTON

OF the life of Master Izaak Walton, angler, author, and linen-draper, but little is known, and all to his credit. In a life so sparingly diversified with events, the biographer is divided in his mind between regret that the material for narration is so small, and gratitude that the picture of a good man's character and peaceful occupation stands out so clear and untroubled.

Izaak Walton was born at the town of Stafford, in the English county of the same name, in August 1593. Of his education he speaks with becoming modesty; and it is probable that it was slight, for at the age of nineteen years he was engaged in retail trade in London. His first shop was in the Royal Burse, Cornhill, and was only "seven and a half feet long by five feet wide." But he seems to have done a good business at this humble stand; for in 1624 he had a larger shop in Fleet Street, and in 1632 he bought a lease of a house and shop in Chancery Lane, where his occupation is described as that of a "sempster" or "milliner."

It is certain that he did not live for his trade, though he lived by it; for as early as 1619 we find a book of verse, 'The Love of Amos and Laura,' dedicated to him as a person of acknowledged taste and skill in letters. The friendships which he formed with Dr. John Donne the metaphysical preacher and poet, with Sir Henry Wotton the witty and honest ambassador, with the learned John Hales of Eton College, and with many other persons of like ability and distinction, prove him to have been a man of singular intelligence, amiable character, and engaging conversation. In some of these friendships, no doubt, the love of angling — to which recreation he was attached by a pure and temperate and enduring passion — was either the occasion of intimacy or the promoter of it. For it has often been observed that this gentle sport inclines the hearts of those that practise it to friendliness; and there are no closer or more lasting companionships than such as are formed beside flowing streams by men who "study to be quiet and go a-fishing." And this Walton did, as we know from his own testimony. He turned from the hooks and eyes of his shop to cast the hook for the nimble trout or the sluggish chub, in the waters of the Lea, or of the New River, with such cheerful comrades as honest Nat. and R. Roe; "but they are gone," he adds, "and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not."

In 1626 he married Rachel Floud, a great-great-niece of Archbishop Cranmer. She died in 1640, leaving a child who survived her but two years.

In 1643, about the beginning of the Civil War — which he deplored and

reprobated with as much bitterness as was possible to a man of his gentle disposition — he retired from business with a modest fortune, and purchased a small estate near his native town, in the heart of rural England and in the neighborhood of good fishing. Here he lived in peace and quietness, passing much of his time as a welcome visitor in the families of eminent clergymen; "of whom," says the gossip old chronicler Anthony Wood, "he was much beloved."

About 1646 he married again; the bride being a lady of discreet age — not less than thirty-five years — and a stepsister of Thomas Ken, who afterwards became the beloved Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the honored author of the 'Evening Hymn,' with many other pieces of sacred poetry. This is the lady who is spoken of so pleasantly as "Kenna" in 'The Angler's Wish,' Walton's best poem. She died in 1662, leaving two children: a son, Izaak Walton Jr., who lived a useful, tranquil life and died unmarried; and a daughter who became the wife of the Rev. Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary in the Chapter of Winchester, in whose house Walton died.

With such close and constant associations among the clergy, it was but natural that Walton's first essay in literature should have an ecclesiastical flavor. It was 'The Life of Dr. John Donne,' prefixed to the sermons of that noted divine — and difficult poet — which were printed in 1640, while Walton was still keeping shop in London. The brief biography was a very remarkable piece of work for an untried author; and gave evidence of a hand that, however it may have acquired its skill, was able to modulate the harmonies of English prose, with a rare and gentle charm, to a familiar tune — the praise of piety and benevolence and humbleness — and yet with such fresh and simple turns of humor and tenderness as delight the heart while they satisfy the judgment.

Walton speaks, in the preface to this 'Life,' of his "artless pencil." But in truth it was the *ars celare artem* that belonged to him. His writing shows that final and admirable simplicity which is always the result of patient toil and the delicate, loving choice of words. When, for example, he speaks of Master Donne as proceeding in a certain search "with all moderate haste," or of his behavior "which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art"; or when he says of his relation to the Society of Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, that it was "a love-strife of desert and liberality"; or when he describes "that last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vaped into spirit" — he writes as one who understands and respects the mysteries of language and the value of exquisite expression.

The series of biographies (all too few) in which he embalmed the good memories of Sir Henry Wotton (1651), the Judicious Mr. Richard Hooker (1662), the Sacred Poet George Herbert (1670), and the Devout Bishop Sanderson (1678), are adorned with some of the most quaintly charming passages of prose to be found in English literature; and illuminated by a

spirit of sincere charity and pious affection (except towards the Scotch and the Commonwealth-men), which causes them to shine with a mild and steady luster, like lamps hung by grateful hands before the shrines of friendly and familiar saints. Walton's 'Lives,' if he had written nothing else, would give him a fair title to a place in a library of the world's best literature.

But his chief claim upon immortality, in the popular estimation, rests on a work of another character. In 'The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation,' Walton doubtless aimed at nothing more than a small book of instruction in the secrets of his beloved art; with which he mixed, as he says, "in several places, not any scurrility, but some innocent harmless mirth, of which if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offenses given and offenses not given but taken." But in thus making a recreation of his recreation, a fortunate fisherman's luck befell him. Like a man who in casting the fly for trout hooks a lordly salmon (and this happy accident once occurred to a friend of mine, but sadly enough the salmon was not landed), even so, Walton, in seeking to win the approbation and gratitude of a little peaceable brotherhood of anglers in the troubled age of Oliver Cromwell, caught and kept the thankful admiration and praise of many generations of readers. I think it likely that no one could be more surprised at this unlooked-for but well-deserved result than himself; or more thankful for the success which gave to his favorite sport the singular honor of having inspired a classic in literature.

'The Complete Angler' must have been begun not long after his retirement from business, for it was ready to be printed in 1650. But the first edition did not appear until 1653. The second followed in 1655; the third in 1661; the fourth in 1668; and the fifth, which was the last printed during the author's lifetime, in 1676. In all of these new editions, except the third, there were many alterations and enlargements; for Walton labored assiduously to perfect what he had written, and the changes, even the slightest, display the care of a scrupulous and affectionate workman in words. In the fifth edition a Second Part was added, consisting of 'Instructions How to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream.' This was written by Charles Cotton, Esquire, of Beresford Hall, in imitation of his master's manner, but at a considerable distance. Since that time more than a hundred editions of the book have been published, of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny 48mo of Pickering to the imperial octavo of Sir Harris Nicolas; so that a man can choose whether he will read Old Izaak in large print from a broad-margined page on a library table, or carry him in his pocket as Washington Irving did, and read him under a beech-tree, in a green meadow just by a spring of pure sweet water.

The value of 'The Complete Angler' at this day is not to be looked for in its completeness. In its time, no doubt, it gave much new and curious instruction to the novice in the art; for Walton was unrivaled in his skill with

bait, and Thomas Barker, the retired cook and active humorist who helped him in his discourse upon artificial flies, was an adept in that kind of angling. But most of these instructions, and likewise the scientific dissertations upon fish and fish-ponds, have long since gone out of date; and the book now belongs to the literature of power rather than of knowledge. Its unfailing charm lies in its descriptions of the country and of country life; in its quaint pastoral scenes, like the episode of the milkmaid, and the convocation of gipsies; and in its constant, happy exhortations to contentment, humility, and a virtuous, placid temper.

The form of the book is a dialogue, in which at first the respective merits of hunting, hawking, and angling are disputed; and then the discourse falls chiefly into the mouth of Piscator, who expounds the angler's contemplative sport to Venator, who has become his willing and devoted pupil. The manner of writing is sincere, colloquial, unaffected, yet not undignified; it is full of digressions, which like the footpaths on a journey are the pleasantest parts of all; it is an easy, unconstrained, rambling manner, yet always sure-footed, as the step of one who has walked so long beside the streams that he can move forward safely without looking at the ground, while his eyes follow the water and the rising fish. In short, the book has that rare and imperishable quality called style: a quality easily recognized but hardly defined; a quality which in its essence, whatever its varying forms may be, is always neither more nor less than the result of such a loving mastery of the true proprieties of language as will permit the mind and spirit of a man to shine with lucid clearness through his words.

Thus Izaak Walton shines through 'The Complete Angler.' An honest, kindly man; a man satisfied with his modest place in the world, and never doubting that it was a good world, or that God made it; an amicable man, not without his prejudices and superstitions, yet well pleased that every reader should enjoy his own opinion; a musical, cheerful man, delighting in the songs of birds and making melody in his heart to God; a loyal, steadfast man, not given to changing his mind, nor his ways, nor his friends; a patient, faithful, gentle man — that was Walton. Thus he fished tranquilly and without offense through the stormy years of the Civil War, and the Rump Parliament, and the Commonwealth, wishing that all men would beat their swords into fish-hooks and cast their leaden bullets into sinkers. Thus he died, on December 15, 1683, being ninety years of age and in charity with all men. Few writers are more deserving of an earthly immortality, and none more certain of a heavenly one.

HENRY VAN DYKE

FROM THE 'LIFE OF MR. RICHARD HOOKER'

I RETURN to Mr. Hooker in his college, where he continued his studies with all quietness for the space of three years; about which time he entered into sacred orders, being then made deacon and priest, and not long after was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's House; which is a house so called for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before and one day after his sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a draper of good note in Watling-street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition: which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavor; for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier an horse — supposing the horse trotted when he did not; — and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means, could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his sermon; which was, "That in God there were two wills, an antecedent and a consequent will: his first will, That all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, That those only should be saved that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them." This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it; as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others of great learning, who believe that a contrary opinion intrrenches upon the honor and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this I will not undertake to declare; but it was not excepted against — as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational Answer to Mr. Travers — by John Elmer, then bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence as

the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, "that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him: such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry." And he, not considering that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," but like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile because he meant none, did give such a power as Eleazar was trusted with — you may read it in the book of Genesis — when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London and accept of her choice; and he did so in that, or about the year following. Now the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to "rejoice in the wife of his youth"; but too just cause to say with the holy Prophet, "Woe is me that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!"

This choice of Mr. Hooker's — if it were his choice — may be wondered at: but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, "There is a wheel within a wheel"; a secret sacred wheel of Providence — most visible in marriages — guided by His hand that "allows not the race to the swift," nor "bread to the wise," nor good wives to good men: and He that can bring good out of evil — for mortals are blind to this reason — only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was: and let the reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a Divine diet; which though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good though bitter physic to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world, into those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage: which was Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the diocese of Lincoln; to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq. — then patron of it — the ninth of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God — "in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty, and no doubt in long-suffering"; yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants. And in this condition he continued about a year, in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cr  nmer, took a journey to see their tutor: where they found him with a book in his hand — it was the Odes of Horace — he

being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them; for Richard was called to rock the cradle: and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till the next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, "Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labor — as indeed I do daily — to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

FROM THE 'LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT'

I SHALL now proceed to his marriage; in order to which it will be convenient that I first give the reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both. He was for his person of a stature inclining toward tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These and his other visible virtues begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby; namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the County of Wilts, Esq. This Mr. Danvers, having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters — for he had so many — but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing:

and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage: but alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey; yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting, at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city: and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy or worse: but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence: and the more because it proved so happy to both parties; for the eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance: indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fullness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.

FROM 'THE COMPLETE ANGLER'

PISCATOR. O sir, doubt not that angling is an art: is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold; and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two tomorrow for a friend's breakfast. Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry — men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

Venator. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order you propose.

Piscator. Then first, for the antiquity of angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling; and some others say — for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it — that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity; others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, sir, have been the opinions of several men that have possibly endeavored to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that angling is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Saviour: for in the prophet Amos, mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos — for that book is said to be writ by Moses — mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches; or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors (and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person); — so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honor or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practice, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you that in ancient times a debate hath arisen, and it remains yet unresolved: whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?

Concerning which, some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha (Luke x, 41, 42).

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent: as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his

country or do good to particular persons. And they say also that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions, I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth — that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it; and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter Du Moulin, who in his discourse of the fulfilling of prophecies, observes that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the Children of Israel (Psalm cxxxvii), who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon these banks, bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard says that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish: concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable; I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour to pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river.

Piscator. And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or tomorrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

Venator. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Piscator. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck some time, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him. Reach me that landing-net; — so, sir, now he is mine own. What say you now? is not this worth all my labor and your patience?

Venator. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout: what shall we do with him?

Piscator. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word that he would lodge there tonight, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us and pass away a little time, without offense to God or man.

Venator. A match, good master: let's go to that house; for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smells so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Piscator. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another: and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently or not at all. Have with you, sir! o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed chub; come hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the

milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-Woman. Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully: and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made haycock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men: in the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Piscator. No, I thank you: but I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milk-Woman. What song was it, I pray? Was it 'Come, shepherds, deck your heads,' or 'As at noon Dulcina rested,' or 'Phyllida flouts me,' or 'Chevy Chase,' or 'Johnny Armstrong,' or 'Troy Town'?

Piscator. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sang the first part, and you sang the answer to it.

Milk-Woman. Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers.

Piscator. And now, scholar, I think, it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves: and you shall choose which shall be yours: and it is an even lay one of them catches.

And let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use: for they both work for the owners, when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice; as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibæus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good

scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, "that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish, which I'll repeat to you.

THE ANGLER'S WISH

I in these flowery meads would be:
 These crystal streams should solace me;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise
 I with my angle would rejoice,
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank, feel the west wind
 Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
 To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
 And then washed off by April showers:
 Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest;
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,
 And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
 Earth, or what poor mortals love:
 Thus free from lawsuits and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

Or with my Bryan and a book,
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
 There sit by him, and eat my meat;
 There see the sun both rise and set;
 There bid good-morning to next day;
 There meditate my time away:
 And angle on, and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance: I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you; for it rains still.

On the other side of this very hedge sat a gang of gipsies, and near to them sat a gang of beggars. The gipsies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling, or legerdemain, or indeed by any other sleights or secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation; and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gipsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth.

And the first or chieftest gipsy was, by consent, to have a third part of the 20s., which all men know is 6s. 8d.

The second was to have a fourth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 5s.

The third was to have a fifth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 4s.

The fourth and last gipsy was to have a sixth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 3s. 4d.

As for example —

	3 times 6s. 8d. is 20s.
And so is 4 times 5s.	20s.
And so is 5 times 4s.	20s.
And so is 6 times 3s. 4d.	20s.

And yet he that divided the money was so very a gipsy, that though he gave to every one these said sums, yet he kept 1s. of it for himself.

As for example —

s.	d.
6	8
5	0
4	0
3	4
<hr/>	
make but 19 0	

But now you shall know that when the four gipsies saw that he had got 1s. by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet like lords and courtiers, every gipsy envied him that was the gainer, and wrangled with him, and every one said the remaining shilling belonged to him: and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gipsy to another will easily believe: only we that have lived these last twenty years are certain that money has been able to do much mis-

chief. However, the gipsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman, to be their arbitrators and umpires; and so they left this honeysuckle hedge, and went to tell fortunes, and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

When these were gone, we heard a high contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak or to unrip a cloak. One beggar affirmed it was all one. But that was denied by asking her if doing and undoing were all one. Then another said 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak, for that was to let it alone. But she was answered by asking her how she unripped it if she let it alone; and she confessed herself mistaken. These and twenty such-like questions were proposed, and answered with as much beggarly logic and earnestness as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatic; and sometimes all the beggars, whose number was neither more nor less than the poet's nine Muses, talked together about this ripping and unripping, and so loud that not one heard what the other said: but at last one beggar craved audience, and told them that old Father Clause, whom Ben Jonson, in his 'Beggar's Bush,' created king of their corporation, was to lodge at an ale-house called "Catch-her-by-the-way," not far from Waltham Cross, and in the highroad towards London: and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and such-like questions, but refer all to Father Clause at night, for he was an upright judge; and in the meantime draw cuts, what song should be next sung and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion; and the lot fell to her that was the youngest and veriest virgin of the company. And she sang Frank Davison's song, which he made forty years ago; and all the others of the company joined to sing the burthen with her.

Piscator. Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy, and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunderstruck: and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience, a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay,

let me tell you there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us: who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laught, and angled again: which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money: he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich"; and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that "There be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them": and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silkworm, that when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and a competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks: and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want: though he indeed wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbor, for not worshiping or not flattering him: and when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud: and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbor, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud

as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits: for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their will. Well, this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext till she also chid and vext herself into the grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for he there says: "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And "Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the meantime he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vext when he sees others possess of more honor or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness — such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart. And let us, in that, labor to be as like him as we can: let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise him because they be common; let us not forget to praise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or

setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and I fear more than almost tired you: but I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was and is, to plant that in your mind, with which I labor to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end, I have showed you that riches, without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares: and therefore my advice is that you endeavor to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of — a blessing that money cannot buy — and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not: but note that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings — one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar. And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

Venator. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. And pray let's now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbor, which Nature herself has woven with her own fine finger; 'tis such a contexture of wood-bines, sweetbrier, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat and from the approaching shower. And being sat down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which, all put together, make a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any but us anglers. And so, master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor: and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the verses which I promised you; it is a copy printed among some of Sir Henry Wotton's, and doubtless made either by him or by a lover of angling. Come, master, now drink a glass to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition: it is a description of such country recreations as I have enjoyed since I had the happiness to fall into your company.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

WHEN Sir Thomas Browne, in the last decade of his life, was asked to furnish data for the writing of his memoirs in Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' he gave in a letter to his friend Aubrey in the fewest words his birthplace and the places of his education, his admission as "Socius Honorarius of the College of Physicians in London," the date of his being knighted, and the titles of the four books or tracts which he had printed; and ended with "Have some miscellaneous tracts which may be published."

This account of himself, curter than many an epitaph, and scantier in details than the requirements of a census-taker's blank, may serve, with many other signs that one finds scattered among the pages of this author, to show his rare modesty and effacement of his physical self. He seems, like some other thoughtful and sensitive natures before and since, averse or at least indifferent to being put on record as an eating, digesting, sleeping, and clothes-wearing animal, of that species of which his contemporary Samuel Pepys stands as the classical instance.

Browne was born in the Parish of St. Michael's Cheap, in London, on October 19, 1605. His father, as is apologetically admitted by a granddaughter, Mrs. Littleton, "was a tradesman, a mercer, though a gentleman of a good family in Cheshire" (*generosa familia*, says Sir Thomas's own epitaph). He was a devout man with a leaning toward mysticism in religion, and it was doubtless with him in mind that Sir Thomas, near the close of his own long life, wrote: — "Among thy multiplied acknowledgments, lift up one hand unto heaven that thou wert born of honest parents; that modesty, humility, patience, and veracity lay in the same egg and came into the world with thee."

The father died in the early childhood of his son Thomas who was left to the care of guardians; his estate was despoiled, but this did not prevent his early schooling at Winchester, nor in 1623 his entrance into Pembroke College, Oxford, and in due course his graduation in 1626 as bachelor of arts. After taking his degree of master of arts in 1629, he practiced physic for about two years in Oxfordshire. He then betook himself to France and Italy, where he appears to have spent about two years, residing at Montpellier and Padua, then great centers of medical learning, with students drawn from most parts of Christendom. Returning homeward through Holland, he received the degree of doctor of medicine from the University of Leyden in 1633, and settled in practice at Halifax, England.

At this time, favored probably by the leisure which then often attended the beginning of a medical career, he wrote the treatise 'Religio Medici,' which more than any other of his works has established his fame and won the affectionate admiration of thoughtful readers.

In 1636 he removed to Norwich and permanently established himself there in the practice of physic. There in 1641 he married Dorothy Mileham, a lady of good family in Norfolk; thereby not only improving his social connections, but securing a wife "of such symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism." Such at least was the view of an intimate friend of more than forty years, Rev. John Whitefoot, in the 'Minutes' which, at the request of the widow, he drew up after Sir Thomas's death, and which contains the most that is known of his personal appearance and manners. Evidently the marriage was a happy one for forty-one years, when the Lady Dorothy was left *mæstissima conjux*, as her husband's stately epitaph, rich with many an *issimus*, declares. Twelve children were born of it; and though only four of them survived their parents, such mortality in carefully tended and well-circumstanced families was less remarkable than it would be now, when two centuries more of progress in medical science have added security and length to human life.

He was in high repute as a physician. His practice was extensive, and he was diligent in it, as also in those works of literature and scientific investigation which occupied all "snatches of time," he says, "as medical vacations and the fruitless importunity of uroscopy would permit." His large family was liberally reared; his hospitality and his charities were ample.

In 1646 he printed his second book, the largest and most learned of all his productions: the 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors,' the work evidently of the leisure hours of many years. In 1658 he gave to the public two smaller but important and most characteristic works, 'Hydriotaphia' and 'The Garden of Cyrus.' Beside these publications he left many manuscripts which appeared posthumously; the most important of them, for its size and general interest, being 'Christian Morals.'

When Sir Thomas' long life drew to its close in 1682, it was with all the blessings "which should accompany old age." His domestic life had been one of felicity. His eldest and only surviving son, Edward Browne, had become a scholar after his father's own heart; and though not inheriting his genius, was already renowned in London, one of the physicians to the king, and in a way to become, as afterward he did, President of the College of Physicians. All his daughters who had attained womanhood had been well married. He lived in the society of the honorable and learned, and had received from the King the honor of knighthood.

He was buried in the church of St. Peter Mancroft, where his monument still claims regard as chief among the *memorabilia* of that noble sanctuary. In

the course of repairs, "in August, 1840, his coffin was broken open by a pickax; the bones were found in good preservation, the fine auburn hair had not lost its freshness."

At the first appearance of Browne's several publications, they attracted that attention from the learned and thoughtful which they have ever since retained. The '*Religio Medici*' was soon translated into several modern languages as well as into Latin, and became the subject of curiously diverse criticism. The book received the distinction of a place in the Roman '*Index Expurgatorius*,' while from various points of view its author was regarded as an atheist, a deist, a pantheist, and as bearing the number 666 somewhere about him.

From Browne's own day to the present time his critics and commentators have been numerous and distinguished; one of the most renowned among them being Dr. Johnson, whose life of the author, prefixed to an edition of the '*Christian Morals*' in 1756, is a fine specimen of that facile and effective hack-work of which Johnson was master. "The '*Religio Medici*,'" says Coleridge, "is a fine portrait of a handsome man in his best clothes." There is truth in the criticism, and if there is no color of a sneer in it, it is entirely true. Who does not feel, when following Browne into his study or his garden, that here is a kind of cloistral retreat from the common places of the outside world, that the handsome man is a true gentleman and a noble friend, and that his best clothes are his every-day wear?

This aloofness of Browne's, which holds him apart "in the still air of delightful studies," is no affectation; it is an innate quality. He thinks his thoughts in his own way, and "the style is the man" never more truly than with him. Constant and extensive as are his excursions into ancient literature he is full of eager anticipation of the future. "Join sense unto reason," he cries, "and experiment unto speculation, and so give life unto embryo truths and verities yet in their chaos. . . . What libraries of new volumes after-times will behold, and in what a new world of knowledge the eyes of our posterity may be happy, a few ages may joyfully declare."

But acute and active as our author's perceptions were, they did not prevent his sharing the then prevalent theory which assigned to the devil, and to witches who were his ministers, an important part in the economy of the world. This belief affords so easy a solution of some problems otherwise puzzling, that this degenerate age may look back with envy upon those who held it in serene and comfortable possession.

It is to be regretted, however, that the eminent Lord Chief Justice Hale in 1664, presiding at the trial for witchcraft of two women, should have called Dr. Browne to give his view of the fits which were supposed to be the work of the witches. He was clearly of the opinion that the Devil had even more to do with that case than he has with most cases of hysteria; and consequently the witches, it must be said, fared no better in Sir Matthew Hale's court than many of their kind in various parts of Christendom about the same time. But

it would be unreasonable for us to hold the ghost of Sir Thomas deeply culpable because, while he showed in most matters an exceptionally enlightened liberality of opinion and practice, in this one particular he declined to deny the scientific dictum of previous ages and the popular belief of his own time.

FRANCIS BACON

FROM THE 'RELIGIO MEDICI'

I COULD never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity: many from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal for truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace, than to hazard her on a battle: if therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's own reason is his best *Cædipus*, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself: but in divinity I love to keep the road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the Church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my own brain: by these means I leave no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors.

As for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *pia mater* of mine: methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained, by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity,

with Incarnation and Resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est quia impossibile est* [It is certain because it is impossible]. I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulcher; and when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily, I bless myself and am thankful that I live not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his disciples; I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders: then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. 'Tis an easy and necessary belief, to credit what our eye and sense hath examined: I believe he was dead and buried, and rose again; and desire to see him in his glory, rather than to contemplate him in his cenotaph or sepulcher. Nor is this much to believe; as we have reason, we owe this faith unto history: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith who lived before his coming, who upon obscure prophecies and mystical types could raise a belief and expect apparent impossibilities.

In my solitary and retired imagination,

*Neque enim cum lectulus aut me
Porticus excepit, desum mihi —*

[For not even when I am in bed or on my porch do I escape from myself]

I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate Him and his attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, His wisdom and eternity: with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my understanding; for who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend: it is but five days older than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forward as to conceive an end in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my reason to St. Paul's sanctuary: my philosophy dares not say the angels can do it; God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; it is a privilege of his own nature: *I am that I am*, was his own definition unto Moses; and it was a short one, to confound mortality, that durst question God or ask him what he was. Indeed he only is; all others have and shall be; but in eternity there is no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible term *predestination*, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our states to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to his eternity, which is indivisible and all together, the last trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame and the blessed

in Abraham's bosom. St. Peter speaks modestly when he saith, a thousand years to God are but as one day; for to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand years make not to him one moment: what to us is to come, to his eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point, without succession, parts, flux, or division.

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; 'tis the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works: those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

Natura nihil agit frustra [Nature does nothing in vain] is the only indisputable axiom in philosophy; there are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons and unnecessary spaces: in the most imperfect creatures, and such as were not preserved in the ark, but, having their seeds and principles in the womb of nature, are everywhere where the power of the sun is—in these is the wisdom of His hand discovered; out of this rank Solomon chose the object of his admiration; indeed, what reason may not go to school to the wisdom of bees, ants, and spiders? what wise hand teacheth them to do what reason cannot teach us? Ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature—whales, elephants, dromedaries, and camels; these, I confess, are the colossi and majestic pieces of her hand: but in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics; and the civility of these little citizens more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker. Who admires not Regio-Montanus his fly beyond his eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two souls in those little bodies, than but one in the trunk of a cedar? I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of the Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature, which without further travel I can do in the cosmography of myself: we carry with us the wonders we seek without us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium, what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume.

Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity: besides that written one of God, another of his servant nature, that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all; those that never saw him

in the one have discovered him in the other. This was the Scripture and Theology of the heathens: the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel; the ordinary effect of nature wrought more admiration in them than in the other all his miracles: surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature; which I define not, with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve but by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts, but, like an excellent artist, hath so contrived his work that with the selfsame instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a wood, preserveth the creatures in the ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created; for God is like a skilful geometrician, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his compass, he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather to do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions unto her is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writing. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind of species whatsoever: I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms. And having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty: there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts that they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or misshapen but the chaos; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God; now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both servants of his providence: art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day,

there were yet a chaos; nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

I have heard some with deep sighs lament the lost lines of Cicero; others with as many groans deplore the combustion of the library of Alexandria; for my own part, I think there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urn and ashes of the Vatican, could I, with a few others, recover the perished leaves of Solomon. I would not omit a copy of Enoch's Pillars had they many nearer authors than Josephus, or did not relish somewhat of the fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken: Pineda quotes more authors in one work than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great inventions in Germany, there are two which are not without their incommodities. It is not a melancholy *utinam* of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod; not to unite the incompatible difference of religion, but for the benefit of learning, to reduce it, as it lay at first, in a few and solid authors; and to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of rhapsodies begotten only to distract and abuse the weaker judgments of scholars, and to maintain the trade and mystery of typographers.

Again, I believe that all that use sorceries, incantations, and spells are not witches, or, as we term them, magicians. I conceive there is a traditional magic not learned immediately from the Devil, but at second hand from his scholars, who, having once the secret betrayed, are able, and do empirically practice without his advice, they both proceeding upon the principles of nature; where actives aptly conjoined to disposed passives will under any master produce their effects. Thus, I think at first a great part of philosophy was witchcraft, which being afterward derived to one another, proved but philosophy, and was indeed no more but the honest effects of nature. What invented by us is philosophy, learned from him is magic. We do surely owe the discovery of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad angels. I could never pass that sentence of Paracelsus without an asterisk or annotation: *Ascendens astrum multa revelat quærentibus magnalia naturæ, i. e., opera Dei* [The ascending star reveals many things to those seeking out the miracles of nature, i. e., the works of God]. I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits—for those noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard unto their fellow natures on earth; and therefore believe that those many prodigies and ominous prognostics which forerun the ruins of States, princes, and private persons are the charitable premonitions of good angels, which more careless inquiries term but the effects of chance and nature.

Now, besides these particular and divided spirits there may be (for aught I know) an universal and common spirit to the whole world. It was the opinion of Plato, and it is yet of the Hermetical philosophers: if there be a

common nature that unites and ties the scattered and divided individuals into one species, why may there not be one that unites them all? However, I am sure there is a common spirit that plays within us, yet makes no part of us: and that is the Spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and mighty essence which is the life and radical heat of spirits and those essences that know not the virtue of the sun; a fire quite contrary to the fire of hell: this is that gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in six days hatched the world; this is that irradiation that dispels the mists of hell, the clouds of horror, fear, sorrow, despair; and preserves the region of the mind in serenity: whosoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit (though I feel his pulse) I dare not say he lives; for truly without this, to me there is no heat under the tropic; nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the sun.

I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialized unto life: that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven: that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us into mischief, blood, and villainy; instilling and stealing into our hearts that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world: but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the Devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory in Adam.

This is that dismal conquest we all deplore, that makes us so often cry, *Adam, quid fecisti?* [Adam, what hast thou done?] I thank God I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death: not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof; or by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous reliques, like vespilloes or grave-makers, I am become stupid or have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that marshaling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian; and therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to die — that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, Death, I do not conceive myself the miserablest person extant: were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath from me;

could the Devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often defy death: I honor any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma — that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come.

I am naturally bashful; nor hath conversation, age, or travel been able to effront or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty which I have seldom discovered in another, that is (to speak truly) I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof: 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, wife, and children, stand afraid and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before in a natural fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of mortality, and none had said, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* [How much changed from what he was!] Not that I am ashamed of the anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my own vicious life for contracting any shameful disease upon me, whereby I might not call myself as wholesome a morsel for the worms as any.

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire and the extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it — that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the Devil's walk and purlieu is about it; men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the Devil dwells in: I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast; Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells as Anaxarchus conceited worlds: there was more than one hell in Magdalen, when there were seven devils, for every devil is an hell unto himself, he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him; and thus a distracted conscience here is a shadow or introduction unto hell here-

after. Who can but pity the merciful intention of those hands that do destroy themselves? the Devil, were it in his power, would do the like; which being impossible, his miseries are endless, and he suffers most in that attribute wherein he is impassible, his immortality.

I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place; I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one than endure the misery of the other: to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs, methinks, no addition to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of him; his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof; these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation: a course rather to deter the wicked than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven; they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell; other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty.

That which is the cause of my election I hold to be the cause of my salvation, which was the mercy and *beneplacit* [good pleasure] of God, before I was, or the foundation of the world. "Before Abraham was, I am," is the saying of Christ; yet is it true in some sense, if I say it of myself; for I was not only before myself, but Adam — that is, in the idea of God, and the decree of that synod held from all eternity: and in this sense, I say, the world was before the creation, and at an end before it had a beginning; and thus was I dead before I was alive; though my grave be England, my dying place was Paradise; and Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain.

Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion and of no existence, I have ever endeavored to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity: and if I hold the true anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue; for I am of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things: I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humor, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools; nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common viands, and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander: at the sight of a toad or viper I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I

can discover in others; those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honor, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth climate, but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all: I am no plant that will prosper out of a garden; all places, all airs, make unto me one country; I am in England, everywhere, and under my meridian; I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play or sleep in a tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing: my conscience would give me the lie if I should absolutely detest or hate any essence but the Devil; or so at least abhor anything but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do condemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion — the multitude: that numerous piece of monstrosity which, taken asunder, seem men and the reasonable creatures of God, but confused together, make but one great beast and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra: it is no breach of charity to call these fools; it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people: there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same level with mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies.

I must give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will and command of my God: I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but His that enjoined it; I believe no man upon the rhetoric of his miseries, nor to content mine own commiserating disposition; for this is still but moral charity, and an act that oweth more to passion than reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity doth not this so much for his sake as for his own; for by compassion we make others' misery our own, and so, by relieving them, we relieve ourselves also. It is as erroneous a conceit to redress other men's misfortunes upon the common considerations of merciful natures, that it may be one day our own case; for this is a sinister and politic kind of charity, whereby we seem to bespeak the pities of men in the like occasions. And truly I have observed that those professed eleemosynaries, though in a crowd or multitude, do yet direct and place their petitions on a few and selected persons: there is surely a physiognomy which those experienced and master mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of mercy. For there are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that cannot read A B C may read our natures. I hold more-

over that there is a phytognomy, or physiognomy, not only of men, but of plants and vegetables; and in every one of them some outward figures which hang as signs or bushes of their inward forms. The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his works, not graphical or composed of letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts, and operations, which, aptly joined together, do make one word that doth express their natures. By these letters God calls the stars by their names; and by this alphabet Adam assigned to every creature a name peculiar to its nature. Now there are, besides these characters in our faces, certain mystical figures in our hands, which I dare not call mere dashes, strokes *à la volée*, or at random, because delineated by a pencil that never works in vain; and hereof I take more particular notice, because I carry that in mine own hand which I could never read of or discover in another. Aristotle, I confess, in his acute and singular book of physiognomy, hath made no mention of chiromancy; yet I believe the Egyptians, who were nearer addicted to those abstruse and mystical sciences, had a knowledge therein, to which those vagabond and counterfeit Egyptians did after pretend, and perhaps retained a few corrupted principles which sometimes might verify their prognostics.

It is the common wonder of all men, how, among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike. Now, contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any: he that shall consider how many thousand several words have been carelessly and without study composed out of twenty-four letters; withal, how many hundred lines there are to be drawn in the fabric of one man, shall easily find that this variety is necessary; and it will be very hard that they shall so concur as to make one portrait like another. Let a painter carelessly limn out a million of faces, and you shall find them all different; yea, let him have his copy before him, yet after all his art there will remain a sensible distinction; for the pattern or example of everything is the perfectest in that kind, whereof we still come short, though we transcend or go beyond it, because herein it is wide, and agrees not in all points unto its copy. Nor doth the similitude of creatures disparage the variety of nature, nor any way confound the works of God. For even in things alike there is diversity; and those that do seem to accord do manifestly disagree. And thus is man like God; for in the same things that we resemble him we are utterly different from him. There was never anything so like another as in all points to concur; there will ever some reserved difference slip in, to prevent the identity, without which two several things would not be alike, but the same, which is impossible.

Naturally amorous of all that is beautiful, I can look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of an horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument: for there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or

proportion: and thus far we may maintain *the music of the spheres*; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the First Composer; there is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. It unties the ligaments of my frame, takes me to pieces, dilates me out of myself, and by degrees, methinks, resolves me into heaven. I will not say, with Plato, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music; thus some, whose temper of body agrees and humors the constitution of their souls, are born poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto rhythm.

There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses: without this, I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness; and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next; as the phantasms of the night to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, and apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular tract of sleep, hath not,

methinks, thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen, though he seem to have corrected it: for those noctambuloes and night-walkers, though in their sleep do yet enjoy the action of their senses; we must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

FROM 'CHRISTIAN MORALS'

WHEN thou lookest upon the imperfections of others, allow one eye for what is laudable in them, and the balance they have from some excellency, which may render them considerable. While we look with fear or hatred upon the teeth of the viper, we may behold his eye with love. In venomous natures something may be amiable: poisons afford anti-poisons: nothing is totally or altogether uselessly bad. Notable virtues are sometimes dashed with notorious vices, and in some vicious tempers have been found illustrious acts of virtue, which makes such observable worth in some actions of King Demetrius, Antonius, and Ahab, as are not to be found in the same kind in Aristides, Numa, or David. Constancy, generosity, clemency, and liberality have been highly conspicuous in some persons not marked out in other concerns for example or imitation. But since goodness is exemplary in all, if others have not our virtues, let us not be wanting in theirs; nor, scorning them for their vices whereof we are free, be condemned by their virtues wherein we are deficient. There is dross, alloy, and embasement in all human tempers; and he flieth without, who thinks to find ophir or pure metal in any. For perfection is not, like light, centered in any one body; but, like the dispersed seminalities of vegetables at the creation, scattered through the whole mass of the earth, no place producing all, and almost all some. So that 'tis well if a perfect man can be made out of many men, and to the perfect eye of God, even out of mankind. Time, which perfects some things, imperfects also others. Could we intimately apprehend the ideated man, and as he stood in the intellect of God upon the first exertion by creation, we might more narrowly comprehend our present degeneration, and how widely we are fallen from the pure exemplar and idea of our nature: for after this corruptive elongation, from a primitive and pure creation we are almost lost in degeneration; and Adam hath not only fallen from his Creator, but we ourselves from Adam, our Tycho and primary generator.

If generous honesty, valor, and plain dealing be the cognizance of thy family or characteristic of thy country, hold fast such inclinations sucked in with thy first breath, and which lay in the cradle with thee. Fall not into transforming degenerations, which under the old name create a new nation. Be not an alien in thine own nation; bring not Orontes into Tiber; learn the virtues, not the vices, of thy foreign neighbors, and make thy imitation by discretion, not contagion. Feel something of thyself in the noble acts of thy ancestors, and find in thine own genius that of thy predecessors. Rest not under the expired merits of others; shine by those of thine own. Flame not, like the central fire which enlighteneth no eyes, which no man seeth, and most men think there is no such thing to be seen. Add one ray unto the common luster; add not only to the number, but the note of thy generation; and prove not a cloud, but an asterisk in thy region.

Since thou hast an alarum in thy breast, which tells thee thou hast a living spirit in thee above two thousand times in an hour, dull not away thy days in slothful supinity and the tediousness of doing nothing. To strenuous minds there is an inquietude in overquietness and no laboriousness in labor; and to tread a mile after the slow pace of a snail, or the heavy measures of the lazy of Brazilia, were a most tiring penance, and worse than a race of some furlongs at the Olympics. The rapid courses of the heavenly bodies are rather imitable by our thoughts than our corporeal motions; yet the solemn motions of our lives amount unto a greater measure than is commonly apprehended. Some few men have surrounded the globe of the earth; yet many, in the set locomotions and movements of their days, have measured the circuit of it, and twenty thousand miles have been exceeded by them. Move circumspectly, not meticulously, and rather carefully solicitous than anxiously solitudinous. Think not there is a lion in the way, nor walk with leaden sandals in the paths of goodness; but in all virtuous motions let prudence determine thy measures. Strive not to run, like Hercules, a furlong in a breath: festination may prove precipitation; deliberating delay may be wise cunctation, and slowness no slothfulness.

Despise not the obliquities of younger ways, nor despair of better things whereof there is yet no prospect. Who would imagine that Diogenes, who in his younger days was a falsifier of money, should, in the after course of his life, be so great a contemner of metal. Some negroes, who believe the resurrection, think that they shall rise white. Even in this life regeneration may imitate resurrection; our black and vicious tinctures may wear off, and goodness clothe us with candor. Good admonitions knock not always in vain. There will be signal examples of God's mercy, and the angels must not want their charitable rejoices for the conversion of lost sinners. Figures of most angles do nearest approach unto circles, which have no angles at all. Some may be near unto goodness who are conceived far from it: and many things happen

not likely to ensue from any promises of antecedencies. Culpable beginnings have found commendable conclusions, and infamous courses pious retractations. Detestable sinners have proved exemplary converts on earth, and may be glorious in the apartment of Mary Magdalen in heaven. Men are not the same through all divisions of their ages: time, experience, self-reflections, and God's mercies, make in some well-tempered minds a kind of translation before death, and men to differ from themselves as well as from other persons. Hereof the old world afforded many examples to the infamy of latter ages, wherein men too often live by the rule of their inclinations; so that, without any astral prediction, the first day gives the last: men are commonly as they were; or rather, as bad dispositions run into worsen habits, the evening doth not crown, but sourly conclude, the day.

If the Almighty will not spare us according to his merciful capitulation at Sodom; if his goodness please not to pass over a great deal of bad for a small pittance of good, or to look upon us in the lump, there is slender hope for mercy, or sound presumption of fulfilling half his will, either in persons or nations: they who excel in some virtues being so often defective in others; few men driving at the extent and amplitude of goodness, but computing themselves by their best parts, and others by their worst, are content to rest in those virtues which others commonly want. Which makes this speckled face of honesty in the world; and which was the imperfection of the old philosophers and great pretenders unto virtue; who, well declining the gaping vices of intemperance, incontinency, violence, and oppression, were yet blindly peccant in iniquities of closer faces; were envious, malicious, contemnners, scoffers, censurers, and stuffed with vizard vices, no less depraving the ethereal particle and diviner portion of man. For envy, malice, hatred, are the qualities of Satan, close and dark like himself; and where such brands smoke, the soul cannot be white. Vice may be had at all prices; expensive and costly iniquities, which make the noise, cannot be every man's sins; but the soul may be foully iniquinated at a very low rate, and a man may be cheaply vicious to the perdition of himself.

Having been long tossed in the ocean of the world, he will by that time feel the in-draught of another, unto which this seems but preparatory and without it of no high value. He will experimentally find the emptiness of all things, and the nothing of what is past; and wisely grounding upon true Christian expectations, finding so much past, will wholly fix upon what is to come. He will long for perpetuity, and live as though he made haste to be happy. The last may prove the prime part of his life, and those his best days which he lived nearest heaven.

Live happy in the Elysium of a virtuously composed mind, and let intellectual contents exceed the delights wherein mere pleaurists place their paradise. Bear not too slack reins upon pleasure, nor let complexion or contagion betray thee unto the exorbitancy of delight. Make pleasure thy recreation or intermis-

sive relaxation, not thy Diana, life, and profession. Voluptuousness is as insatiable as covetousness. Tranquillity is better than jollity, and to appease pain than to invent pleasure. Our hard entrance into the world, our miserable going out of it, our sicknesses, disturbances, and sad rencounters in it, do clamorously tell us we came not into the world to run a race of delight, but to perform the sober acts and serious purposes of man; which to omit were foully to miscarry in the advantage of humanity, to play away an uniterable life, and to have lived in vain. Forget not the capital end, and frustrate not the opportunity of once living. Dream not of any kind of metempsychosis or transanimation, but into thine own body, and that after a long time; and then also unto wail or bliss, according to thy first and fundamental life. Upon a curricule in this world depends a long course of the next, and upon a narrow scene here an endless expansion hereafter. In vain some think to have an end of their beings with their lives. Things cannot get out of their natures, or be, or not be, in despite of their constitutions. Rational existences in heaven perish not at all, and but partially on earth; that which is thus once, will in some way be always; the first living human soul is still alive, and all Adam hath found no period.

Since the stars of heaven do differ in glory; since it hath pleased the Almighty hand to honor the north pole with lights above the south; since there are some stars so bright that they can hardly be looked upon, some so dim that they can scarcely be seen, and vast numbers not to be seen at all even by artificial eyes; read thou the earth in heaven and things below from above. Look contentedly upon the scattered difference of things, and expect not equality in luster, dignity, or perfection, in regions or persons below; where numerous numbers must be content to stand like lacteous or nebulous stars, little taken notice of, or dim in their generations. All which may be contentedly allowable in the affairs and ends of this world, and in suspension unto what will be in the order of things hereafter, and the new system of mankind which will be in the world to come; when the last may be the first, and the first the last; when Lazarus may sit above Cæsar, and the just, obscure on earth, shall shine like the sun in heaven; when personations shall cease, and histrionism of happiness be over; when reality shall rule, and all shall be as they shall be forever.

FROM 'HYDRIOTAPHIA, OR URN-BURIAL'

IN the Jewish Hypogæum and subterranean cell at Rome was little observable beside the variety of lamps and frequent draughts of the holy candlestick. In authentic draughts of Antony and Jerome, we meet with thigh bones and death's-heads; but the cemeterial cells of ancient Christians and martyrs were filled with draughts of Scripture stories; not declining the

flourishes of cypress, palms, and olive, and the mystical figures of peacocks, doves, and cocks; but iterately affecting the portraits of Enoch, Lazarus, Jonas, and the vision of Ezekiel, as hopeful draughts and hinting imagery of the resurrection — which is the life of the grave and sweetens our habitations in the land of moles and pismires.

The particulars of future beings must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryon philosophers.

Pythagoras escapes, in the fabulous hell of Dante, among that swarm of philosophers, wherein, whilst we meet with Plato and Socrates, Cato is to be found in no lower place than Purgatory. Among all the set, Epicurus is most considerable, whom men make honest without an Elysium, who condemned life without encouragement of immortality, and making nothing after death, yet made nothing of the king of terrors.

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again. Certainly, such spirits as could condemn death, when they expected no better being after, would have scorned to live had they known any. And therefore we applaud not the judgments of Machiavel that Christianity makes men cowards, or that with the confidence of but half dying, the despised virtues of patience and humility have abased the spirits of men, which pagan principles exalted; but rather regulated the wildness of audacities, in the attempts, grounds, and eternal sequels of death, wherein men of the boldest spirits are often prodigiously temerarious. Nor can we extenuate the valor of ancient martyrs, who condemned death in the uncomfortable scene of their lives, and in their decrepit martyrdoms did probably lose not many months of their days, or parted with life when it was scarce worth the living; for (beside that long time past holds no consideration unto a slender time to come) they had no small disadvantage from the constitution of old age, which naturally makes men fearful, and complexionally superannuated from the bold and courageous thoughts of youth and fervent years. But the contempt of death from corporal animosity promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the orchestra and noblest seats of heaven who have held up shaking hands in the fire, and humanly contended for glory.

Meanwhile, Epicurus lies deep in Dante's hell, wherein we meet with tombs inclosing souls which denied their immortalities. But whether the virtuous heathen, who lived better than he spake, or, erring in the principles of himself, yet lived above philosophers of more specious maxims, lie so deep as he is placed; at least so low as not to rise against Christians who, believing or know-

ing that truth, have lastingly denied it in their practice and conversation — were a query too sad to insist on.

But all or most apprehensions rested in opinions of some future being, which, ignorantly or coldly believed, begat those perverted conceptions, ceremonies, sayings, which Christians pity or laugh at. Happy are they which live not in that disadvantage of time, when men could say little for futurity but from reason; whereby the noblest minds fell often upon doubtful deaths and melancholy dissolutions. With those hopes Socrates warmed his doubtful spirits against that cold potion; and Cato, before he durst give the fatal stroke, spent part of the night in reading the immortality of Plato, thereby confirming his wavering hand unto the animosity of that attempt.

It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no farther state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain. Without this accomplishment, the natural expectation and desire of such a state were but a fallacy in nature. Unsatisfied considerators would quarrel at the justice of their constitutions, and rest content that Adam had fallen lower; whereby, by knowing no other original, and deeper ignorance of themselves, they might have enjoyed the happiness of inferior creatures, who in tranquillity possess their constitutions, as having not the apprehension to deplore their own natures; and being framed below the circumference of these hopes, or cognition of better being, the wisdom of God hath necessitated their contentment. But the superior ingredient and obscured part of ourselves, whereto all present felicities afford no resting contentment, will be able at last to tell us we are more than our present selves, and evacuate such hopes in the fruition of their own accomplishments. . . .

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Erostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day; and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic,

which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right declensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes;¹ since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration, diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings. We slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls; a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, making accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharoah is sold for balsams. . . .

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativ-

¹ According to the custom of the Jews, who placed a lighted wax candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse.

ities and deaths with equal luster, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature. . . .

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life; great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus. But the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires into the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn. . . .

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them; and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems more subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, who thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who when they die make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity unto which all others must diminish their diameters and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasis, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

FROM 'A FRAGMENT ON MUMMIES'

WISE Egypt, prodigal of her embalmments, wrapped up her princes and great commanders in aromatical folds, and, studiously extracting from corruptible bodies their corruption, ambitiously looked forward to immortality; from which vainglory we have become acquainted with many remnants of the old world, who could discourse unto us of the great things of yore, and tell us strange tales of the sons of Mizraim and ancient braveries of Egypt. Wonderful indeed are the preserves of time, which openeth unto us mummies from crypts and pyramids, and mammoth bones from caverns and excavations; whereof man

hath found the best preservation, appearing unto us in some sort fleshly, while beasts must be fain of an osseous continuance.

In what original this practice of the Egyptians had root, divers authors dispute; while some place the origin hereof in the desire to prevent the separation of the soul by keeping the body untabified, and alluring the spiritual part to remain by sweet and precious odors. But all this was but fond inconsideration. The soul, having broken its . . . , is not stayed by bands and cerecloths, nor to be recalled by Sabæan odors, but fleeth to the place of invisibles, the *ubi* of spirits, and needeth a surer than Hermes's seal to imprison it to its medicated trunk, which yet subsists anomalously in its indestructible case, and, like a widow looking for her husband, anxiously awaits its return. . . .

That mummy is medicinal, the Arabian Doctor Haly delivereth, and divers confirms; but of the particular uses thereof, there is much discrepancy of opinion. While Hofmannus prescribes the same to epileptics, Johan de Muralto commends the use thereof to gouty persons; Bacon likewise extols it as a stiptic, and Junkenius considers it of efficacy to resolve coagulated blood. Meanwhile, we hardly applaud Francis the First of France, who always carried mummies with him as a panacea against all disorders; and were the efficacy thereof more clearly made out, scarce conceive the use thereof allowable in physics, exceeding the barbarities of Cambyzes, and turning old heroes unto unworthy potions. Shall Egypt lend out her ancients unto chirurgeons and apothecaries, and Cheops and Psammitticus be weighed unto us for drugs? Shall we eat of Chamnes and Amosis in electuaries and pills, and be cured by cannibal mixtures? Surely, such diet is dismal vampirism, and exceeds in horror the black banquet of Domitian, not to be paralleled except in those Arabian feasts, wherein Ghouls feed horribly.

But the common opinion of the virtues of mummy bred great consumption thereof, and princes and great men contended for this strange panacea, wherein Jews dealt largely, manufacturing mummies from dead carcasses and giving them the names of kings, while specifics were compounded from crosses and gibbet leavings. There wanted not a set of Arabians who counterfeited mummies so accurately that it needed great skill to distinguish the false from the true. Queasy stomachs would hardly fancy the doubtful potion, wherein one might so easily swallow a cloud for his Juno, and defraud the fowls of the air while in conceit enjoying the conserves of Canopus. . . .

For those dark caves and mummy repositories are Satan's abodes, wherein he speculates and rejoices on human vainglory, and keeps those kings and conquerors, whom alive he bewitched, whole for that great day when he will claim his own, and marshal the kings of Nilus and Thebes in sad procession unto the pit.

Death, that fatal necessity which so many would overlook or blinkingly survey, the old Egyptians held continually before their eyes. Their embalmed ancestors they carried about at their banquets, as holding them still a part of

their families, and not thrusting them from their places at feasts. They wanted not likewise a sad preacher at their tables to admonish them daily of death—surely an unnecessary discourse while they banqueted in sepulchers. Whether this were not making too much of death, as tending to assuefaction, some reason there is to doubt; but certain it is that such practices would hardly be embraced by our modern gourmands, who like not to look on faces of *mortua*, or be elbowed by mummies.

Yet in those huge structures and pyramidal immensities, of the builders whereof so little is known, they seemed not so much to raise sepulchers or temples to death as to condemn and disdain it, astonishing heaven with their audacities, and looking forward with delight to their interment in those eternal piles. Of their living habitations they made little account, conceiving of them but as *hospitia*, or inns, while they adorned the sepulchers of the dead, and planting thereon lasting bases, defied the crumbling touches of time and the misty vaporousness of oblivion. Yet all were but Babel vanities. Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister Oblivion reclineth semisomnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveler, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, Who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not.

Egypt itself is now become the land of obliviousness, and doteth. Her ancient civility is gone, and her glory hath vanished as a phantasma. Her youthful days are over, and her face hath become wrinkled and tetric. She poreth not upon the heavens; astronomy is dead unto her, and knowledge maketh other cycles. Canopus is afar off, Memnon resoundeth not to the sun, and Nilus heareth strange voices. Her monuments are but hieroglyphically semipiternal. Osiris and Anubis, her averruncous deities, have departed, while Orus yet remains dimly shadowing the principle of vicissitude and the effluxion of things, but receiveth little oblation.

THOMAS FULLER

BORN the same year as Milton (1608), the son of a clergyman, Fuller was from boyhood both a scholar and an observer of men and things. His education at Cambridge fostered his love of books. His subsequent incumbency of various comfortable livings afforded him opportunities for close acquaintance with the English world of his day, and especially with its "gentry." By birth, education, and inclination, Fuller was an aristocrat. During the civil war he took the side of King Charles, to whose life and death he has devoted the last volume of his great work, the 'History of the Church of Britain.' Under the Protectorate, the genial priest and man of the world found himself in an alien atmosphere. Like many others in Anglican orders, he was "silenced" by the Puritan authorities, but was permitted to preach again in London by the grace of Cromwell. He was subsequently appointed chaplain to Charles II, but did not live long after the Restoration, dying of a fever in 1661.

The antiquarian spirit displayed in his 'Histories' loses some of its scholarly dignity, and takes on the social humor of the gossip, in the 'Worthies of England.' Fuller's other writings may be of more intrinsic value, but it is through the 'Worthies' that he is remembered and loved. The book is rich in charm. It is as quaint as an ancient flower garden, where blooms of every sort grow in lavish tangle. He considers the counties of England, one by one, telling of their physical characteristics, of their legends, of their proverbs, of the princely children born in them, of the other "Worthies" — scholars, soldiers, and saints — who have shed luster upon them. Fuller gathered his material for this variegated record from every quarter of his beloved island. As a chaplain in the Cavalier army, he had many opportunities of visiting places and studying their people. As an incumbent of country parishes, he would listen to the ramblings of the old women of the hamlets, for the sake of discovering in their talk some tradition of the country-side, or some quaint bit of folklore. He writes of the strange, gay, sad lives of princely families as familiarly as he writes of the villagers and townsfolk.

THE KING'S CHILDREN

From 'The Worthies of England'

KATHERINE, fourth daughter to Charles the First and Queen Mary, was born at Whitehall (the Queen mother then being at St. James), and survived not above half an hour after her baptizing; so that it is charity to mention her, whose memory is likely to be lost, so short her continuance in this life — the rather because her name is not entered, as it ought, into the register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; as indeed none of the King's children, save Prince Charles, though they were born in that parish. And here-upon a story depends.

I am credibly informed that at the birth of every child of kings born at Whitehall or St. James's, full five pounds were ever faithfully paid to some unfaithful receivers thereof, to record the names of such children in the register of St. Martin's. But the money being embezzled (we know by some, God knows by whom), no memorial is entered of them. Sad that bounty should betray any to baseness, and that which was intended to make them the more solemnly remembered should occasion that they should be more silently forgotten! Say not, "Let the children of mean persons be written down in registers: kings' children are registers to themselves"; or, "All England is a register to them"; for sure I am, this common confidence hath been the cause that we have been so often at a loss about the nativities and other properties of those of royal extraction.

A LEARNED LADY

From 'The Worthies of England'

MARGARET MORE. — Excuse me, reader, for placing a lady among men and learned statesmen. The reason is because of her unfeigned affection to her father, from whom she would not willingly be parted (and from me shall not be), either living or dead.

She was born in Bucklersbury in London at her father's house therein, and attained to that skill in all learning and languages that she became the miracle of her age. Foreigners took such notice thereof that Erasmus hath dedicated some epistles unto her. No woman that could speak so well did speak so little; whose secrecy was such, that her father intrusted her with his most important affairs.

Such was her skill in the Fathers that she corrected a depraved place in Cyprian; for where it was corruptly written *Nisi vos sinceritas* she

amended it *Nervos sinceritas*. Yea, she translated Eusebius out of Greek; but it was never printed, because J. Christopherson had done it so exactly before.

She was married to William Roper of Eltham in Kent, Esquire, one of a bountiful heart and plentiful estate. When her father's head was set up on London Bridge, it being suspected it would be cast into the Thames to make room for divers others (then suffering for denying the King's supremacy), she bought the head and kept it for a relic (which some called affection, others religion, others superstition in her), for which she was questioned before the Council, and for some short time imprisoned until she had buried it; and how long she herself survived afterwards is to me unknown.

HENRY DE ESSEX, STANDARD-BEARER TO HENRY II

From 'The Worthies of England'

IT happened in the reign of this King, there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire in Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex, *animus et signum simul abiecit* — betwixt traitor and coward — cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny, the doing of so foul a fact, until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the King, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, between shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

From 'The Holy and Profane State'

THERE is scarcely any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge: yea, perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable

reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself. . . .

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they were books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all — saving some few exceptions — to these general rules: —

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that running with snails — so they count the rest of their schoolfellows — they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas Orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with if they be diligent. The schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats Nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour Nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

ON BOOKS

From 'The Holy and Profane State'

IT is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them — built merely for uniformity — are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

LONDON

From 'The Worthies of England'

IT is the second city in Christendom for greatness, and the first for good government. There is no civilized part of the world but it has heard thereof, though many with this mistake: that they conceive London to be the country and England but the city therein.

Some have suspected the declining of the luster thereof, because of late it vergeth so much westward, increasing in buildings, Covent Garden, etc. But by their favor (to disprove their fear) it will be found to burnish round about with new structures daily added thereunto.

It oweth its greatness under God's divine providence to the well-conditioned river of Thames, which doth not (as some tyrant rivers of Europe) abuse its strength in a destructive way, but employeth its greatness in goodness, to be beneficial to commerce, by the reciprocation of the tide therein. Hence it was that when King James, offended with the city, threatened to remove his court to another place, the Lord Mayor (boldly enough) returned that "he might remove his court at his pleasure, but could not remove the river Thames."

Erasmus will have London so called from Lindus, a city of Rhodes; averring a great resemblance betwixt the languages and customs of the Britons and

Grecians. But Mr. Camden (who no doubt knew of it) honoreth not this his etymology with the least mention thereof. As improbable in my apprehension is the deduction from Lud's-Town — town being a Saxon, not British termination; and that it was so termed from Lan Dian, a temple of Diana (standing where now St. Paul's doth), is most likely in my opinion.

MISCELLANEOUS SAYINGS

IT is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the Devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport they come to doing of mischief.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.

The lion is not so fierce as painted.

. . . Their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long that there is not wit for so much room.

Often the cock-loft is empty in those whom nature hath built many stories high.

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

. . . One that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience.

But our captain counts the image of God — nevertheless his image — cut in ebony as if done in ivory; and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of Heaven.

JEREMY TAYLOR

HAWTHORNE once pointed out the intrinsic perishableness of all volumes of sermons; and the fact that goes farthest to refute this theory is the permanent readableness of Jeremy Taylor. Not always profound as a thinker, and not consistent in that large theory of religious liberty in which he surpassed his times, he holds his own by pure beauty of rhetoric, wealth of imagination, and abundant ardor of mind. Coleridge calls him "most eloquent of divines"; adding further, "had I said 'of men,' Cicero would forgive me, and Demosthenes add assent." So beautiful is Taylor's imagery, so free the motion of his wings in upper air, that when he once appeals to the reader with a sentence beginning "So have I seen," it is impossible to withdraw attention until the whole series of prolonged and balanced clauses comes to an end. Like other fine rhetoricians, he has also a keen ear for rhetoric in others; and his ample notes preserve for us many fine and pithy Greek or Latin or Italian sentences which otherwise might have faded even from human memory. Indeed, his two most carefully prepared works, 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying,' need to be read twice with different ends in view: once for the text, and once for the accompanying quotations.

Jeremy Taylor, the son of a Cambridge barber, was born on August 15, 1613, took his degrees at the University (Caius College), where he was also a fellow; and afterwards obtained through Archbishop Laud a fellowship at Oxford (All Souls). He later became rector at Uppingham, and was twice married; his second wife, Joanna Bridges, being, in the opinion of Bishop Heber, an illegitimate daughter of Charles I when Prince of Wales. His first work, published in 1642, bore the curious name of 'Episcopacy Asserted against the Acephali and Aërians New and Old,' and hardly gave a hint of his future reputation. He is thought to have served as chaplain during the Civil War, and was impoverished by that great convulsion, as were so many others; becoming later a schoolmaster in Wales. Here he was befriended by Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, whose residence "Golden Grove" affords a title to Taylor's manual of devotion, published in 1655. This, with the other works by which the author is now best known, was prepared during his retirement from the world, between 1647 and 1660. 'The Liberty of Prophesying' (1655) was far above the prevalent opinions of the time, or indeed of any time. In this he sets aside all grounds of authority except the words of Scripture, placing reason above even those; and denies the right of civil government to exercise discipline over opinions. The fact that he was three times in his life imprisoned for his own utterances may well have strengthened this liberality;

but unfortunately it did not prevent him, when after the Restoration he became Bishop of Down and Connor, from ejecting thirty-six ministers from their pulpits for doctrines too strongly Presbyterian. He was capable even of very questionable casuistry; justified the Israelites for spoiling the Egyptians, maintained that private evil might be employed for the public good, and that we may rightfully employ reasonings which we know to be unfounded. This was in a book expressly designed as a guide to learners, the 'Ductor Dubitan-tium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures' (1660).

Taylor's whole theory of religious liberty may be found summed up in one passage, which heads the series of selections that follow in this volume; and which may be thus condensed still further: No man, he thinks, can be trusted to judge for others unless he be infallible — which no man is. It is, however, perfectly legitimate for men to choose guides who shall judge for them; only it is to be remembered that those thus choosing have not got rid of the responsibility of selection, since they select the guides. The best course for a man, Taylor also points out, is to follow his guide while his own reason is satisfied, and no farther; since no man can escape this responsibility without doing willful violence to his own nature. Reason is thus necessarily the final arbiter; and all things else — Scriptures, traditions, councils, and fathers — afford merely the evidences in the question, while reason remains and must remain the judge. It is needless to say that in this statement every vestige of infallible authority is swept away.

In handling practical questions, Jeremy Taylor displays an equal freedom from traditional bondage. In dealing with the difficult subject of marriage, for instance, it is to be noticed that he places the two parties, ordinarily, on more equal terms than English usage, or even the accustomed discipline of the English Church, has recognized; and that his exhortations are usually addressed to both parties as if they stood on equal terms. "Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other." Again he says, "Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation"; and all his suggestions of caution and self-restraint apply alike to both parties. The same justness and humane sympathy extend to his remarks on children: who, as he observes, have tenderer feeling and greater suffering in respect to their senses; and are not fortified by the results of long experience, as grown persons are, nor have they heard the instructive words of philosophers, or acquired the habit of setting their blessings against their sorrows: and yet they "wade through the storm and murmur not," and give an example to their elders.

His supreme wisdom is shown, however, in all his discussion of the trials and cares of life, and of the means of defying them. No one has painted quite so vividly the difference between the cares that come with increased wealth or office, and the peace that dwells in humble stations. "They that admire the happiness of a prosperous prevailing tyrant, know not the felicities that dwell

in innocent hearts, and poor cottagers, and small fortunes." He thinks that man miserable who has no adversity; and virtues, he says, are but in the seed at first, and need heat and cold, showers as well as sunshine, before they can be of any value. God himself, he boldly says, "loves to see us struggling with a disease, and resisting the Devil, and contesting against the weaknesses of nature." The gladiators of old did not cry or complain; the soldier stands at his post through everything. Again, reasoning more minutely, he points out that in most forms of grief or pain, we deal with it only, as it were, from moment to moment, and can therefore meet it with strength supplied at the same short intervals. There is rarely a cumulative or composite pain; but it flows "like the drops of a river or the little shreds of time." Each duty can thus be mastered, if we will but make sure of the present moment.

All these things show that Jeremy Taylor had not lived for nothing through the ordeal of a civil war; that he was not merely a gentle and placid dweller amid the calms of life, but had encountered its storms with an equal mind. They still show you, at Chepstow Castle, the room where he was imprisoned; and his kindred in the little city still boast of the period as an honor. That he was patient in adversity cannot be denied; although it may be that when his turn of prosperity and power came, he was not always mindful of his own broad theories. Nevertheless, a halo of purity and elevation will always halo his name. A portrait of him hangs in All Souls College at Oxford; and this, like all the pictures of him, justifies the tradition of personal beauty so long attributed to Taylor. The legend seems appropriate to the charm of his style; and recalls the opinion expressed by Dr. Parr—that Hooker may be the object of our reverence, and Barrow of our admiration, but that Jeremy Taylor will always be the object of our love.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

OF THE AUTHORITY OF REASON

From 'The Liberty of Prophesying'

HERE then I consider, that although no man may be trusted to judge for all others, unless this person were infallible and authorized so to do—which no man nor no company of men is—yet every man may be trusted to judge for himself;—I say, every man that can judge at all: as for others, they are to be saved as it pleaseth God;—but those that can judge at all must either choose their guides who shall judge for them—and then they oftentimes do the wisest, and always save themselves a labor, but then they choose too: or if they be persons of great understanding, then they are to choose for themselves in particular what the others do in general, and by choosing their guide. And for this, any man may be better trusted for him-

self than any man can be for another: for in this case his own interest is most concerned; and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself — and if he does not, it is he that must smart for it: and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavor to avoid it.

He that follows his guide so far as his reason goes along with him, or — which is all one — he that follows his own reason (not guided only by natural arguments, but by divine revelation and all other good means), hath great advantages over him that gives himself wholly to follow any human guide whatsoever; because he follows all their reasons, and his own too: he follows them till reason leaves them, or till it seems so to him — which is all one to his particular; for by the confession of all sides, an erroneous conscience binds him when a right guide does not bind him. But he that gives himself up wholly to a guide is oftentimes (I mean if he be a discerning person) forced to do violence to his own understanding, and to lose all the benefit of his own discretion, that he may reconcile his reason to his guide. . . .

So that Scripture, traditions, councils, and fathers are the evidence in a question, but reason is the judge: that is, we being the persons that are to be persuaded, we must see that we be persuaded reasonably; and it is unreasonable to assent to a lesser evidence when a greater and clearer is propounded.

THE TRUE PROSPERITY

From Sermon: 'Faith and Patience of the Saints'

IS that man prosperous who hath stolen a rich robe, and is in fear to have his throat cut for it, and is fain to defend it with greatest difficulty and the greatest danger? Does not he drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armor, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety, but does greater wickedness only to escape awhile unpunished for his former crimes? *Auro bibitur venenum* [Poison is drunk from a cup of gold]. No man goes about to poison a poor man's pitcher, nor lays plots to forage his little garden, made for the hospital of two beehives and the feasting of a few Pythagorean herb-eaters. They that admire the happiness of a prosperous, prevailing tyrant know not the felicities that dwell in innocent hearts, and poor cottagers, and small fortunes.

And so have I often seen young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge, seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under

a tree, while a gentle wind shook the leaves into a refreshment and a cooling shade. And the unskilful, inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock: and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without; for he is indeed moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock: faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbor, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country. And all the evils of poverty and affronts, of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point—they make a noise, and drive faster to the harbor; and if we do not leave the ship and leap into the sea, quit the interests of religion and run to the securities of the world, cut our cables and dissolve our hopes, grow impatient and hug a wave, and die in its embraces—we are as safe at sea; safer in the storm which God sends us than in a calm wind when we are befriended by the world.

THE MERITS OF ADVERSITY

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

NO man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity—that man is not tried whether he be good or bad: and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions; but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward. And we see many children fairly planted, whose parts of nature were never dressed by art, nor called from the furrows of their first possibilities by discipline and institution, and they dwell forever in ignorance, and converse with beasts; and yet if they had been dressed and exercised, might have stood at the chairs of princes, or spoken parables amongst the rulers of cities. Our virtues are but in the seed when the grace of God comes upon us first; but this grace must be thrown into broken furrows, and must twice feel the cold and twice feel the heat, and be softened with storms and showers, and then it will arise into fruitfulness and harvests. And what is there in the world to distinguish virtues from dishonors, or the valor of Cæsar from the softness of the Egyptian eunuchs, or that can make anything rewardable but the labor and the danger, the pain and the difficulty? Virtue could not be anything but sensuality if it were the entertainment of our senses and fond desires; and Apicius had been the noblest of all the Romans, if feeding and great appetite and despising the severities of temperance had been the work and proper employment of a wise man. But otherwise do fathers and otherwise do mothers handle their children. These soften them with kisses and imperfect noises, with the pap and breast-milk of soft endearments; they rescue them from tutors and snatch them from discipline; they desire to keep them fat and warm, and their feet dry, and their bellies full: and then the

children govern, and cry, and prove fools and troublesome, so long as the feminine republic does endure. But fathers—because they design to have their children wise and valiant, apt for counsel or for arms—send them to severe governments, and tie them to study, to hard labor, and afflictive contingencies. They rejoice when the bold boy strikes a lion with his hunting-spear, and shrinks not when the beast comes to affright his early courage. Softness is for slaves and beasts, for minstrels and useless persons, for such who cannot ascend higher than the state of a fair ox or a servant entertained for vainer offices; but the man that designs his son for nobler employments—to honors and to triumphs, to consular dignities and presidencies of councils—loves to see him pale with study or panting with labor, hardened with suffrance or eminent by dangers. And so God dresses us for heaven: he loves to see us struggling with a disease, and resisting the Devil, and contesting against the weaknesses of nature, and against hope to believe in hope—resigning ourselves to God's will, praying him to choose for us, and dying in all things but faith and its blessed consequents; *ut ad officium cum periculo simus prompti*—and the danger and the resistance shall endear the office. For so have I known the boisterous north wind pass through the yielding air, which opened its bosom, and appeased its violence by entertaining it with easy compliance in all the region of its reception; but when the same breath of heaven hath been checked with the stiffness of a tower, or the united strength of a wood, it grew mighty and dwelt there, and made the highest branches stoop and make a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories.

THE POWER OF ENDURANCE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

IF we consider how much men can suffer if they list, and how much they do suffer for great and little causes, and that no causes are greater than the proper causes of patience and sickness—that is, necessity and religion—we cannot without huge shame to our nature, to our persons, and to our manners, complain of this tax and impost of nature. This experience added something to the old philosophy. When the gladiators were exposed naked to each other's short swords, and were to cut each other's souls away in portions of flesh, as if their forms had been as divisible as the life of worms, they did not sigh or groan: it was a shame to decline the blow but according to the just measures of art. The women that saw the wound shriek out, and he that receives it holds his peace. He did not only stand bravely, but would also fall so; and when he was down, scorned to shrink his head when the insolent conqueror came to lift it from his shoulders: and yet this man in his first design

only aimed at liberty, and the reputation of a good fencer; and when he sunk down, he saw he could only receive the honor of a bold man, the noise of which he shall never hear when his ashes are crammed in his narrow urn. And what can we complain of the weakness of our strengths, or the pressures of diseases, when we see a poor soldier stand in a breach almost starved with cold and hunger, and his cold apt to be relieved only by the heats of anger, a fever, or a fired musket, and his hunger slaked by a greater pain and a huge fear? This man shall stand in his arms and wounds, *patiens luminis atque solis* [enduring the light and the sun], pale and faint, weary and watchful; and at night shall have a bullet pulled out of his flesh, and shivers from his bones, and endure his mouth to be sewed up from a violent rent to its own dimensions: and all this for a man whom he never saw, or if he did was not noted by him, but one that shall condemn him to the gallows if he runs from all this misery. It is seldom that God sends such calamities upon men as men bring upon themselves, and suffer willingly. But that which is most considerable is, that any passion and violence upon the spirit of man makes him able to suffer huge calamities with a certain constancy and an unwearied patience. Scipio Africanus was wont to commend that saying in Xenophon, That the same labors of warfare were easier far to a general than to a common soldier; because he was supported by the huge appetites of honor, which made his hard marches nothing but stepping forward and reaching at a triumph.

ON HUSBAND AND WIFE

From Sermon: 'The Marriage Ring'

MAN and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation — every little thing that can blast an infant blossom: and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage — watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is a want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. . . .

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things — as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections, when they are in that state of danger. In this case the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return; and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint: ever remembering that discontent proceeding from little daily things do breed a secret undiscernible disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in white; and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil usages and discipline, when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies. The ancients in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict Mercury standing by Venus, to signify that by fair language and sweet entreaties the minds of each other should be united; and hard by them . . . they would have all deliciousness of manners, compliance, and mutual observance to abide.

THE VALUE OF AN HOUR

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

IN taking the accounts of your life, do not reckon by great distances, and by the periods of pleasure, or the satisfaction of your hopes, or the sating your desires; but let every intermedial day and hour pass with observation. He that reckons he hath lived but so many harvests, thinks they come not often enough, and that they go away too soon. Some lose the day with longing for the night, and the night in waiting for the day. Hope and fantastic expectations spend much of our lives; and while with passion we look

for a coronation, or the death of an enemy, or a day of joy, passing from fancy to possession without any intermedial notices, we throw away a precious year, and use it but as the burden of our time — fit to be pared off and thrown away, that we may come at those little pleasures which first steal our hearts, and then steal our life.

LIFE AND DEATH

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

XERXES wept sadly when he saw his army of thirteen hundred thousand men, because he considered that within a hundred years all the youth of that army should be dust and ashes: and yet, as Seneca well observes of him, he was the man that should bring them to their graves; and he consumed all that army in two years, for whom he feared and wept the death after an hundred. Just so do we all.

THE ROSE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

SO have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman.

REMEDIES AGAINST IMPATIENCE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

CERTAIN it is, reason was as well given us to harden our spirits, and stiffen them in passions and sad accidents, as to make us bending and apt for action: and if in men God hath heightened the faculties of apprehension, he hath increased the auxiliaries of reasonable strengths, that God's rod and God's staff might go together; and the beam of God's countenance may as well refresh us with its light as scorch us with its heat. But poor

children that endure so much, have not inward supports and refreshments to bear them through it: they never heard the sayings of old men, nor have been taught the principles of severe philosophy, nor are assisted with the results of a long experience, nor know they how to turn a sickness into virtue and a fever into a reward; nor have they any sense of favors, the remembrance of which may alleviate their burden: and yet nature hath in them teeth and nails enough to scratch and fight against their sickness; and by such aids as God is pleased to give them, they wade through the storm, and murmur not. And besides this, yet although infants have not such brisk perceptions upon the stock of reason, they have a more tender feeling upon the accounts of sense; and their flesh is as uneasy by their unnatural softness and weak shoulders as ours by our too forward apprehensions. Therefore bear up: either you or I, or some man wiser, and many a woman weaker, than us both, or the very children, have endured worse evil than this that is upon thee now.

That sorrow is hugely tolerable which gives its smart but by instants and smallest proportions of time. No man at once feels the sickness of a week, or of a whole day, but the smart of an instant; and still every portion of a minute feels but its proper share, and the last groan ended all the sorrow of its peculiar burden. And what minute can that be which can pretend to be intolerable? and the next minute is but the same as the last, and the pain flows like the drops of a river, or the little shreds of time: and if we do but take care of the present minute, it cannot seem a great charge or a great burden; but that care will secure one duty, if we still but secure the present minute.

JOHN EVELYN

EVELYN is known to us first as a diarist, and then as the author of 'Sylva'; but his cultivated tastes, his publications upon art subjects, and his devotion to Tory ideals brought him before his contemporaries mainly as a virtuoso and a royalist. A descendant of George Evelyn, who was the first to introduce the manufacture of gunpowder into England, he was born in 1620 at Wotton in Surrey, a home "large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times," he wrote, "and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most tempting and pleasant seats in the nation."

"I was not initiated into any rudiments till near four years of age," he says in the early part of his Diary, "and then one Frier taught us at the church porch of Wotton." The rudiments were continued at "the free school at Southover near the town, of which one Agnes Morley had been the foundress, and now Edward Snatt was the master, under whom I remained till I was sent to the University. . . . 1637, 3 April I left school, where, till about the last year, I had been extremely remiss in my studies, so as I went to the University rather out of shame of abiding longer at school than for any fitness; as by sad experience I found, which put me to re-learn all that I had neglected, or but perfunctorily gained. 10 May, I was admitted a fellow commoner of Balliol College, Oxford."

After three years' diligent study Evelyn removed to the Middle Temple in London to study law; and in 1641, having repeated his oath of allegiance, he absented himself, he says, from the ill face of things at home. Civil war was beginning. He traveled in Holland and France, and remained long in Italy, studying the fine arts.

The better part of ten years he was absent from England, marrying in the meantime the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the king's minister at the French Court. His bride was barely twelve, and Evelyn returned to England in 1647, leaving Mrs. Evelyn in the care of her "excellent and prudent" mother. While waiting for the maturing of his domestic plans he "commenced another," one of his biographers quaintly says, translating from the French the 'Liberty and Servitude' of Le Vayer, and inserting a royalist preface, for which he was "threatened"; and writing 'A Character of England.' In 1652 he established himself with his wife at Sayes Court, Deptford, of which she was the heiress. Here he busied himself with beautifying the place, where he entertained men like-minded to himself, and composed a long list of

works. Some of these pertained to landscape gardening and to architecture, subjects upon which he was an authority, some to politics or archæology. He was on friendly terms with the virtuosi of his time, and he sought the acquaintance of men who formed and ruled affairs. Much of his claim on our attention comes from his having rubbed up against greatness. He was a follower of men, never a leader, and his life was filled with usefulness. As his Diary shows, he welcomed the Restoration, and took some part in it.

The marks of esteem shown by the new King caused him to leave his retirement, and sharpen his pen for such brochures as 'Panegyric at his Majesty King Charles the Second's Coronation,' 1661, while he was preparing his 'History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper.' He was one of the commission to take care of the sick and wounded in the war with the Dutch in 1664, the year in which 'Sylva: or a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions,' his *magnum opus* in the eyes of his contemporaries, was published.

Evelyn undertook the work at the wish of the Royal Society. Among the devastations of the Civil War was the cutting down of the ancient trees. The oaks especially were said to have incurred the wrath of the revolutionists, perhaps because of the service of the Royal Oak at Boscobel; perhaps because the landed gentry took pride in comparing the duration of their order with the great age of the trees. Be that as it may, the oaks were gone, and Charles Stuart lacked timber to build a royal navy. Men of Evelyn's stamp were set to thinking and planting, and Evelyn himself, with his great knowledge and taste, was set to writing. Thus came about the 'Sylva,' to which he annexed 'Pomona: or an Appendix Concerning Fruit Trees in Relation to Cider; the Making and Several Ways of Ordering It.' His 'Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern' appeared also in 1664.

Evelyn's royalist ardor cooled under the domestic and foreign policy of the Stuarts; and while a commissioner of the Privy Seal he refused, at the risk of offending James II, to sign an illegal license for the sale of certain books treating of the king's religion. It was about this time that, having helped to collect them, Evelyn persuaded Lord Henry Howard to give to the University of Oxford the famous Arundelian marbles, brought together from Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. On inheritance of the ancestral Wotton by the death of his brother, he left Sayes Court in 1694. This court was afterwards sublet to Peter the Great, the Czar desiring to be near the king's dockyard at Deptford, where he proposed to learn the art of ship-building. "There is a house full of people, and right nasty," wrote a servant to Evelyn, while the imperial Cæsar was dwelling therein. "The Czar lies next your library and dines in the parlor next your study. He dines at 10 o'clock and 6 at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected here this day; the best parlor is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has." During Peter's stay

—from some time in January till towards the end of April 1698—his favorite recreation was to break down the holly hedges which were the pride of Sayes Court, by riding through them in a wheelbarrow. This, with other amiable eccentricities of the “great civilizer,” proved so costly that in the final settlement the owner received £150 in recognition of damages.

Weighted with age and honorable action, Evelyn died in 1706 at his ancestral home, and was buried in Wotton church in a tomb which recorded, at his desire, that — “Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, he had learned from thence this truth, which he desired might be thus communicated to posterity: That all is vanity which is not honest; and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.”

Evelyn’s friend Bishop Burnet referred to him as “a most ingenious and virtuous gentleman.” He was devoted to his Church, and when he had an endurable king, to that king. In his Diary the sweetness and purity of his life and his love of home are not less visible than his deep religious feeling.

By nature Evelyn was conservative. He had no sympathy with the reformers who were trying to bring about a new order, or with those uncomfortable disturbers of the peace who wished to correct the abuses that had crept into the Church, or to oppose the assumptions of Charles I. He preferred to sup and dine and compare intaglios with easy-going and well-mannered gentlemen.

FROM EVELYN’S DIARY

1654. 3 Dec. Advent Sunday. — There being no office at the church but extempore prayers after the Presbyterian way — for now all forms are prohibited and most of the preachers were usurpers — I seldom went to church upon solemn feasts, but either went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestered Divines did privately use the Common Prayer, administer sacrament, etc., or else I procured one to officiate in my house.

25. Christmas Day. — No public offices in churches, but penalties on observers, so as I was constrained to celebrate it at home.

1655. 9 April. — I went to see the great ship newly built by the Usurper Oliver, carrying ninety-six brass guns and one thousand tons burthen. In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foot, a Scot, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Faun held a laurel over his insulting head; the word, *God with us*.

15. — I went to London with my family to celebrate the feast of Easter. Dr. Wild preached at St. Gregory’s, the ruling powers conniving at the use of the Liturgy, etc., in this church alone.

27 Nov. — To London . . . to visit honest and learned Mr. Hartlib [Milton's acquaintance, to whom he addressed his 'Tractate on Education'], a public-spirited and ingenious person, who had propagated many useful things and arts. He told me of the castles which they set for ornament on their stoves in Germany (he himself being a Lithuanian as I remember), which are furnished with small ordnance of silver on the battlements, out of which they discharge excellent perfumes about the rooms, charging them with a little powder to set them on fire and disperse the smoke; and in truth no more than needed, for their stoves are sufficiently nasty. . . .

This day came forth the Protector's edict or proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching any schools, in which he imitated the apostate Julian; with the decimation of all the royal parties' revenues throughout England.

14 Dec. — I visited Mr. Hobbes, the famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom I had been long acquainted in France.

25. — There was no more notice taken of Christmas Day in churches.

I went to London, where Dr. Wild preached, the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day; after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place: that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach or administer sacraments, teach school, etc., on pain of imprisonment or exile. So this was the mournfullest day that in my life I had seen, or the Church of England herself, since the Reformation.

1657. 25 Dec. — I went with my wife to celebrate Christmas Day. . . . The chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confined to a room in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, the Countess of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon came Col. Whaley, Goffe, and others, from Whitehall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to the Marshal, some to prison. When I came before them they took my name and abode, examined me why — contrary to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteemed by them) — I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but the mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Cha. Stuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied in so doing we prayed for the King of Spain too, who was their enemy and a papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions and much threatening; and finding no color to detain me, they dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar.

1660. 3 May. — Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, General, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgment, after a most bloody and unreasonable rebellion of near 20 years. Praised be forever the Lord of Heaven, who only doeth wondrous things, because His mercy endureth forever!

8. — This day was his Majesty proclaimed in London, etc.

29. — This day his Majesty Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 years. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chains of gold and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from 2 in the afternoon till 9 at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a restoration was never mentioned in any history ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyful a day and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

4 June. — I received letter of Sir Richard Browne's [his father-in-law] landing at Dover, and also letters from the Queen, which I was to deliver at Whitehall, not as yet presenting myself to his Majesty by reason of the infinite concourse of people. The eagerness of men, women, and children to see his Majesty, and kiss his hands, was so great that he had scarce leisure to eat for some days, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the King being so willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free access to all sorts of people.

6 July. — His Majesty began first to *touch for the evil*, according to custom, thus: his Majesty sitting under his state in the Banqueting House, the surgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where, they kneeling, the King strokes their faces or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, "He put his hands upon them and he healed them." This is said to everyone in particular. When they have been all touched they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain kneeling, and having angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched, as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, "That is the true light who came into the world." Then follows an Epistle (as at first a Gospel) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration, lastly the blessing;

and then the Lo. Chamberlaine and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towel, for his Majesty to wash.

THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON

1666. 2 Sept. — This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street in London.

3. — The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son; went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the waterside; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

The fire having continued all this night — if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner — when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill — for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward — Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as, on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who nor saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed,

that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage — *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem* [for here we have no abiding city]: the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4. — The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them; and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

5. — It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Majesty to command me among the rest to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts — for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across — and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon; so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north. But continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair; it also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharves and magazines of oil, resin, &c., did infinite mischief; so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maj-

esty, and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops about to be in the city, was looked on as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7. — I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence thro' Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty; clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico — for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King — now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broken into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and

dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornhill; and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. I was not able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed and my feet unsufferably surheated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could one have known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

. 1685, 13 Feb. — I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profanenesses, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God

— it being Sunday evening — which this day se'n-night I was witness of — the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who attended with me, made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

31 Oct. — I dined at our great Lord Chancellor Jeffries, who used me with much respect. This was the late Chief Justice who had newly been the Western Circuit to try the Monmouth conspirators, and had formerly done such severe justice among the obnoxious in Westminster Hall, for which his Majesty dignified him by creating him first a Baron, and now Lord Chancellor. He had for some years past been conversant at Deptford; is of an assured and undaunted spirit, and has served the Court interest on all the hardest occasions; is of nature cruel and a slave of the Court.

1688, 18 Sept. — I went to London, where I found the Court in the utmost consternation on report of the Prince of Orange's landing, which put Whitehall into so panic a fear, that I could hardly believe it possible to find such a change.

Writs were issued in order to a Parliament, and a declaration to back the good order of elections, with great professions of maintaining the Church of England, but without giving any sort of satisfaction to the people, who showed their high discontent at several things in the Government.

1689, 21 Feb. — I saw the new Queen and King proclaimed the very next day after her coming to Whitehall, Wednesday 13 Feb., with great acclamation and general good reception: bonfires, bells, guns, etc. It was believed that both, especially the Princess, would have showed some (seeming) reluctance at least of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying by her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succoring the Nation: but nothing of all this appeared; she came into Whitehall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undress, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from room to room to see the convenience of Whitehall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queen lay, and within a night or two sat down to play at basset, as the Queen her predecessor used to do. . . . She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart; whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderful serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affairs: Holland, Ireland, and France calling for his care.

1698, 6 Aug. — I dined with Mr. Pepys, where was Capt. Dampier, who had been a famous Buccaneer, had brought hither the painted Prince Job, and printed a relation of his very strange adventure, and his observations. He was now going abroad again by the King's encouragement, who furnished a ship of 290 tons. He seemed a more modest man than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had assorted with. . . .


1699, 25 Nov. — There happened this week so thick a mist and fog that people lost their way in the streets, it being so intense that no light of candles or torches yielded any (or but very little) direction. I was in it, and in danger. Robberies were committed between the very lights which were fixed between London and Kensington on both sides, and whilst coaches and travellers were passing. It began about four in the afternoon, and was quite gone by eight, without any wind to disperse it. At the Thames they beat drums to direct the watermen to make the shore.

1700, 13 July. — I went to Marden, which was originally a barren warren bought by Sir Robert Clayton, who built there a pretty house, and made such alteration by planting not only an infinite store of the best fruit, but so changed the natural situation of the hill, valleys, and solitary mountains about it, that it rather represented some foreign country which would produce spontaneously pines, firs, cypress, yew, holly, and juniper; they were come to their perfect growth, with walks, mazes, &c., amongst them, and were preserved with the utmost care, so that I who had seen it some years before in its naked and barren condition, was in admiration of it. The land was bought of Sir John Evelyn of Godstone, and was thus improved for pleasure and retirement by the vast charge and industry of this opulent citizen. He and his lady received us with great civility. . . .

1703, 31 Oct. — This day, being 83 years of age, upon examining what concerned me more particularly the past year, with the great mercies of God preserving me, and in some measure making my infirmities tolerable, I gave God most hearty and humble thanks, beseeching Him to confirm to me the pardon of my sins past, and to prepare me for a better life by the virtue of His grace and mercy, for the sake of my blessed Saviour.

1705, 31 Oct. — I am this day arrived to the 85th year of my age. Lord, teach me so to number my days to come that I may apply them to wisdom.

SAMUEL PEPYS

 N the front of the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is inscribed the sentence from Cicero that was chosen by Samuel Pepys as his motto: *Mens cuiusque is est quisque* — [The mind makes the man]. To those who regard him as a mixture of garrulous diarist and painstaking official the motto may seem inappropriate, for seen in this aspect alone he reaches no high level of intellectual attainment; but to all who have followed his career to its close and learned to know him better, the phrase sufficiently indicates his attitude towards the world at large. Himself a man of keen intelligence and great practical sagacity, he was extraordinarily quick to gauge and appraise the intelligence of others. Numerous passages of his diary attest this ready insight into the character and intellectual merits of his contemporaries, and the delight that he took in the society of those who, possessing information on any subject, no matter what its nature, could impart it agreeably. Pleasant discourse with friend or chance acquaintance upon topics grave or gay, trivial or weighty, is as sure to be recorded as important details of business or of state policy. He was a man of unbounded curiosity: to use his own quaint expression, he was always "with child to see any strange thing."

With these more intellectual traits was united an inexhaustible capacity for purely animal enjoyment of life. It is this universality of human interest that makes him one of the most engaging characters in history, and his diary a unique production of literature. It was this same keen zest and interest in human affairs that stimulated him to become one of the most zealous and capable secretaries that the Admiralty Board has ever had. And we must add also that it was this many-sided enjoyment of life that led him frequently to indulge in pleasures that shocked the stricter decorum of the Victorians. These characteristics, moreover, were combined with a naïve simplicity and a child-like vanity that amaze, as much as they delight, the readers of his artless self-revelations. As a public functionary, if he did not quite reach the high standard of integrity required in these days, he was at any rate far in advance of many — perhaps the majority — of his contemporaries in the employ of the state, while his patriotism was always above question. Though constitutionally timid, he nevertheless possessed that moral courage which prevents a man from shirking his duty in moments of danger or difficulty. All through the plague, when there was a general flight from London, he remained in or near town, and went on with his official work much as usual; nor does the diary contain a single expression of self-satisfaction at his own conduct in the matter. In dis-

position he was irascible and prone to undignified outbursts of temper, of which he was afterwards heartily ashamed. As to his religious views — for they must be taken into account in estimating his character — he lived and died in the accepted faith of a Christian; but his religion was strongly tinged with superstition, and exercised no potent influence over his early life. He was a regular attendant at church, and an uncompromising critic of sermons unless his attention was distracted by a fair face in a neighboring pew. He exclaims "God forgive me" if he strings his lute or reads "little French romances" or makes up his accounts on a Sunday; but he omits to seek the Divine forgiveness when, after attending two services, he flirts with a pretty young woman who he fears "is not so good as she ought to be." He loved and admired his wife, and was jealous of her; but he was a faithless spouse, and gravely recorded in his diary the minutest particulars of his amours.

Such, in its curious blending of strength and weakness, meanness and greatness, was the character of Samuel Pepys. James Russell Lowell has called him a Philistine. If the term implies a man of somewhat coarse tastes, with no aptitude for profound thought, with no fine literary instinct and no subtle sense of humor, then and then only is the reproach a just one; for few will admit that a man of acknowledged capacity in affairs, one who after his great speech in defense of the Navy Board at the bar of the House of Commons was greeted as the most eloquent speaker of the age and as "another Cicero" — a man who was president of the Royal Society, and as pronounced by competent judges a fit person to be provost of the great foundation of Henry VI at Cambridge — could fairly be called a Philistine in the ordinary sense of the word. But Pepys may justly claim to be judged by his works; and two abiding memorials bear striking testimony to the varied merits of his singular personality — the Library and the Diary. It may be useful to give a short account of each of them.

It seems probable that Pepys began his book collecting in the year 1660, when he was twenty-seven years of age and his appointment, through the influence of his cousin and patron Sir Edward Montagu, to a secretaryship in the office of Mr. Downing, and then to the clerkship of the Acts, gave him for the first time a sufficient income. Frequent references to the purchase of books will be found in the Diary, the binding sometimes proving a greater attraction than the contents. For instance, he writes May 15, 1660: "Bought for the love of the binding three books: the French Psalms in four parts, Bacon's 'Organon,' and 'Farnab. Rhetor.'" So by slow degrees was amassed a library which at its owner's death contained three thousand volumes, an unusual size for a private library of that day. As clerk to the Acts, and afterwards secretary to the Admiralty, an office which he held from 1669 till the change of government in 1689, he acquired a considerable number of valuable books and MSS. on naval affairs, which he intended to serve as material for a projected history of the English navy. Among other treasures are five large volumes of

ballads or "broadsides," mostly in black-letter; three of State Papers, the gift of John Evelyn, three volumes of portraits in *taille-douce*, collected apparently in response to a suggestion in a long and valuable letter from Evelyn, dated August 12, 1689; three of calligraphical collections; six of prints general; two of frontispieces in *taille-douce*; two of views and maps of London and Westminster; several early printed books, including some by Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde; the 'Libro de Cargos,' a MS. list of the provisions and munitions of each ship in the Spanish Armada, compiled by the "Proveedor" of the Fleet, Bernabe de Pedroso; two MS. volumes of the Maitland poems; an account of the escape of Charles II from Worcester, taken down in shorthand from the king's own dictation; and many other rarities too numerous to mention.

These books — except a few of the largest, which are in the cupboards of an old writing-table — were placed in twelve handsome presses of dark stained oak, in which they may still be seen in Magdalene College. The arranging, indexing, and cataloguing of so large a collection occupied much of Pepys's time, and that of his able assistant Paul Lorrain; and the whole library bears evidence to the minute care bestowed on its preservation. It was left by will to his nephew and heir John Jackson, second son of his sister Paulina, who once occupied the curious position of domestic servant in her brother's house. John Jackson was of great help to Pepys in the collection of his prints and drawings; traveling on the Continent, apparently at his uncle's expense, and bringing home numerous treasures to be enshrined in the library. On Pepys's death in 1703, the library passed into Jackson's hands; and on his death in 1724, it was transferred, in accordance with the diarist's will, to his own and his nephew's college of St. Mary Magdalene, there to be preserved in perpetuity. An interesting testimony to the care bestowed on the library by Jackson is afforded by the following entries, with his signature attached, in one of the catalogues: "Review'd and finally Placed August 1st, 1705: No one of ye 2474 Books contained in the foregoing Catalogue being then wanting. Jackson." "Vid. rest of ye Library in Additament. Catalogue consisting of 526 Books more, making the whole Number just 3000. Jackson."

One would like to know how many of these books were read by their owner. During the period covered by the Diary, his work at the Navy Office and his numerous social engagements seem to have left him little time for reading, and in later life his defective eyesight must have rendered continuous or rapid reading extremely difficult; but of this later period our knowledge is unfortunately scanty and derived chiefly from letters. On the whole, we are disposed to regard him rather as a diligent collector than a serious student of literature.

It remains to speak of the Diary. The MS. in six volumes, written in shorthand, lurked unnoticed in the library till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it was unearthed by the Master of Magdalene. It was then tran-

scribed by the Rev. John Smith, and a large portion of it published with valuable notes by Lord Braybrooke. A fresh transcription was subsequently made by the Rev. Mynors Bright, President of Magdalene, whose edition in six volumes, incorporating much more of the original, appeared in 1875-9. Another edition, under the editorship of the well-known antiquarian H. B. Wheatley, contains still more but not quite all.

The question has often been raised, and will probably never be satisfactorily answered, whether Pepys intended his Diary to be published. To us it seems almost certain that he would have been shocked at the idea of its becoming public property, when we consider the secrecy with which he kept it, and his pathetic remark in the last entry of all (May, 31, 1669), that henceforward, owing to his failure of eyesight, it would have to be kept by his people in longhand, who would "set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know." We must remember too that in later life, Pepys's most intimate associates were men of great worth and dignity, who held him in the highest possible esteem; and we cannot but feel that in the evening of life, amid such surroundings, he would look back with regret to the follies of his youth and desire them to be buried in oblivion. But fortunately for the world, whatever his intentions may have been, the Diary has been published; and who shall adequately tell of its contents? To describe it in any detail would be to touch on every phase of the stirring life of London during ten years of an eventful period of our history. The return of Charles and the settlement of the government, the first Dutch war and the shameful blockade of the Thames, the Plague, and the Fire, all fell within this period. But apart from events of national importance, the daily social life of the time is reproduced here with such simple and striking fidelity that we seem to see with our own eyes all that Pepys saw — the stately court pageants, the frivolity of the gallants and fair ladies who thronged the palace, the turmoil of the narrow dirty streets, the traffic of barges and rowboats on the Thames, and all the thousand incidents of life in the great metropolis. We can follow him on board ship when he crossed to Holland with Sir E. Montagu to bring back the king, and learn an infinity of details about life at sea; we can go with him for a day's outing into the country, where he enjoys himself with the ardor of a schoolboy; we can accompany him in graver mood through the dismal devastation brought by the Plague, and see the smoking ruins and the homeless fugitive crowds of the "annus mirabilis"; we can enter with him into church, theater, and tavern, all of which he frequented with assiduous and impartial regularity. We are told what he ate and drank, what clothes he and his wife wore and how much they cost; he acquaints us with his earnings and spendings, the vows that he made to abstain from various naughtinesses and the facility with which he broke them, the little penalties that he inflicted on himself — such as 12*d.* for every kiss after the first — and all the little events of his daily life, which however trivial never fail to interest, such is the charm with which they are told. He

admits us to the inmost recesses of his house, where prying eyes should never have come: we see him in a fit of ill temper kicking his maid-servant or his wife's French poodle, or even pulling the fair nose of Mrs. Pepys herself. He gives us unlovely details of his illnesses, often the result of his own shortcomings; he makes us the confidants of his flirtations—and they were neither choice nor few: yet for all this, we are never angry. To us he is and will ever remain the one incomparable Diarist.

A. G. PESKETT

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY

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OCTOBER 13, 1660.] To my Lord's in the morning, where I met with Captain Cuttance, but my Lord not being up I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

14 (Lord's day). Early to my Lord's, in my way meeting with Dr. Fairbrother, who walked with me to my father's back again, and there we drank my morning draft, my father having gone to church and my mother asleep in bed. Here he caused me to put my hand among a great many honorable hands to a paper or certificate in his behalf. To White Hall chappel, where one Dr. Crofts [Dr. Herbert Croft], Dean of Hereford, made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England.

[November 22, 1660.] This morning came the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry, which I was much pleased with. At noon my wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there

she bought her a white whisk [a gorget or neckerchief worn by women at this time] and put it on, and I a pair of gloves, and so we took coach for Whitehall to Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1,000 or £1,400 in gold upon the table for the King, which was the most gold that ever I saw together in my life. Mr. Fox came in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by and by the Queen and the two Princesses came to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she. Dinner being done, we went to Mr. Fox's again, where many gentlemen dined with us, and most princely dinner, all provided for me and my friends; but I bringing none but myself and wife, he did call the company to help to eat up so much good victuals. At the end of dinner, my Lord Sandwich's health was drunk in the gilt tankard that I did give to Mrs. Fox the other day.

[November 3, 1661, Lord's Day.] This day I stirred not out, but took physique, and all the day as I was at leisure I did read in Fuller's 'Holy War,' which I have of late bought; and did try to make a song in the praise of a liberal genius (as I take my own to be) to all studies and pleasures, but it not proving to my mind I did reject it, and so proceeded not in it. At night my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves of a pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that, and so at night to bed.

4. In the morning, being very rainy, by coach with Sir W. Pen and my wife to Whitehall, and sent her to Mrs. Hunt's, and he and I to Mr. Coventry's about business, and so sent for her again, and all three home again, only I to the Miter (Mr. Rawlinson's), where Mr. Pierce and Purser had got us a most brave chine of beef and a dish of marrowbones. Our company my uncle Wight, Captain Lambert, one Captain Davies, and purser Barter, Mr. Rawlinson, and ourselves, and very merry. After dinner I took coach, and called my wife at my brother's, where I left her, and to the Opera, where we saw 'The Bondman,' which of old we both did so doat on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here (having too great expectations) as formerly at Salisbury-court. But for Betterton, he is called by us both the best actor in the world. So home by coach, I 'lighting by the way at my uncle Wight's and staid there a little, and so home after my wife, and to bed.

[March 30, 1662, Easter Day.] Having my old black suit new furbished, I was pretty neat in clothes today, and my boy, his old suit new trimmed, very

handsome. To church in the morning, and so home, leaving the two Sir Williams to take the Sacrament, which I blame myself that I have hitherto neglected all my life, but once or twice at Cambridge. Dined with my wife, a good shoulder of veal well dressed by Jane, and handsomely served to table, which pleased us much, and made us hope that she will serve our turn well enough. My wife and I to church in the afternoon, and seated ourselves, she below me, and by that means the precedence of the pew which my Lady Batten and her daughter takes, is confounded; and after sermon she and I did stay behind them in the pew, and went out by ourselves a good while after them, which we judge a very fine project hereafter to avoyd contention. So my wife and I to walk an hour or two on the leads, which begins to be very pleasant, the garden being in good condition. So to supper, which is also well served in. We had a lobster to supper, with a crabb Pegg Pen sent my wife this afternoon, the reason of which we cannot think; but something there is of plot or design in it, for we have a little while carried ourselves pretty strange to them. After supper to bed.

[August 23, 1662.] I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the Queen's coming to town from Hampton Court. So we fairly walked it to White Hall, and through my Lord's lodgings we got into White Hall garden, and so to the Bowling-green, and up to the top of the new Banqueting House there, over the Thames, which was a most pleasant place as any I could have got; and all the show consisted chiefly in the number of boats and barges; and two pageants, one of a King, and another of a Queen, with her Maids of Honor sitting at her feet very prettily; and they tell me the Queen is Sir Richard Ford's daughter. Anon came the King and Queen in a barge under a canopy with 10,000 barges and boats, I think, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall, where I gluttet myself with looking on her. But methought it was strange to see her Lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her armes, and dandle it. One thing more: there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there came one there booted and spurred that she talked long with. And by and by, she being in her hair, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But methinks it became her mightily, as everything else do. The show being over, I went away, not weary with looking on her, and

to my Lord's lodgings, where my brother Tom and Dr. Thomas Pepys were to speak with me.

[January 13, 1663.] My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowls and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jack, of which I was doubtful, do carry it very well. Things being put in order, and the cook come, I went to the office, where we sat till noon and then broke up, and I home, whither by and by comes Dr. Clerke and his lady, his sister, and a she-cozen, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits, a lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next a great dish of roasted fowl, cost me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. After dinner the women to cards in my wife's chamber, and the Dr. and Mr. Pierce in mine, because the dining-room smokes unless I keep a good charcoal fire, which I was not then provided with. At night to supper, had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. So weary, so to bed. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.

[July 13, 1663.] Hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honor to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down, and among others spying a man like Mr. Pembleton (though I have little reason to think it should be he, speaking and discoursing long with my Lord D'Aubigne), yet how my blood did rise in my face, and I fell into a sweat from my old jealousy and hate, which I pray God remove from me. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petty-coat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies: but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when they 'light did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to

me, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

[December 31, 1664.] At the office all the morning, and after dinner there again, dispatched first my letters, and then to my accounts, not of the month but of the whole yeare also, and was at it till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold; but yet I was well satisfied with my work, and above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1,349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this yeare above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me forever thankful to his holy name for it! Thence home to eat a little and so to bed. Soon as ever the clock struck one I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new yeare, observing that I believe I was the first proper wisher of it this year, for I did it as soon as ever the clock struck one.

So ends the old yeare, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a year of profit, as having spent £420 and laid up £540 and upwards; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great loss to know whether it be my hare's foote, [as a charm against the colic] or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gown. My family is, my wife, in good health, and happy with her; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiet maid; her chamber-maid Bess, her cook maid Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy which I have had about half a year, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's chappel, and a pretty and loving quiet family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteem with everybody, I think.

[January 23, 1664.] . . . To Jervas's, my mind, God forgive me, running too much after some folly; but *elle* not being within, I away by coach to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner. And finding Mrs. Bagwell waiting at the office after dinner, away she and I to a cabaret where she and I have eat before. . . . Thence to the Court of the Turkey Company at Sir Andrew Rickard's to treat about carrying some men of ours to Tangier, and had there a very civil reception, though a denial of the thing as not practicable with them, and I think so too. So to my office a little and to Jervas's again, thinking *avoir rencontrais* [to have met] Jane, *mais elle n'était pas dedans* [but she was not in]. So I back again and to my office, where I did with great content *ferais* [make] a vow to mind my business, and *laisser aller les femmes* [let

women alone] for a month, and am with all my heart glad to find myself able to come to so good a resolution, that thereby I may follow my business, which and my honor thereby lies a bleeding. So home to supper and to bed.

24. Up and by coach to Westminster Hall and the Parliament House, and there spoke with Mr. Coventry and others about business and so back to the 'Change, where no news more than that the Dutch have, by consent of all the Provinces, voted no trade to be suffered for eighteen months, but that they apply themselves wholly to the war. And they say it is very true, but very strange, for we use to believe they cannot support themselves without trade. Thence home to dinner and then to the office, where all the afternoon, and at night till very late, and then home to supper and bed, having a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with my head bare, for Mercer to comb my hair and wash my ears.

[March 22, 1664-65.] After dinner Mr. Hill took me with Mrs. Hubland, who is a fine gentlewoman, into another room, and there made her sing, which she do very well, to my great content. Then to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite, but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way: the air out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the air being let in upon her revives her immediately; nay, and this air is to be made by putting together a liquor and some body that ferments, the steam of that do do the work. Thence home, and thence to White Hall, where the house full of the Duke's going tomorrow, and thence to St. James's, wherein these things fell out: (1) I saw the Duke, kissed his hand, and had his most kind expressions of his value and opinion of me, which comforted me above all things in the world, (2) the like from Mr. Coventry most heartily and affectionately. (3) Saw, among other fine ladies, Mrs. Middleton, a very great beauty I never knew or heard of before; (4) I saw Waller the poet, whom I never saw before. So, very late, by coach home with W. Pen, who was there. To supper and to bed, with my heart at rest, and my head very busy thinking of my several matters now on foot, the new comfort of my old navy business, and the new one of my employment on Tangier.

[August 30, 1665.] Up betimes and to my business of settling my house and papers, and then abroad and met with Hadley, our clerk who, upon my asking how the plague goes, he told me it encreases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six: which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. Thence, as I intended, to Sir R. Viner's, and there found not Mr. Lewes ready for me, so I went forth and walked towards Moorfields to see (God forbid my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave; but as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how every body's looks and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.

[September 10, 1665, Lord's Day.] Walked home; being forced thereto by one of my watermen falling sick yesterday, and it was God's great mercy I did not go by water with them yesterday, for he fell sick on Saturday night, and it is to be feared of the plague. So I sent him away to London with his fellow; but another boat come to me this morning, whom I sent to Blackwall for Mr. Andrews. I walked to Woolwich, and there find Mr. Hill, and he and I all the morning at music and a song he hath set of three parts, methinks very good. Anon comes Mr. Andrews, though it be a very ill day, and so after dinner we to music and sang till about 4 or 5 o'clock, it blowing very hard, and now and then raining; and wind and tide being against us, Andrews and I took leave and walked to Greenwich. My wife before I come out telling me the ill news that she hears that her father is very ill, and then I told her I feared of the plague, for that the house is shut up. And so she much troubled she did desire me to send them something; and I said I would, and will do so. But before I come out there happened news to come to me by an express from Mr. Coventry, telling me the most happy news of my Lord Sandwich's meeting with part of the Dutch; his taking two of their East India ships, and six or seven others, and very good prizes; and that he is in search of the rest of the fleet, which he hopes to find upon the Wellbank, with the loss only of the Hector, poor Captain Cuttle. This news do so overjoy me that I know not what to say enough to express it, but the better to do it I did walk to Greenwich, and there sending away Mr. Andrews, I to Captain Cocke's, where I find my Lord Bruncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes. Where we supped (there was also Sir W. Doyly and Mr. Evelyn); but the receipt of this news did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was. Among other humors, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius), that I never saw any man so outdone in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself outdone, was the crown of all our mirth. In this humor we sat till about ten at night, and so my Lord and his mistress home, and we to bed, it being one of the times of my life wherein I was the fullest of true sense of joy.

[September 2, 1666, Lord's Day.] Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Mark-lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off: and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window and

saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus' Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they were some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the King's closet in the Chappel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arling-ton afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraor-

dinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to inquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-street (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-street, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water-side

what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fishstreet Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

[February 16, 1667.] To Mrs. Pierce's, where I took up my wife, and there I find Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot: but my wife's was, "Most virtuous and most fair"; which, as it may be used, or an anagram

made upon each name, might be very pretty. Thence with Cocke and my wife, set him at home, and then we home. To the office, and there did a little business, troubled that I have so much been hindered by matters of pleasure from my business, but I shall recover it I hope in a little time. So home and to supper, not at all smitten with the music tonight, which I did expect should have been so extraordinary. Tom Killigrew crying it up, and so all the world, above all things in the world, and so to bed. One wonder I observed today, that there was no music in the morning to call up our new-married people.

[February 25, 1666-67.] Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's: for which I ought forever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. So up and by coach abroad to the Duke of Albemarle's about sending soldiers down to some ships, and so home, calling at a belt-maker's to mend my belt, and so home and to dinner, where pleasant with my wife, and then to the office, where mighty busy all the day, saving going forth to the 'Change to pay for some things, and on other occasions, and at my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medal, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by. So at the office late very busy and much business with great joy dispatched, and so home to supper and to bed.

[July 24, 1667.] Betimes this morning comes a letter from the Clerk of the Cheque at Gravesend to me, to tell me that the Dutch fleet did come all into the Hope yesterday noon, and held a fight with our ships from thence till seven at night; that they had burned twelve fire-ships, and we took one of theirs, and burned five of our fire-ships. But then rising and going to Sir W. Batten, he tells me that we have burned one of their men-of-war, and another of theirs is blown up; but how true this is, I know not. But these fellows are mighty bold, and have had the fortune of the wind easterly this time to bring them up, and prevent our troubling them with our fire-ships; and indeed have had the winds at their command from the beginning, and now do take the beginning of the spring, as if they had some great design to do. I to my office, and there hard at work all the morning, to my great content, abstracting the contract book into my abstract book, which I have by reason of the war omitted for above two years, but now am endeavoring to have all my books ready and perfect against the Parliament comes, that upon examination I may be in condition to value myself upon my perfect doing of my own duty. At noon home to dinner, where my wife mighty musty, but I took no notice of it, but after dinner to the office, and there with Mr. Harper did another good piece of work.

[October 10, 1667.] All of us, my sister and brother, and W. Hewer, to

dinner to Hinchinbroke, where we had a good plain country dinner, but most kindly used; and here dined the Minister of Brampton and his wife, who is reported a very good but poor man. Here I spent alone with my Lady, after dinner, the most of the afternoon; and anon the two twins were sent for from school, at Mr. Taylor's, to come to see me, and I took them into the garden, and there, in one of the summer-houses, did examine them, and do find them so well advanced in their learning, that I was amazed at it: they repeating a whole ode without book out of Horace, and did give me a very good account of anything almost, and did make me very readily very good Latin, and did give me good account of their Greek grammar, beyond all possible expectation; and so grave and manly as I never saw, I confess, nor could have believed; so that they will be fit to go to Cambridge in two years at most. They are both little, but very like one another, and well-looking children. Then in to my Lady again, and stayed till it was almost night again, and then took leave for a great while again, but with extraordinary kindness from my Lady, who looks upon me like one of her own family and interest. So thence, my wife and people by the highway, and I walked over the park with Mr. Shepley, and through the grove, which is mighty pretty, as is imaginable, and so over their drawbridge to Nun's Bridge, and so to my father's, and there sat and drank, and talked a little, and then parted. And he being gone, and what company there was, my father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a toss I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it.

[February 27, 1668.] All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb. to the King's House, to see 'The Virgin Martyr,' [a tragedy by Massinger and Dekker] the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Becke Marshal. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind music when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any music hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practice wind music, and to make my wife do the like.

[May 1, 1669.] Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year: but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and colored camelot tunic, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the hands, that I was afeared to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last

year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowl. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day. But we set out, out of humor — I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day also being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain; and what made it worst, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12s., and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him. But she was out of humor all the evening, and I vexed at her for it, and she did not rest almost all the night.

JOHN BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN, son of Thomas Bunnion Jun^r and Margaret Bentley, was born 1628, in the quaint old village of Elstow, one mile southwest of Bedford, near the spot where, three hundred years before, his ancestor William Boynon resided. His father was a poor tinker or "braseyer," and his mother's lineage is unknown. He says, "I never went to school to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up at my father's house in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen."

He learned to read and write "according to the rate of other poor men's children"; but soon lost "almost utterly" the little he had learned. Shortly after his mother's death, when he was about seventeen years of age, he served as a soldier for several months, probably in the Parliamentary army. Not long afterward he married a woman as poor as himself, by whose gentle influence he was gradually led into the way of those severe spiritual conflicts and "painful exercises of mind" from which he finally came forth, at great cost, victorious. These religious experiences, vividly described in his 'Grace Abounding,' traceable in the course of his chief Pilgrim, and frequently referred to in his discourses, have been too literally interpreted by some, and too much explained away as unreal by others; but present no special difficulty to those who will but consider Bunyan's own explanations.

From boyhood he had lived a roving and non-religious life, although possessing no little tenderness of conscience. He was neither intemperate nor dishonest; he was not a law-breaker; he explicitly and indignantly declares: — "If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan would still be alive and well!" The particular sins of which he was guilty, so far as he specifies them, were profane swearing, from which he suddenly ceased at a woman's reproof, and certain sports, innocent enough in themselves, which the prevailing Puritan rigor severely condemned. What, then, of that vague and exceeding sinfulness of which he so bitterly accuses and repents himself? It was that vision of sin, however disproportionate, which a deeply wounded and graciously healed spirit often has, in looking back upon the past from that theological standpoint whence all want of conformity to the perfect law of God seems heinous and dreadful.

"A sinner may be comparatively a little sinner, and sensibly a great one. There are two sorts of greatness in sin: greatness by reason of number; greatness by reason of the horrible nature of sin. In the last sense, he that has but one sin, if such an one could be found, may in his own eyes find himself the biggest sinner in the world."

"Visions of God break the heart, because, by the sight the soul then has of His perfections, it sees its own infinite and unspeakable disproportion."

"The best saints are most sensible of their sins, and most apt to make mountains of their molehills."

Such sentences from Bunyan's own writings — and many like them might be quoted — shed more light upon the much-debated question of his "wickedness" than all that his biographers have written.

In John Gifford, pastor of a little Free Church in Bedford, Bunyan found a wise friend, and in 1653 he joined that church. He soon discovered his gifts among the brethren, and in due time was appointed to the office of a gospel minister, in which he labored with indefatigable industry and zeal, and with ever-increasing fame and success, until his death. Between the Restoration of 1660 and the Declaration of Indulgence of 1672, he was imprisoned in Bedford Gaol. During his subsequent imprisonment in 1675-6 the first part of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' was probably written. The indictment preferred against him was "that he hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to Church to hear Divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this Kingdom," etc., etc.

The story of Bunyan's life up to the time of his imprisonment, and particularly that of his arrests and examinations before the justices, and also the account of his experiences in prison, should be read in his own most graphic narrative, in the 'Grace Abounding.' Bunyan was born and bred, he lived and labored, among the common people, with whom his sympathies were strong and tender, and by whom he was regarded with the utmost veneration and affection. He understood them, and they him. For nearly a century they were almost the only readers of his published writings. They came to call him Bishop Bunyan. His personal friend, Mr. Doe, describes him as "tall in stature, strong-boned, of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, nose well set, mouth moderately large, forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest." His portrait, painted in 1685, shows a vigorous, kindly face, with mustachios and imperial, and abundance of hair falling in long wavy masses about the neck and shoulders — more Cavalier than Roundhead.

Bunyan was a voluminous writer, and his works, many of them posthumous, are said to equal in number the sixty years of his life. But even the devout and sympathetic critic is compelled to acknowledge the justice of that verdict of time which has consigned most of them to a virtual oblivion. The controversial tracts possess no elements of enduring interest. The doctrinal and spiritual discourses are elaborations of a system of religious thought which long ago "had its day and ceased to be." Yet they contain pithy sentences, homely and pat illustrations, and many a paragraph, rugged or tender, in which one recognizes the stamp of his genius, and an intimation of his remarkable power as a preacher. The best of these discourses, 'The Jerusalem Sinner Saved,' 'Come

and Welcome to Jesus Christ,' and 'Light for Them That Sit in Darkness,' while they sparkle here and there with things unique and precious to the Bunyan-curious student, would seem dull and tedious to the general though devout reader. In many a passage we feel, to use his phrase, his "heart-pulling power," no less than the force and felicity of his most original images and analogies; but these passages are little oases in a dry and thirsty land. 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman' vividly presents certain aspects of English provincial life in that day; but they are repulsive, and the entire work is marred by flat moralizings and coarse, often incredible stories.

'The Holy War,' which Macaulay said would have been our greatest religious allegory if 'The Pilgrim's Progress' had not been written, has ceased to be much read. The conception of the conquest of the human soul by the irresistible operation of divine force is so foreign to modern thought and faith that Bunyan's similitude no longer seems a verisimilitude. The pages abound with quaint, humorous, and lifelike touches, as where Diabolus stations at Ear-Gate a guard of deaf men under old Mr. Prejudice, and Unbelief is described as "a nimble jack whom they could never lay hold of"; but as compared with 'The Pilgrim's Progress' the allegory is artificial, its elaboration of analogies is ponderous and tedious, and its characters lack solidity and reality.

All these works, however, exhibit a remarkable command of the mother tongue, a shrewd common-sense and mother wit, a fervid spiritual life, and a wonderful knowledge of the English Bible. They may be likened to more or less submerged wrecks kept from sinking into utter neglect by the bond of authorship which connects them with the one incomparable work which floats, unimpaired by time, on the sea of universal appreciation and favor. Bunyan's unique and secure position in English literature was gained by 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' the first part of which was published in 1678, and the second in 1685.

The broader, freer conception of the pilgrimage — as old in literature as the ninetieth Psalm, and often treated, from De Guileville's 'Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme' in the fourteenth century to Patrick's 'Parable' three hundred years later — took sudden possession of Bunyan's imagination while he was in prison, and kindled all his finest powers. Unguided save by his own genius, unaided by other books than his English Bible and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' he proceeded with a simplicity of purpose and felicity of expression, and with a fidelity to nature and life, which gave to his unconsciously artistic story the charm of perfect artlessness as well as the semblance of reality. The dreamer and poet supplanted the preacher and teacher. Hence the spontaneity of the allegory, its ease and freedom of movement, its unlabored development, its natural and vital unfolding. Hence also the dramatic unity and methodic perfectness of the story. Its byways all lead to its highway; its episodes are as vitally related to the main theme as are the ramifications of a tree to its central stem. The great diversities of experience in the true

pilgrims are dominated by one supreme motive. As for the others, they appear incidentally to complete the scenes, and make the world and its life manifold and real. The Pilgrim is a most substantial person, and once well on the way, the characters he meets, the difficulties he encounters, the succor he receives, the scenes in which he mingles, are all, however surprising, most natural. The names, and one might almost say the forms and faces, of Pliable, Obstinate, Faithful, Hopeful, Talkative, Mercy, Great-heart, old Honest, Valiant-for-truth, Feeble-mind, Ready-to-halt, Miss Much-afraid, and many another, are familiar to us all. Indeed, the pilgrimage is our own, in many of its phases at least, and we have met the people whom Bunyan saw in his dream, and are ourselves they whom he describes.

But for one glance at Pope and Pagan, there is almost nothing to indicate the writer's ecclesiastical standing. But for here and there a marking of time in prosaic passages which have nothing to do with the story, there is nothing to mar the catholicity of its spirit. Romanists and Protestants, Anglicans and Puritans, Calvinists and Arminians — all communions and sects have edited and circulated it. It is the completest triumph of truth by fiction in all literature. More than any other human book, it is "a religious bond to the whole of English Christendom." The second part is perhaps inferior to the first, but is richer in incident, and some of its characters — Mercy, old Honest, Valiant-for-truth, and Great-heart, for instance — are exquisitely conceived and presented.

The idiom of the book is purely English, acquired by a diligent study of the English Bible. It is the simplest, raciest, and most sinewy English to be found in any writer of our language; and Bunyan's amazing use of this Saxon idiom for all the purposes of his story, and the range and freedom of his imaginative genius therein show it to be an instrument of symphonic capacity and variety. Bunyan's own maxim is a good one: — "Words easy to be understood do often hit the mark, when high and learned ones do only pierce the air."

Bunyan died of fever, in the house of a friend, at London, August 31, 1688, in the sixty-first year of his age. Three of his four children survived him; the blind daughter, for whom he expressed such affectionate solicitude during his imprisonment, died before him. His second wife, Elisabeth, who pleaded for him with so much dignity and feeling before Judge Hale and other justices, died in 1692. In 1861 a recumbent statue was placed on his tomb in Bunhill Fields, and thirteen years later a noble statue was erected in his honor at Bedford. The church at Elstow is enriched with memorial windows presenting scenes from 'The Holy War' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and the Bunyan Meeting-House in Bedford has bronze doors presenting similar scenes.

EDWIN P. PARKER

CHRISTIAN PREPARES FOR BATTLE

From 'The Pilgrim's Progress'

[Christian, warned by Evangelist, flees from the City of Destruction, and after struggling through the Slough of Despond starts on his way to Mount Zion. He finds lodging for the night in the House Beautiful.]

THEN I saw in my dream, that, on the morrow, he got up to go forward; but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains, which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was; so he consented and stayed. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south; so he did; and, behold, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's Land; and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence, said they, thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.

Now, he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go again into the armory. So they did; and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest, perhaps, he should meet with assaults in the way. He being, therefore, thus accoutred, walketh out with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrims pass by. Then the porter answered, Yes.

Chr. Pray, did you know him? said he.

Por. I asked his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

Chr. Oh, said Christian, I know him; he is my townsman, my near neighbor; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?

Por. He is got by this time below the hill.

Chr. Well, said Christian, good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast showed to me.

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then, said Christian, as it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down. Yes, said Prudence, so it is, for it is a hard matter for a

man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, are we come out to accompany thee down the hill. So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

From 'The Pilgrim's Progress'

BUT now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground: But he considered again that he had no armor for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

Apollyon. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Christian. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apollyon. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Christian. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, "for the wages of sin is death"; therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do — look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apollyon. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Christian. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of Princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

Apollyon. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip and return again to me: Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Christian. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him: how then can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

Apollyon. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

Christian. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee: and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company and country, better than thine; and therefore leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

Apollyon. Consider again when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways: How many of them have been put to shameful deaths; and besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of our hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee.

Christian. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end: and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for for present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his, and the glory of the angels.

Apollyon. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him, and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

Christian. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him?

Apollyon. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing; thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vainglory in all that thou sayest or doest.

Christian. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful, and ready to forgive; but besides,

these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Apollyon. Then Apollyon broke out into grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people: I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Christian. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness. therefore take heed to yourself.

Apollyon. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now; and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life: but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise"; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound; Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight; he spake like a dragon; and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile, and look upward; but 'twas the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, I will here give thanks to him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon. And so he did, saying: —

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Designed my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harnessed out: and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage:
But blessed Michael helpèd me, and I
By dint of sword did quickly make him fly.
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

From 'The Pilgrim's Progress'

THEY went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that Hill of which we have spoken before; so they went up to the mountains, to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank, and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The pilgrims therefore went to them, and leaning upon their staves (as is common with weary pilgrims, when they stand to talk with any by the way) they asked, Whose delectable mountains are these? And whose be the sheep that feed upon them?

Shepherds. These mountains are "Immanuel's Land," and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

Christian. Is this the way to the Celestial City?

Shepherds. You are just in your way.

Christian. How far is it thither?

Shepherds. Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed.

Christian. Is the way safe or dangerous?

Shepherds. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe, "but transgressors shall fall therein."

Christian. Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Shepherds. The lord of these mountains hath given us a charge "not to be forgetful to entertain strangers"; therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places), as, Whence came you? and, How got you into the way? and, By what means have you so persevered therein? For but few of them that begin to come hither do show their face on these mountains. But when the shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

The shepherds, I say, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, took them by the hand, and had them to their tents, and made them partake of that which was ready at present. They said moreover, We would that ye should stay here a while, to be acquainted with us; and yet more to solace yourselves with the good of these delectable mountains. They then told them that they were content to stay; and so they went to their rest that night, because it was very late.

Then I saw in my dream, that in the morning the shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the mountains; so they went forth with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the shepherds one to another, Shall we show these pilgrims some wonders? So when they had concluded to do it, they had them first to the top of a hill called Error, which was very steep on the furthest side, and bid them look down to the bottom. So Christian and Hopeful looked down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had from the top. Then said Christian, What meaneth this? The shepherds answered, Have you not heard of them that were made to err, by hearkening to Hymeneus and Philetus, as concerning the faith of the resurrection of the body? They answered, Yes. Then said the shepherds, Those that you see lie dashed in pieces at the bottom of this mountain are they; and they have continued to this day unburied (as you see) for an example to others to take heed how they clamber too high, or how they come too near the brink of this mountain.

Then I saw that they had them to the top of another mountain, and the name of that is Caution, and bid them look afar off; which when they did, they perceived, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the tombs that were there; and they perceived that the men were blind, because they stumbled sometimes upon the tombs, and because they could not get out from among them. Then said Christian, What means this?

The shepherds then answered, Did you not see a little below these moun-

tains a stile, that led into a meadow, on the left hand of this way? They answered, Yes. Then said the shepherds, From that stile there goes a path that leads directly to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair; and these men (pointing to them among the tombs) came once on pilgrimages as you do now, even till they came to that same stile; and because the right way was rough in that place, and they chose to go out of it into that meadow, and there were taken by Giant Despair and cast into Doubting Castle; where, after they had been awhile kept in the dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes, and led them among those tombs, where he has left them to wander to this very day, that the saying of the wise man might be fulfilled, "He that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead." Then Christian and Hopeful looked upon one another, with tears gushing out, but yet said nothing to the shepherds.

Then I saw in my dream that the shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of a hill, and they opened the door, and bid them look in. They looked in therefore, and saw that within it was very dark and smoky; they also thought that they heard there a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry as of some tormented, and that they smelt the scent of brimstone. Then said Christian, What means this?

The shepherds told them, This is a by-way to hell, a way that hypocrites go in at; namely, such as sell their birth-right, with Esau; such as sell their Master, as Judas; such as blaspheme the Gospel, with Alexander; and that lie and dissemble, with Ananias and Sapphira his wife. Then said Hopeful to the shepherds, I perceive that these had on them, even every one, a show of pilgrimage, as we have now: had they not?

Shepherds. Yes, and held it a long time too.

Hopeful. How far might they go on in pilgrimage in their day, since they notwithstanding were thus miserably cast away?

Shepherds. Some further, and some not so far as these mountains.

Then said the pilgrims one to another, We had need to cry to the Strong for strength.

Shepherds. Ay, and you will have need to use it when you have it too.

By this time the pilgrims had a desire to go forwards, and the shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the mountains. Then said the shepherds one to another, Let us here show to the pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective-glass. The pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion; so they had them to the top of a high hill, called Clear, and gave them their glass to look.

Then they essayed to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that the shepherds had showed them made their hands shake, by means of which impediment they could not look steadily through the glass; yet they thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place.

CHRISTIANA AND HER COMPANIONS ENTER THE CELESTIAL CITY

From the 'Pilgrim's Progress'

[Part I concludes with the arrival of Christian at Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem. Part II tells the adventures of his wife Christiana and her children on their way to the Celestial City.]

NOW while they lay here and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter, the contents whereof was, Hail, good woman, I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence in clothes of immortality, within this ten days.

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, Thus and thus it must be, and we that survive will accompany you to the river-side.

Then she called for her children and gave them her blessing, and told them that she yet read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide and to her children, she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-hearted; be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of life. I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children, and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr. Stand-fast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr. Honest and said of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. Then said he, I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Sion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dryshod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone, for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me and dry me.

Then came in that good man Mr. Ready-to-halt, to see her. So she said to him, Thy travel hither has been with difficulty, but that will make thy rest the sweeter. But watch and be ready, for at an hour when you think not, the messenger may come.

After him came in Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid, to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful and cast away fear, be sober and hope to the end.

Then she said to Mr. Feeble-mind, Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-good, that thou mightest live in the light of the living for ever, and see thy King with comfort. Only I advise thee to repent thee of thine aptness to fear and doubt of his goodness before he sends for thee, lest thou shouldest, when he comes, be forced to stand before him for that fault with blushing.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river with a beckon of farewell to those who followed her to the river-side. The last words she was heard to say here was, I come, Lord, to be with thee and bless thee.

So her children and friends returned to their place, for that those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had done before her. At her departure her children wept, but Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

In process of time there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said to him, I am come to thee in the name of Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee that he expects thee at his table to sup with him in his kingdom the next day after Easter, wherefore prepare thyself for this journey.

Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, "I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord."

After this Mr. Ready-to-halt called for his fellow pilgrims, and told them saying, I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also. So he desired Mr.

Valiant to make his will. And because he had nothing to bequeath to them that should survive him but his crutches and his good wishes, therefore thus he said, These crutches I bequeath to my son that shall tread in my steps, with a hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have done.

Then he thanked Mr. Great-heart for his conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came at the brink of the river he said, Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on. The last words he was heard to say were, Welcome, life. So he went his way.

After this Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber door. Then he came in and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master has need of thee, and that in very little time thou must behold his face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message. "Those that look out at the windows shall be darkened."

Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me, for that I have no need of that in the place whither I go. Nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim; wherefore when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr. Valiant, would bury it in a dung-hill. This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, Hold out faith and patience. So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for. For a post was come, and brought this message to him, Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings.

And said the messenger, That my message is true, take this for a proof; so he gave him "The grasshopper to be a burden unto him." Now Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received from the day of our departure for ever, for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For to be plain with you, they are ghosts, the which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after; and they will walk about and seek entertainment of the pilgrims, but for our sakes shut ye the doors upon them.

When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, Farewell, night; welcome, day. His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass a while after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr. Honest. . . . When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks in some places, but Mr. Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, Grace reigns. So he left the world.

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, "That his pitcher was broken at the fountain." When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my fathers, and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, Death, where is thy sting? And as he went down deeper he said, Grave, where is thy victory? So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then there came forth a summons for Mr. Stand-fast (this Mr. Stand-fast was he that the rest of the pilgrims found upon his knees in the enchanted ground), for the post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr. Stand-fast was put into a muse. Nay, said the messenger, you need not doubt of the truth of my message, for here is a token of the truth thereof, "Thy wheel is broken at the cistern." Then he called to him Mr. Great-heart, who was their guide, and said unto him, Sir, although it was not my hap to be much in your good company in the days of my pilgrimage, yet since the time I knew you, you have been profitable to me. When I came from home, I left behind me a wife and five small children: let me entreat you at your return (for I know that you will go and return to your Master's house, in hopes that you may yet be a conductor to more of the holy pilgrims) that you send to my family, and let them be acquainted with all that hath and shall happen unto me. Tell them moreover of my happy arrival to this place, and of the present late blessed condition that I am in. Tell them also of Christian and Christiana his wife, and how she and her children came after her husband. Tell them also of what a happy end she made, and whither she is gone. I have little or nothing to send to my family, except it be prayers and tears for them; of which it will suffice if thou acquaint them, if peradventure they may prevail.

When Mr. Stand-fast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a

great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Stand-fast, when he was about half-way in, he stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said: —

This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. But now methinks I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan. The waters indeed are to the palate bitter and to the stomach cold, yet the thought of what I am going to and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart.

I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that Head that was crowned with thorns, and that Face that was spit upon for me.

I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself.

I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too.

His name has been to me as a civet-box, yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His Word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and I have kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way.

Now while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him, and after he had said, Take me, for I come unto thee, he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

JOHN DRYDEN

JOHAN DRYDEN, the foremost man of letters of the period following the Restoration, was born at Aldwinkle, a village of Northamptonshire, on August 9, 1631. He died May 1, 1700. His life was therefore coeval with the closing period of the fierce controversies which culminated in the Civil War and the triumph of the Parliamentary party; that, in turn, to be followed successively by the iron rule of Cromwell, by the restoration of the exiled Stuarts, and the reactionary tendencies in politics that accompanied that event; and finally with the effectual exclusion from the throne of this same family by the revolution of 1688, leaving behind, however, to their successors a smoldering Jacobite hostility that perpetually plotted the overthrow of the new government and later broke out twice into open revolt. All these changes of fortune, with their changes of opinion, are faithfully reflected in the productions of Dryden. To understand him thoroughly requires therefore an intimate familiarity with the civil and religious movements which characterize the whole period. Equally also do his writings, both creative and critical, represent the revolution of literary taste that took place in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was while he was in the midst of his intellectual activity that French canons of criticism became largely the accepted rules, by which the value of English productions was tested. This was especially true of the drama. The study of Dryden is accordingly a study of the political and literary history of his times to an extent that is correspondingly true of no other English author before or since.

His family, both on the father's and the mother's side, was in full sympathy with the party opposed to the court. The son was educated at Westminster, then under the mastership of Richard Busby, whose relentless use of the rod has made his name famous in that long line of flagellants who have been at the head of the great English public schools. From Westminster he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. There he received the degree of A. B. in January 1654. Later in that same decade — the precise date is not known — he took up his residence in London; and in London the rest of his life was almost entirely spent.

Dryden's first published literary effort appeared in a little volume made up of thirty-three elegies, by various authors, on the death of a youth of great promise who had been educated at Westminster. This was Lord Hastings, the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon. He had died of the smallpox. Dryden's contribution was written in 1649, and consisted of but little over a hundred lines. No one expects great verse from a boy of eighteen; but the most ex-

travagant anticipations of sorry performance will fail to come up to the reality of the wretchedness which was here attained. It was in words like these that the future laureate bewailed the death of the young nobleman and depicted the disease of which he died: —

Was there no milder way but the smallpox,
 The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
 So many spots, like næves, our Venus soil?
 One jewel set off with so many a foil?
 Blisters with pride swelled, which through his flesh did sprout
 Like rosebuds, stuck in the lily-skin about.
 Each little pimple had a tear in it,
 To wail the fault its rising did commit;
 Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,
 Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
 Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
 The cabinet of a richer soul within?
 No comet need foretell his change drew on,
 Whose corpse might seem a constellation.

Criticism cannot be rendered sufficiently vituperative to characterize properly such a passage. It is fuller of conceits than ever Cowley crowded into the same space; and lines more crabbed and inharmonious Donne never succeeded in perpetrating. Its production upsets all principles of prophecy. The wretchedest of poetasters can take courage, when he contemplates the profundity of the depth out of which uprose the greatest poet of his time.

Dryden is, in fact, an example of that somewhat rare class of writers who steadily improve with advancing years. Most poets write their best verse before middle life. Many of them after that time go through a period of decline, and sometimes of rapid decline; and if they live to reach old age, they add to the quantity of their production without sensibly increasing its value. This general truth is conspicuously untrue of Dryden. His first work gave no promise of his future excellence, and it was by very slow degrees that he attained to the mastery of his art. But the older he grew, the better he wrote; and the volume published a few months before his death, and largely composed almost under its shadow, so far from showing the slightest sign of failing power, contains a great deal of the best poetry he ever produced.

As Dryden's relatives were Puritans, and some of them held place under the government, it was natural that upon coming to London he should attach himself to that party. Accordingly it is no surprise to find him duly mourning the death of the great Protector in certain 'Heroic Stanzas Consecrated to the Memory of Oliver Cromwell.' The first edition bears the date of 1659, and so far as we know, the production was Dryden's second venture in poetry. It

was written in the measure of Davenant's 'Gondibert,' and is by no means a poor piece of work, though it has been sometimes so styled. It certainly pays not simply a high but a discerning tribute to the genius of Cromwell. Before two years had gone by, we find its author greeting the return of Charles with effusive loyalty, and with predictions of prosperity and honor to attend his reign, which events were soon woefully to belie. The poet has been severely censured for this change of attitude. It is a censure which might be bestowed with as much propriety upon the whole population of England. The joyful expectations to which he gave utterance were almost universal; and no other charge can well be brought against him than that he had the ability and took the occasion to express sentiments which were felt by nearly the entire nation.

From this time on, Dryden appears more and more in the public eye, and slowly but steadily forged his way to the front as the representative man of letters of his time. In 1670 he was appointed to the two distinct offices of poet laureate and historiographer royal. Thenceforward his relations with the court became close, and so they did not cease to be until the expulsion of James II. In 1683 he received a further mark of royal favor, in being made collector of customs of the port of London. In the political controversies which subsequently arose, Dryden's writings faithfully represented the sentiments of the side he had chosen, and expressed their prejudices and aversions not merely with force but also with virulence. His first literary activity, however, was on neutral ground. After eighteen years of compulsory closing, the Restoration opened wide once more the doors of the theater. Dryden, like everyone else possessed of literary ability, began to write for the stage. His first play, a comedy entitled 'The Wild Gallant,' was brought out in February 1663; and for the eighteen years following, it was compositions of such nature that occupied the main portion of his literary life. During that time he produced wholly or in part twenty-two comedies and tragedies. His pieces must from the outset have met with a fair degree of success, otherwise the King's Company would not have entered into a contract with him, as it did in 1667, to furnish for them each year a fixed number of plays, in consideration of his receiving a certain share of the profits of the theater.

Yet it cannot be said that Dryden was in any respect a dramatist of a high order. As a writer of comedy he was not only inferior to contemporaries and immediate successors like Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, but in certain ways he was surpassed by Shadwell, the very man whom he himself has consigned to a disagreeable immortality as the hero of the 'MacFlecknoe.' His comedies are not merely full of obscenity, which seems to have been a necessary ingredient to suit them to the taste of the age, but they are full of a peculiarly disagreeable obscenity. One of his worst offenses in this direction, and altogether his most impudent one, was his adaptation for the stage of Shakespeare's 'Tempest.' The two plays are worth reading together for the sake of seeing how easily a pure and perfect creation of genius can be vulgarized in

language and spirit almost beyond the possibility of recognition. In his tragedies, however, Dryden was much more successful. Yet even these, in spite of the excellence of occasional passages, do not attain to a high rank. Indeed, thought and expression are at times extravagant, not to stay stilted, to an extent which afterward led him himself to make them the subject of ridicule. It was in them, however, during these years that he perfected by degrees his mastery of heroic verse, of which later he was to display the capabilities in a way that had never previously been seen and has never since been surpassed.

A controversy in regard to the proper method of composing plays brought forward Dryden, at an early period in his literary career, as a writer of prose. In this he at once attained unusual eminence. In him appear for the first time united the two characters of poet and of critic. Ben Jonson had in a measure preceded him in this respect; but Jonson's criticism was not so much devoted to the examination of general principles as to the exposure of the hopeless, helpless obtuseness of the men who had a different opinion of his works from what he himself entertained. The questions discussed by Dryden were of a more general nature. With the Stuarts had come in French literary tastes and French literary methods. The age was supposed to be too refined to be pleased with what had satisfied the coarse palates of preceding generations. In stage-writing in particular, the doctrine of the unities, almost uniformly violated by Shakespeare and most of the Elizabethans, was now held up as the only correct method of composition that could be employed by any writer who sought to conform to the true principles of art. Along with this came the substitution in the drama of rhyme for blank verse. Upon the comparative merits of these two as employed in tragedy, arose the first controversy in which Dryden was engaged. This one was with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard; for in 1663 Dryden had become the husband of the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, thus marrying, as Pope expressed it, "misery in a noble wife." Dryden was an advocate of rhyme; and the controversy on this point began with the publication in 1668 of his 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy.' It was afterward carried on by both parties, in prefaces to the plays they successively published. The prefaces to these productions regularly became later the place where Dryden laid down his critical doctrines on all points that engaged his attention; and whether we agree with his views or not, we are always sure to be charmed with the manner in which they are expressed.

In 1667 Dryden published a long poem entitled 'Annus Mirabilis.' It was in the same measure as the stanzas on Oliver Cromwell. It gave him a good deal of reputation at the time; but though it is far from being a despicable performance, few there are now who read it and still fewer who re-read it. Far different has been the fate of his next work. It was not until 1681, when England was beginning to emerge slowly from the excitement and agitation growing out of the alleged Popish Plot, that he brought out his 'Absalom and Achitophel,' without question the greatest combined poetical and political

satire to be found in our tongue. Here it was that for the first time he fully displayed his mastery over heroic verse. The notion once widely prevalent — for the vogue of which, indeed, Dryden himself is mainly responsible — that Waller and Denham brought this verse to perfection, it now requires both extensive and special ignorance of our earlier authors to entertain; there seems to be no question but that he himself imparted to the line a variety, vigor, and sustained majesty of movement such as the verse in its modern form had never previously received. There is therefore a fairly full measure of truth in the lines in which he was characterized by Pope: —

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine.

These lines of Pope, it may be added, exemplify purposely two peculiarities of Dryden's versification — the occasional use of the triplet instead of the regular couplet, and of the Alexandrine, or line of six feet, in place of the usual line of five.

The poem is largely an attack upon the Earl of Shaftesbury, who in it bears the title of Achitophel. The portrayal of this statesman, which is given in this volume, is ample evidence of that skill of the poet in characterization which has made the pictures he drew immortal. Perhaps even more effective was the description of the Duke of Buckingham, under the designation of Zimri. For attacking that nobleman Dryden had both political and personal reasons. Buckingham had now joined the opponents of the court. Ten years previously the poet himself had been brought by him on the stage, with the aid of others, in the play called 'The Rehearsal.' His usual actions had been mimicked, his usual expressions had been put into the mouth of the character created to represent him, who was styled Bayes. This title had been given him because Dryden figuratively wore the bays, or laurel, as poet laureate. The name henceforward stuck. Dryden's turn had now come; and it was in these following lines that he drew the unfaded and fadeless picture of this nobleman, whose reputation even then was notorious rather than famous, and whose intellect was motley-minded rather than versatile: —

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the front rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long,
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;

Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
 So over-violent or over-civil
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.

As an example of the loftier and more majestic style occasionally found in this poem, is the powerful appeal of Achitophel to Absalom. The latter, it is to be said, stands for the Duke of Monmouth, the eldest of the illegitimate sons of Charles II. Him many of the so-called country party, now beginning to be styled Whigs, were endeavoring to have recognized as the next successor to the throne, in place of the Roman Catholic brother of the king, James, Duke of York. As a favorite son of the monarch, he, though then in opposition, is treated tenderly by Dryden throughout; and this feeling is plainly visible in the opening of the address to him put into the mouth of Achitophel, in these words: —

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
 Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
 Thy longing country's darling and desire,
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire,
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas and shows the promised land,
 Whose dawning day in every distant age
 Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage,
 The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
 The young men's vision and the old men's dream —
 Thee saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
 And never satisfied with seeing, bless.

Dryden followed up the attack upon Shaftesbury with a poem entitled 'The Medal.' This satire, which appeared in March 1682, was called forth by the action of the partisans of the Whig leader in having a medal struck commemorating his release from the Tower, after the grand jury had thrown out the charge of treason which had been brought against him. Both of these pieces were followed by a host of replies. Some of them did not refrain from

personal attack, which indeed had a certain justification in the poet's own violence of denunciation. The most abusive of these was a poem by Thomas Shadwell, entitled 'The Medal of John Bayes.' Such persons as fancy Dryden's subsequent punishment of that dramatist unwarranted in its severity should in justice read this ferociously scurrilous diatribe, in which every charge against the poet that malice or envy had concocted and rumor had set afloat, was here industriously raked together; and to the muck-heap thus collected, the intimacy of previous acquaintance was doubtless enabled to contribute its due quota of malignant assertion and more malignant insinuation. Shadwell was soon supplied, however, with ample reason to regret his action. Dryden's first and best known rejoinder is 'MacFlecknoe, or a Satire on the True Blue Protestant Poet T. S.' This production has always had the reputation in literature of being the severest personal satire in the language; but it requires now for its appreciation an intimate acquaintance with Shadwell's plays, which very few possess. It is further disfigured in places by a coarseness from which, indeed, none of the poet's writings were certain to be free. Its general spirit can be indicated by a brief extract from its opening paragraph. Flecknoe, it is to be said, was a feeble poet who had died a few years before. He is here represented as having long reigned over the kingdom of dullness, but knowing that his end was close at hand, determines to settle the succession to the State. Accordingly he fixes upon his son Shadwell as the one best fitted to take his place in ruling over the realm of nonsense, and in continuing the war with wit and sense. The announcement of his intention he begins in the following words: —

— 'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Far more bitter, however, was the renewed attack which a month later Dryden inserted in the two hundred lines he contributed to the continuation of 'Absalom and Achitophel' that was written by Nahum Tate. In this second part, which came out in November 1682, he devoted himself in particular to two of his opponents, Settle and Shadwell, under the names respectively of Doeg and Og — "two fools," he says, in his energetic way —

That crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who by my Muse to all succeeding times
Shall live in spite of their own doggerel rhymes.

Of Settle, whose poetry was possessed of much smoothness but little sense, he spoke in a tone of contemptuous good-nature, though the object of the attack must certainly have deemed the tender mercies of Dryden to be cruel. It was in this way he was described, to quote a few lines: —

Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason —
This animal's below committing treason:
Shall he be hanged who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel. . . .
Let him rail on; let his invective Muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offense.

But it was not till he came to the portraiture of Shadwell that he gave full vent to the ferocity of his satire. He taunted him with the unwieldiness of his bulk, the grossness of his habits, with his want of wealth, and finally closed up with some lines into which he concentrated all the venom of his previous attacks: —

But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
He never was a poet of God's making.
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing — *Be thou dull*;
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do anything but write.
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;
A strong nativity — but for the pen;
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayest live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason, botched in rhyme, will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck. . . .
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy King expressed,
Thy praises had been satires at the best;

But thou in clumsy verse, unlicked, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed.
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of King David's foes be this the doom —
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes may this their blessing be —
To talk like Doeg and to write like thee.

Refinement of tone is not the distinguishing characteristic of satire of this sort. It does not attack its object by delicate insinuation or remote suggestion. It operates by heavy downright blows which crush by the mere weight and power of the stroke. There was in truth in those days a certain brutality not only permitted but expected in the way men spoke of each other, and Dryden conformed in this as in other respects to the manners and methods of his age. But of its kind the attack is perfect. The blows of a bludgeon which make of the victim a shapeless mass kill as effectively as the steel or poison which leaves every feature undisturbed, and to the common apprehension it serves to render the killing more manifest. At any rate, so long as a person has been done to death, it makes comparatively little difference how the death was brought about; and the object in this instance of Dryden's attack, though a man of no mean abilities, has never recovered from the demolition which his reputation then underwent.

In 1685 Charles II died, and his brother James ascended the throne. In the following year Dryden went over to the Roman Catholic Church. No act of his life has met with severer censure. Nor can there be any doubt that the time he took to change his religion afforded ground for distrusting the sincerity of his motives. A king was on the throne who was straining every nerve to bring the Church of England once more under the sway of the Church of Rome. Obviously the adoption of the latter faith would recommend the poet to the favor of the bigoted monarch, and tend to advance his personal interests. There is no wonder, therefore, that he should at the time have been accused of being actuated by the unworthiest of reasons, and that the charge should continue to be repeated to our day. Yet a close study of Dryden's life and writings indicates that the step he took was a natural if not an inevitable outcome of the processes through which his opinions had been passing. He had been early trained in the strict tenets of the Puritan party. From these he had been carried over to the loose beliefs and looser life that followed everywhere hard upon the Restoration. By the sentiments then prevailing he was profoundly affected. Nothing in the writings of the first half of his literary life is more marked — not even his flings at matrimony — than the scoffing way in which he usually spoke of the clergy. His tone towards them

is almost always contemptuous, where it is not positively vituperative. His famous political satire began with this line —

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin —

and a little later in the course of the same poem he observed that —

Fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade,

the "sacrificer" here denoting the priest. This feeling toward the clergy never in truth deserted him entirely. But no one who reads carefully his 'Religio Laici,' a poem published in 1682, can fail to perceive that even then he had not only drifted far away from the faith of his childhood, but had begun to be tormented and perplexed by the insoluble problems connected with the life and destiny of man, and with his relations to his Creator. The subject was not likely to weigh less heavily upon him in the years that followed. To Dryden, as to many before and since, it may have seemed the easiest method of deliverance from the difficulties in which he found himself involved, to cast the burden of doubts which disquieted the mind and depressed the heart upon a Church that undertakes to assume the whole responsibility for the man's future on condition of his yielding to it an unquestioning faith in the present.

An immediate result of his conversion was the production in 1687 of one of his most deservedly famous poems, 'The Hind and the Panther.' He began it with the idea of assisting in bringing about the reconciliation between the Panther, typifying the Church of England, and the Hind, typifying the Church of Rome. It is apparent that before he finished it he saw that the project was hopeless. It is a poem of over twenty-five hundred lines, of which the opening up to line 150 is printed in this volume. Part of the passage here cited contains, without professing it as an object, and probably without intending it, the best defense that could be made for his change of religion. The production in its entirety is remarkable for the skill which its author displayed in carrying on an argument in verse. In this he certainly had no superior among poets, perhaps no equal. The work naturally created a great sensation in those days of fierce political and religious controversy. Both it and its writer were made the object of constant attack. A criticism, in particular, appeared upon it in the shape of a dialogue in prose with snatches of verse interspersed. It is usually known by the title of 'The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse,' and was exalted at the time by unreasoning partisanship into a wonderful performance. Even to the present day, this dreary specimen of polemics is described as a very witty work by those who have never struggled to read it. It was the production of Charles Montagu, the future Earl of Halifax, and of Matthew Prior. A story too is still constantly repeated that

Dryden was much hurt by the attacks of these two young men, to whom he had been kind, and wept over their ingratitude. If he shed any tears at all upon the occasion, they must have been due to the mortification he felt that any two persons who had been admitted to his friendship should have been guilty of twaddle so desperately tedious.

The flight of James and the accession of William and Mary threw Dryden at once out of the favor of the court, upon which to a large extent he had long depended for support. As a Jacobite he could not take the oath of allegiance; but there is hardly any doubt that under any circumstances he would have been deprived of the offices of place and profit he held. In the laureateship he was succeeded by his old antagonist Shadwell; and within a few years he saw the dignity of the position still further degraded by the appointment to it of Nahum Tate, one of the worst of the long procession of poetasters who have filled it. Dryden henceforth belonged to the party out of power. His feelings about his changed relations are shown plainly in the fine epistle with which he consoled Congreve for the failure of his comedy of 'The Double Dealer.' Yet displaced and unpensioned, and sometimes the object of hostile attack, his literary supremacy was more absolute than ever. All young authors, whether Whigs or Tories, sought his society and courted his favor; and his seat at Will's coffe-house was the throne from which he swayed the literary scepter of England.

After the revolution of 1688 Dryden gave himself entirely up to authorship. He first turned to the stage; and between 1690 and 1694 he produced five plays. With the failure in the last-mentioned year of his tragi-comedy called 'Love Triumphant,' he abandoned writing for the theater. The period immediately following he devoted mainly to his translation of Vergil, which was published in 1697. It was highly successful; but far more reputation came to him from a large folio volume that was brought out in November 1699, under the title of 'Fables.' Its contents consisted mainly of poetical narratives founded upon certain stories of the 'Decameron,' and of the modernization of some of the 'Canterbury Tales.' In certain ways these have been his most successful pieces, and have made his name familiar to successive generations of readers. Of the tales from Boccaccio, that of 'Cymon and Iphigenia' is on the whole the most pleasing. The modernizations of Chaucer were long regarded as superior to the original; and though superior knowledge of the original has effectually banished that belief, there is on the other hand no justification for the derogatory terms which are now sometimes applied to Dryden's versions.

The verse in this volume was preceded by a long critical essay in prose. Many of its views, especially those about the language of Chaucer, have been long discarded; but the criticism will always be read with pleasure for the genial spirit and sound sense which pervade it, and the unstudied ease with

which it is written. Cowley and Dryden are in fact the founders of modern English prose; and the influence of the latter has been much greater than that of the former, inasmuch as he touched upon a far wider variety of topics, and for that reason obtained a far larger circle of readers in the century following his death. There was also the same steady improvement in Dryden's critical taste that there was in his poetical expression. His admiration for Shakespeare constantly improved during his whole life; and it is to be noticed that in what is generally regarded as the best of his plays — 'All for Love,' brought out in the winter of 1677-78 — he of his own accord abandoned rhyme for blank verse.

The publication of the 'Fables' was Dryden's last appearance before the public. In the following year, 1700, he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of Chaucer and Cowley. After his death his fame steadily increased instead of diminishing. For a long period his superiority in his particular line was ungrudgingly conceded by all, or if contested, was contested by Pope alone. His poetry indeed is not of the highest kind, though usually infinitely superior to that of his detractors. Still his excellences were those of the intellect and not of the spirit. On the higher planes of thought and feeling he rarely moves; to the highest he never aspires. The nearest he ever approaches to the former is in his later work, where religious emotion or religious zeal has lent to expression the aid of its intensity. There is a striking example of this in the personal references to his own experiences in the lines cited below from 'The Hind and the Panther.' Something too of the same spirit can be found, expressed in lofty language, in the following passage from the same poem, descriptive of the unity of the Church of Rome as contrasted with the numerous warring sects into which the Protestant body is divided: —

One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond,
Not sparkles shattered into sects like you:
One is the Church, and must be to be true,
One central principle of unity.
As undivided, so from errors free;
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics opposed from age to age;
Still when the giant brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven and meets them half-way down,
And with paternal thunders vindicates her crown. . . .
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are watered by her wealthy tides.

The gospel sound diffused from Pole to Pole,
 Where winds can carry and where waves can roll,
 The selfsame doctrine of the sacred page
 Conveyed to every clime, in every age.

But though Dryden's poetry is not of the highest class, it is of the very highest kind in its class. Wherever the pure intellect comes into play, there he is invariably excellent. There is never any weakness; there is never any vagueness; there is never any deviation from the true path into aimless digression. His words invariably go straight to the mark, and not infrequently with a directness and force that fully merit the epithet of "burning" applied to them by the poet Gray. His thoughts always rise naturally out of the matter in hand; and in the treatment of the meanest subjects he is not only never mean, but often falls without apparent effort into a felicity of phrase which holds the attention and implants itself in the memory. The benefit of exercise, for instance, is not a topic that can be deemed highly poetical; but in his epistle on country life addressed to his cousin John Dryden, the moment he comes to speak of hunting and its salutary results his expression at once leaves the commonplace, and embodies the thought in these pointed lines: —

So lived our sires, ere doctors learned to kill,
 And multiply with theirs the weekly bill.
 The first physicians by debauch were made;
 Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade. . . .
 By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
 Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood:
 But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
 Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
 Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
 Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
 The wise for cure on exercise depend;
 God never made his work for man to mend.

In a similar way in 'Cymon and Iphigenia' the contempt which Dryden, in common with the Tories of his time, felt for the English militia force, found vent in the following vigorous passage, really descriptive of them and their conduct though the scene is laid in Rhodes: —

The country rings around with loud alarms,
 And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
 Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense,
 In peace a charge, in war a weak defense;

Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
 And ever, but in times of need, at hand:
 This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
 Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepared
 Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

In a world where what is feeble in expression is so often supposed to indicate peculiar delicacy; where what is vague is so often deemed peculiarly poetical; and where what is involved and crabbed and hard to comprehend is thought to denote peculiar profundity—it is a pleasure to turn to a writer with a rank settled by the consensus of successive generations, who thought clearly and wrote forcibly, who knew always what he had to say and then said it with directness and power. There are greater poets than he; but so long as men continue to delight in vividness of expression, in majesty of numbers, in masculine strength and all-abounding vigor, so long will Dryden continue to hold his present high place among English authors.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY

[This essay, which is remarkable both for its excellent prose style and for its sound critical judgment, is cast in the form of a discussion, in which four characters take part: Eugenius (Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, who later became Earl of Dorset and Earl of Middlesex), Crites (Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law), Lisideius, (Sir Charles Sedley), and Neander (Dryden himself). The dialogue is supposed to take place in a barge on the River Thames, on June 3, 1665, when the Dutch fleet came up the Thames and were driven back when they were within hearing of the city—the last time London heard an enemy's guns until after the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. The discussion turns first upon the old quarrel of the relative superiority of ancient and modern poets, and is then restricted to dramatic poetry. The introductory paragraphs illustrate the ease of Dryden's prose style; the latter passages give his opinions of his predecessors in drama.]

IT was that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch—a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe. While these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against

each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of his royal highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the enemies, the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city; so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him. And leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Among the rest, it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius, and Neander, to be in company together: three of them persons whom their wit and quality have made known to all the town; and whom I have chosen to hide under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired; after which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then every one favoring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets.

After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory: adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

When the rest had concurred in the same opinion, Crites (a person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat a too delicate taste in wit, which the world have mistaken in him for ill nature), said, smiling to us, that if the concernment of this battle had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wished the victory at the price he knew he must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made on that subject. Adding, that no argument could 'scape some of those eternal rimers, who watch a battle with more diligence than the ravens and birds of prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the quarry; while the better able, either out of modesty writ not at all, or set that due value upon their poems, as to let them be often desired, and long expected.

There are some of those impertinent people of whom you speak (answered Lisideius) who, to my knowledge, are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not only a panegyric upon the victory, but, if need be, a

funeral elegy on the duke; wherein, after they have crowned his valor with many laurels, they will at last deplore the odds under which he fell, concluding, that his courage deserved a better destiny. . . .

As Neander was beginning to examine 'The Silent Woman,' Eugenius, earnestly regarding him: I beseech you, Neander (said he), gratify the company, and me in particular, so far as, before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?

I fear (replied Neander) that, in obeying your commands, I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior.

To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

[As the cypresses tower above low-growing shrubs.]

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equaled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem, was their *Philaster*; for before that, they had written two or

three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humor*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theater ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humor also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or

father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

ACHITOPHEL¹

From 'Absalom and Achitophel'

THIS plot, which failed for want of common-sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
 For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And every hostile humor, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
 So several factions from this first ferment
 Work up to foam, and threat the government.
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
 Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
 Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were raised in power and public office high;
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
 Of these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:
 For close designs and crooked councils fit;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;

¹ Lord Shaftesbury.

Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seized with fear yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offense be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the Crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the Crown, and skulked behind the laws.

The wished occasion of the plot he takes;
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
 Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
 Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
 And proves the king himself a Jebusite.

FROM 'THE HIND AND THE PANTHER'

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
 Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
 And Scythian shafts, and many wingèd wounds
 Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
 And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
 Not so her young; for their unequal line
 Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
 Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
 The immortal part assumed immortal state.
 Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
 Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose
 And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
 Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
 So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
 A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
 With grief and gladness mixed, their mother viewed
 Her martyred offspring and their race renewed;
 Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
 Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
 And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
 The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
 By sovereign power, her company disdained,
 Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
 'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
 They had not time to take a steady sight;
 For truth has such a face and such a mien

As to be loved needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear, an independent beast,
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate expressed.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
Mimicked all sects and had his own to choose;
Still when the Lion looked, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place,
And mountains leveled in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betrayed,
With broken tusks and with a borrowed name,
He shunned the vengeance and concealed the shame,
So lurked in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil;
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus nursed,
His impious race their blasphemy renewed,
And Nature's King through Nature's optics viewed;
Reversed they viewed him lessened to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God descry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than thy self revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;

Be thine the glory and be mine the shame!
 Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
 What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
 Can I believe eternal God could lie
 Disguised in mortal mold and infancy,
 That the great Maker of the world could die?
 And after that, trust my imperfect sense
 Which calls in question his omnipotence?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel,
 And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
 Superior faculties are set aside;
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers show the sun his way;
 For what my senses can themselves perceive
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they, who say the Host should be descried
 By sense, define a body glorified,
 Impassible, and penetrating parts?
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through the opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before his train confessed in open sight.
 For since thus wondrously he passed, 'tis plain
 One single place two bodies did contain;
 And sure the same omnipotence as well
 Can make one body in more places dwell.
 Let Reason then at her own quarry fly;
 But how can finite grasp infinity?
 'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence
 By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
 And thence concluded, that our sense must be
 The motive still of credibility.
 For latter ages must on former wait,
 And what began belief must propagate.
 But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
 'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
 Were all those wonders wrought by power Divine
 As means or ends of some more deep design?
 Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
 To prove the Godhead of the Eternal Son.
 God thus asserted: Man is to believe
 Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,

And for mysterious things of faith rely
 On the proponent Heaven's authority.
 If then our faith we for our guide admit,
 Vain is the farther search of human wit;
 As when the building gains a surer stay,
 We take the unuseful scaffolding away.
 Reason by sense no more can understand;
 The game is played into another hand.
 Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
 Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
 When safely we may launch into the deep?
 In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
 Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
 And with a better guide a better world explore.
 Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood
 And not veil these again to be our food?
 His grace in both is equal in extent;
 The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
 And if he can, why all this frantic pain
 To construe what his clearest words contain,
 And make a riddle what he made so plain?
 To take up half on trust and half to try,
 Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
 Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
 To pay great sums and to compound the small,
 For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?
 Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
 Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
 Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss;
 The bank above must fail before the venture miss.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONGREVE

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED 'THE DOUBLE DEALER'

WELL then, the promised hour is come at last;
 The present age of wit obscures the past:
 Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ;
 Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit:
 Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
 And thus, when Charles returned, our empire stood.
 Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manured,

With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
 Tamed us to manners, when the stage was rude,
 And boisterous English wit with art endued.
 Our age was cultivated thus at length,
 But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
 Our builders were with want of genius curst;
 The second temple was not like the first;
 Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
 Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
 Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
 The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space;
 Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
 In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
 He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.
 Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
 Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
 In differing talents both adorned their age
 One for the study, t'other for the stage.
 But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
 One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
 In him all beauties of this age we see:
 Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
 The satire, wit and strength of manly Wycherley.
 All this in blooming youth you have achieved;
 Nor are your foiled contemporaries grieved.
 So much the sweetness of your manners move,
 We cannot envy you, because we love.
 Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
 A beardless Consul made against the law,
 And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
 Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
 Thus old Romano bowed to Raphael's fame,
 And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustained!
 Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned:
 The father had descended for the son,
 For only you are lineal to the throne.
 Thus, when the State one Edward did depose,
 A greater Edward in his room arose:
 But now, not I, but poetry, is curst;
 For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
 But let them not mistake my patron's part,
 Nor call his charity their own desert.

Yet this I prophesy: Thou shalt be seen,
 Though with some short parenthesis between,
 High on the throne of wit, and seated there,
 Not mine — that's little — but thy laurel wear.
 Thy first attempt an early promise made;
 That early promise this has more than paid.
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That your least praise is to be regular.
 Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
 But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
 This is your portion, this your native store:
 Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
 To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
 Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;
 For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
 Already I am worn with cares and age,
 And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:
 Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
 I live a rent-charge on His providence:
 But you, whom every Muse and grace adorn,
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
 Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
 Against your judgment, your departed friend!
 Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
 But shade those laurels which descend to you:
 And take for tribute what these lines express;
 You merit more, nor could my love do less.

LINES PRINTED UNDER MILTON'S PORTRAIT

IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF THE 'PARADISE LOST,' 1688

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
 The next in majesty, in both the last:
 The force of Nature could no farther go;
 To make a third she joined the former two.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY: 1697

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
 (So should desert in arms be crowned).
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

II

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love).
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed:
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound
 A present deity, they shout around;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his woes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turn of chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

V

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honor but an empty bubble,
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying.
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
 Take the good the gods provide thee;
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

JOHN LOCKE

JOHN LOCKE, one of the greatest philosophers of English race, was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, England, on August 29, 1632. His father was a lawyer, and a captain in the Parliamentary army. John studied at Westminster School in London, and in 1651 became a member of Christ's College, Oxford, whence he was graduated in 1656. He remained at Oxford until 1664 as a lecturer. It was during a student metaphysical discussion in his rooms that the idea occurred to him that the only possible basis for sound judgment lay in an analysis of the ultimate possibilities of the human mind. This was the seed thought of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' which he worked over for more than twenty years and did not finish until 1687. It was these early Oxford years and his readings in Descartes which gave Locke his philosophical bent. In 1664 he entered the diplomatic service as secretary of legation at Berlin; afterwards he studied medicine at Berlin, but took no degree. This training, however, stood him in good stead when he entered the household of the Earl of Shaftesbury as physician and confidential agent, overseeing the education of the earl's son and grandson. This connection brought him into the society of Buckingham, Halifax, and other leaders; and when Shaftesbury became Lord Chancellor, Locke held office under him. Upon the former's downfall the philosopher was forced to leave the country, spending the years between 1675 and 1679 in France; mostly with Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom his chief work was dedicated. For the same reason, during the years 1683-89 he resided in Holland. The revolution of 1688 brought him back to England; and he held the office of Commissioner of Appeals, declining other posts because of age and failing health. Locke devoted much time in his last years to the study of the Scriptures. He died, a professing Christian, October 28, 1704.

He wrote a treatise on 'Civil Government,' and other books in which he pleaded for the rights of the folk against the captious power of rulers. He wrote a 'Treatise on Education,' worth pondering yet. He also drew up, for a commission of which Shaftesbury was one, the most grotesque curiosity in modern political history — the Constitution of Carolina. It was framed in the trough of the reaction which followed the downfall of Cromwell's military dictatorship, and whose leaders held popular liberties to be pregnant with revolutions, and was designed for a model State which should be free from such dangers by keeping the populace forever in subjection. The inhabitants were to be divided into four hereditary castes, the common people being serfs of the soil; and among other provisions, any one over seventeen not a member

of some church body was made an outlaw — which would have startled the Inquisition itself. The constitution was a dead letter from the start, as freemen did not emigrate to a savage country to turn into predial serfs, though a House of Magnates was of course easily got together; but it gave the infant province thirty years of anarchy and overflowing jails before it was withdrawn.

Locke's supreme work in philosophy was the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' which was published in 1690, four subsequent editions appearing during his life. This work, which gives him a place in the development of English metaphysics, and made his ideas influential in European thought — so that the eighteenth-century philosophers, French and English, based their arguments upon his conclusions — is the searching inductive investigation of the human intellect. He found the genesis of all thought in sensation; vigorously rejecting the notion of 'innate ideas,' so popular with all idealistic thinkers, before or since, whose theories are swayed by religious considerations. Using his famous figure, Locke likened the mind to a blank piece of paper, on which experience writes characters which stand for the material of all thinking done by man. Sensations are received, and then reflected on: from sensation objectively, and reflection subjectively, come all the data of knowledge. "I see no reason to believe that the soul thinks before the senses have furnished it with ideas to think on," he declared. Locke, in a wonderful way, foreran the modern psychological school which is prominent today. From him Hume and Kant built up their systems. He is only now seen in his true greatness. What makes him especially interesting to the student of literature is the fact that his prose is among the best of his time; remarkable for its lucidity, easy elegance, dignity, and modernness. Considering their subjects, his writings are conspicuously untechnical: they can be read with pleasure still.

Locke's personal character was high and most amiable; he was of excellent social talents, and his letters are full of a light and gay buoyancy which shows that he enjoyed writing them. A man of much social importance in his day, he is of permanent importance as an independent thinker, an original force in English philosophy, and a writer able to put before the world in an agreeable manner the results of a student's lifetime of intellectual labor.

PLEASURE AND PAIN

From the 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding'

THE infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the notion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given

a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention — to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds: but let our thoughts — if I may so call it — run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearance there as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy, lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure; and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, "that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us." This their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasures, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker; who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do and as advices to withdraw from them. But he, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath in many cases annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it — if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes — causes a very painful sensation: which is wisely and favorably so ordered by nature, that when any object does by the vehemency of its operation disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold as well as heat pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preser-

vation of life and the exercise of the several functions of the body; and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or if you please a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him "with whom there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

INJUDICIOUS HASTE IN STUDY

From the 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding'

THE eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge; and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie; and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river, woodland in one part and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it: but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor and thought and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that traveled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety — which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge — but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough thereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed, but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

IT has been said that the history of Sir Isaac Newton is also the history of science; yet the character of his life and work does not entirely exclude him from the category of men of letters. While his great book the 'Principia' is written in Latin and treats of mathematics, its tremendous scope and magnificent revelations entitle it to be placed without incongruity among those works which, like 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Divine Comedy,' have widened men's outlook into the universe. Milton and Dante dealt with the spiritual order of creation, Sir Isaac Newton with the material; yet to those who perceive an almost mystical significance in numbers — to whom mathematics are, in a sense, gateways to the unseen — the author of the 'Principia' and of the 'Treatise on Optics' will seem scarcely less a teacher than the poets.

The life of Sir Isaac Newton, in its harmony, in the smoothness of its course, in the perfection of its development, seems singularly expressive of the science to which it was dedicated. From the time when as a village boy he made water-wheels and kite-lanterns for his companions, to the hour when full of years and honors he passed away, the life of Newton was a series of orderly progresses towards a fixed goal.

He was born in Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, on December 25, 1642. His father, who had died before his birth, had been lord and farmer of the little manor of Woolsthorpe. Newton's mother designed that he should perform the same office, removing him from Grantham School for this purpose when he was about fifteen years old. Newton soon showed that the yeoman's life was not congenial to him. He would read a book under a hedge, or construct a water-wheel for the meadow brook, while the sheep strayed and the cattle were treading down the corn. He was therefore sent back to the school, where he had already earned a reputation for industry. If the legend be true, his first stimulus to study was a well-directed kick in the stomach delivered by the boy next above him in class. It was characteristic of his gentle nature that the only path of revenge open to him was through his superior intellect. From Grantham School, Newton went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1660. His mathematical genius soon manifested itself. About the year 1663 he invented the formula known as the Binomial Theorem, by which he afterwards established his method of fluxions. He had been admitted to Cambridge as a subsizar. He became a scholar in 1664, and in 1665 he took his degree as Bachelor of Arts. In 1667 he was made Junior Fellow, and in 1668 he took his Master of Arts degree, and was appointed to a Senior Fellowship. In 1669 he became Lucasian professor of mathematics. In the eight years between

Newton's admission to the University and his promotion to this chair, the germs of his great discoveries had come into existence. During his long after life they were but brought to a perfect development. The keystone of the 'Principia,' the principle of Universal Gravitation — that every particle of matter is attracted by or gravitates to every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances — this principle had suggested itself to Newton as early as 1666; but the great work in which it was embodied was not presented to the Royal Society until 1687. The 'Treatise on Optics' was based on Newton's Cambridge experiments with the prism and with the telescope, which had led to his being made a member of the Royal Society in 1672. He was obliged to contend with the most noted scientists of his time for the principle of this book — that light is not homogeneous but consists of rays, some of which are more refrangible than others. His triumph was as much a matter of course as the workings of natural law. His contemporaries accepted his conclusions when they realized that he was more deeply in the secret of the universe than any man had ever been.

The honors accorded to him were numerous. In 1688 he was elected by his university to the Convention Parliament. In 1696 he was made Warden, and in 1699 Master of the Mint. In 1701 he was again returned to Parliament. He was made president of the Royal Society in 1703. In 1705 he was knighted by Queen Anne. Upon his death in 1727, he was buried in Westminster Abbey in the state befitting his princely endowments.

The words of Newton shortly before his death, that he seemed to himself "like a boy playing on the sea-shore, diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him," are significant of his habitual humility.

LETTER TO FRANCIS ASTOR IN 1669

SINCE in your letter you give me so much liberty of spending my judgment about what may be to your advantage in traveling, I shall do it more freely than perhaps otherwise would have been decent. First, then, I will lay down some general rules, most of which, I believe, you have considered already: but if any of them be new to you, they may excuse the rest; if none at all, yet is my punishment more in writing than yours in reading.

When you come into any fresh company: — 1. Observe their humors. 2. Suit your own carriage thereto, by which insinuation you will make their converse more free and open. 3. Let your discourse be more in queries and doubtings than peremptory assertions or disputings; it being the design of travelers to learn, not to teach. Besides it will persuade your acquaintance that you have the greater esteem of them, and so make them more ready to communicate what they know to you; whereas nothing sooner occasions disrespect

and quarrels than peremptoriness. You will find little or no advantage in seeming wiser or much more ignorant than your company. 4. Seldom commend anything though never so bad, or do it but moderately, lest you be unexpectedly forced to an unhandsome retraction. It is safer to commend anything more than it deserves, than to discommend a thing so much as it deserves; for commendations meet not so often with oppositions, or at least are not usually so ill resented by men that think otherwise, as discommendations: and you will insinuate into men's favor by nothing sooner than seeming to approve and commend what they like; but beware of doing it by comparison. 5. If you be affronted, it is better, in a foreign country, to pass it by in silence and with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge: for in the first case, your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrel; but in the second case, you may bear the marks of the quarrel while you live, if you outlive it at all. But if you find yourself unavoidably engaged, 'tis best I think, if you can command your passion and language, to keep them pretty evenly at some certain moderate pitch; not much heightening them to exasperate your adversary, or provoke his friends, nor letting them grow overmuch dejected to make him insult. In a word, if you can keep reason above passion, that and watchfulness will be your best defendants. To which purpose you may consider, that though such excuses as this—He provoked me so much I could not forbear—may pass among friends, yet amongst strangers they are insignificant, and only argue a traveler's weakness.

To these I may add some general heads for inquiries or observations, such as at present I can think on. As—1. To observe the policies, wealth, and state affairs of nations, so far as a solitary traveler may conveniently do. 2. Their impositions upon all sorts of people, trades, or commodities, that are remarkable. 3. Their laws and customs, how far they differ from ours. 4. Their trades and arts, wherein they excel or come short of us in England. 5. Such fortifications as you shall meet with, their fashion, strength, and advantages for defense, and other such military affairs as are considerable. 6. The power and respect belonging to their degrees of nobility or magistracy. 7. It will not be time misspent to make a catalogue of the names and excellencies of those men that are most wise, learned, or esteemed in any nation. 8. Observe the mechanism and manner of guiding ships. 9. Observe the products of nature in several places, especially in mines, with the circumstances of mining and of extracting metals or minerals out of their ore, and of refining them; and if you meet with any transmutations out of their own species into another (as out of iron into copper, out of any metal into quicksilver, out of one salt into another, or into an insipid body, etc.), those above all will be worth your noting, being the most luciferous, and many times luciferous experiments too, in philosophy. 10. The prices of diet and other things. 11. And the staple commodities of places.

These generals (such as at present I could thing of), if they will serve for nothing else, yet they may assist you in drawing up a model to regulate your travels by. As for particulars, these that follow are all that I can now think of; — *viz.*, 1. Whether at Schemnitium in Hungary (where there are mines of gold, copper, iron, vitriol, antimony, etc.) they change iron into copper by dissolving it in a vitriolate water, which they find in cavities of rocks in the mines, and then melting the slimy solution in a strong fire, which in the cooling proves copper. The like is said to be done in other places which I cannot now remember; perhaps too it may be done in Italy. For about twenty or thirty years ago there was a certain vitriol came from thence (called Roman vitriol), but of a nobler virtue than that which is now called by that name; which vitriol is not now to be gotten, because perhaps they make a greater gain by some such trick as turning iron into copper with it than by selling it. 2. Whether in Hungary, Slavonia, Bohemia, near the town Eila, or at the mountains of Bohemia near Silesia, there be rivers whose waters are impregnated with gold; perhaps, the gold being dissolved by some corrosive water like *aqua regis*, and the solution carried along with the stream that runs through the mines. And whether the practice of laying mercury in the rivers, till it be tinged with gold, and then straining the mercury through leather, that the gold may stay behind, be a secret yet, or openly practised. 3. There is newly contrived, in Holland, a mill to grind glasses plane withal, and I think polishing them too; perhaps it will be worth the while to see it. 4. There is in Holland one Borry, who some years since was imprisoned by the Pope, to have extorted from him secrets (as I am told) of great worth, both as to medicine and profit; but he escaped into Holland, where they have granted him a guard. I think he usually goes clothed in green. Pray inquire what you can of him, and whether his ingenuity be any profit to the Dutch. You may inform yourself whether the Dutch have any tricks to keep their ships from being all worm-eaten in their voyages to the Indies; whether pendulum clocks do any service in finding out the longitude, etc.

I am very weary, and shall not stay to part with a long compliment; only I wish you a good journey, and God be with you.

FROM 'MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES'

Book iii of the 'Principia'

THIS most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if the fixed stars are the centers of other like systems, these, being formed by the like wise counsel, must be all subject to the dominion of One; especially since the light of the fixed stars is of the same nature

with the light of the sun, and from every system light passes into all the other systems: and lest the systems of the fixed stars should, by their gravity, fall on each other mutually, he hath placed those systems at immense distances one from another.

This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all; and on account of his dominion he is wont to be called Lord God, ἡ ἀντοκράτωρ, or *Universal Ruler*: for *God* is a relative word, and has a respect to servants; and *Deity* is the dominion of God not over his own body, as those imagine who fancy God to be the soul of the world, but over servants. The Supreme God is a Being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect; but a being, however perfect, without dominion, cannot be said to be Lord God; for we say, my God, your God, the God of *Israel*, the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords: but we do not say, my Eternal, your Eternal, the Eternal of *Israel*, the Eternal of Gods; we do not say, my Infinite, or my Perfect: these are titles which have no respect to servants. The word *God* usually signifies *Lord*; but every lord is not a God. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God: a true, supreme, or imaginary dominion makes a true, supreme, or imaginary God. And from his true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being; and from his other perfections, that he is supreme, or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration reaches from eternity to eternity; his presence from infinity to infinity; he governs all things, and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite; he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures for ever, and is everywhere present; and by existing always and everywhere, he constitutes duration and space. Since every particle of space is *always*, and every indivisible moment of duration is *everywhere*, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be *never* and *nowhere*. Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, coexistent parts in space, but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man, or his thinking principle; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man, so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially*; for virtue cannot subsist without substance. In him are all things contained and moved; yet neither affects the other. God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies; bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God. It is allowed by all that the Supreme God exists necessarily; and by the same necessity he exists *always* and *everywhere*. Whence also he is all similar — all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power to perceive, to understand, and to act; but in a manner not at all human, in a manner not at all corporeal, in a manner utterly unknown to us. As a blind

man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen, nor heard, nor touched; nor ought he to be worshiped under the representation of any corporeal thing. We have ideas of his attributes, but what the real substance of anything is we know not. In bodies, we see only their figures and colors, we hear only the sounds, we touch only their outward surfaces, we smell only the smells, and taste the savors; but their inward substances are not to be known either by our senses, or by any reflex act of our minds: much less, then, have we any idea of the substance of God. We know him only by his most wise and excellent contrivances of things, and final causes: we admire him for his perfections; but we reverence and adore him on account of his dominion: for we adore him as his servants; and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes, is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things. All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing. But by way of allegory, God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which, though not perfect, has some likeness however. And thus much concerning God: to discourse of whom from the appearances of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy.

Hitherto we have explained the phenomena of the heavens and of our sea by the power of gravity, but have not yet assigned the cause of this power. This is certain, that it must proceed from a cause that penetrates to the very centers of the sun and planets, without suffering the least diminution of its force; that operates not according to the quantity of the surfaces of the particles upon which it acts (as mechanical causes use to do), but according to the quantity of the solid matter which they contain, and propagates its virtue on all sides to immense distances decreasing always in the duplicate proportion of the distances. Gravitation towards the sun is made up out of the gravitations towards the several particles of which the body of the sun is composed: and in receding from the sun decreases accurately in the duplicate proportion of the distances as far as the orb of Saturn, as evidently appears from the quiescence of the aphelions of the planets; nay, and even to the remotest aphelions of the comets, if those aphelions are also quiescent. But hitherto I have not been able to discover the cause of those properties of gravity from phenomena, and I frame no hypotheses: for whatever is not deduced from the phenomena, is to be called an hypothesis; and hypotheses, whether metaphysical or physical, whether of occult qualities or mechanical, have no place in experimental philosophy. In this philosophy particular propositions are inferred from the phenomena, and afterwards rendered general by induction. Thus it was

that the impenetrability, the mobility, and the impulsive force of bodies, and the laws of motion and of gravitation, were discovered. And to us it is enough that gravity does really exist, and act according to the laws which we have explained, and abundantly serves to account for all the motions of the celestial bodies, and of our sea.

And now we might add something concerning a certain most subtle Spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies: by the force and action of which Spirit the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances, and cohere, if contiguous; and electric bodies operate to greater distances, as well repelling as attracting the neighboring corpuscles; and light is emitted, reflected, refracted, inflected, and heats bodies; and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will — namely, by the vibrations of this Spirit, mutually propagated along the solid filaments of the nerves, from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain into the muscles. But these are things that cannot be explained in few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic Spirit operates.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

CONGREVE was the most brilliant of all the English dramatists of the later Stuart period. Born at Bardsley, near Leeds, in 1670, he passed his childhood and youth in Ireland, and was sent to the University of Dublin, where he was highly educated; and on finishing his classical studies he went to London to study law and was entered at the Middle Temple. He had two ambitions, not altogether reconcilable — to shine in literature and to shine in society. His good birth, polished manners, and witty conversation procured him entrance to the best company; but the desire for literary renown had the mastery at the start. His first work was 'Incognita,' a novel of no particular value, published under the name of "Cleophil." In 1693 he wrote 'The Old Bachelor,' a comedy; it was brought out with a phenomenal cast. Under the supervision of Dryden, who generously admired the author, it achieved triumph; and Montagu, then Lord of the Treasury, gave him a desirable place (commissioner for licensing hackney-coaches) and the reversion of another. The plot is not interesting, but the play is celebrated for its witty and eloquent dialogue, which even Sheridan did not surpass; it has a lightness which nothing that preceded it had equaled. The characters are not very original, yet it has variety and diverting action.

Returning now to his rival ambition, that of achieving social success, Congreve pretended that he had merely "scribbled a few scenes for his own amusement," and had yielded unwillingly to his friends' desire to try his fortune on the stage. But in 1694 he brought out his second play, 'The Double Dealer.' It was not a favorite, though in it all the powers which made a success of 'The Old Bachelor' were present, mellowed and improved by time. The dialogue is light and natural; but the grim and offensive characters of Maskwell and Lady Touchwood disgusted even an audience of the seventeenth century. Dryden, however, wrote a most ingenious piece of commendatory verse for the play; gradually the public came to his way of thinking; and when, the next year, 'Love for Love' appeared, it was said that "scarcely any comedy within the memory of the oldest man had been equally successful." This play was the triumph of his art; and it won Congreve a share in the theater in which it was played — the new theater which Betterton and others had opened near Lincoln's Inn. Jeremy, the gentleman's gentleman, is delightfully witty — he has "the seeds of rhetoric and logic in his head" — and Valentine's mock madness is amusing; but as Sir Sampson remarks of him, "Body o' me, he talks sensibly in his madness! has he no intervals?" Jeremy replies, "Very short, sir."

In about two years Congreve produced 'The Mourning Bride,' a tragedy

which was over-lauded, but stands high among the dramas of the century. It ranks with Otway's 'Venice Preserved' and 'The Fair Penitent.' A noble passage describing the temple, in Act ii, Scene 3, was extolled by Johnson. The play was successful, and is more celebrated than some far better plays. But Congreve was unequal to a really great flight of passion; tragedy was out of his range; though he was now hailed, at the age of twenty-seven, as the first tragic as well as the first comic dramatist of his time.

Now, however, a reformer arose who was destined to make his mark on the English drama. The depravation of the national taste which had made the success of Congreve, Wycherley, Farquhar, and others, was the result of a reaction against the Puritan strictness under the Commonwealth. Profligacy was the badge of a Cavalier, and Congreve's heroes exactly reproduced the superficial fine gentleman of a time when to be a man of good breeding it was necessary to make love to one's neighbor's wife, even without preference or passion. In the plays of this period nearly all the husbands are prim, precise, and uncomfortable, while the lovers are without exception delightful fellows. The Puritan writers regarded an affair of gallantry as a criminal offense; the poet of this period made it an elegant distinction.

Jeremy Collier came to change all this. He was a clergyman and a high-churchman, fanatical in the cause of decency. In 1698 he published his 'Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage,' and threw the whole literary world into convulsions. He attacked Congreve, among others, somewhat injudiciously, not only for his sins against decency but for some unreal transgressions; and he had at his command all the weapons of ridicule and indignation. The country sided with the eloquent preacher, but waited for some champion—Dryden presumably—to pick up the gauntlet. Dryden however declined, acknowledging later that Collier was in the right. Congreve stepped in "where angels feared to tread," and succeeded in putting himself entirely in the wrong. His reply was dull, and he was unwise enough to show anger. Collier's cause remained in the ascendant, and with the younger race of poets who now came forward a reform began.

In 1700 Congreve wrote one more play, 'The Way of the World,' the most brilliant and thoughtful of his works. Lady Wishfort's character is perhaps too repulsive for comedy, though the reader, carried on by the ease and wit of the dialogue, will accept her. Mirabell's brilliant chase and winning of Millamant; the diverting character of Witwoud, an incarnation of feeble repartee; and the love scene in Act v, Scene 5, in which both lady and gentleman are anxious and willing to be free and tolerant, are original and amusing studies. But whether it was the influence of his defeat by Collier or not, this play, the best comedy written after the Civil War, failed on the stage.

Congreve produced nothing more of consequence, though he lived for twenty-eight years in the most brilliant society that London afforded; he suffered from gout and from failing eyesight, and by way of consolation con-

tracted a curious friendship with the Duchess of Marlborough, widow of the great Marlborough, with whom he passed a part of every day. In the summer of 1728 he met with an accident while driving, and died from the effects of it in January 1729. The Duchess buried him with pomp; he lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Congreve was held in the highest esteem by his fellow writers, and Pope dedicated to him his translation of the *Iliad*. Yet he would not hear his literary works praised, and always declared that they were trifles. When Voltaire during his visit to England desired to see him, Congreve asked that he would "consider him merely as a gentleman." "If you were merely a gentleman," said Voltaire, "I should not care to see you."

MRS. FORESIGHT AND MRS. FRAIL COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING

From 'Love for Love'

Scene:—A Room in the Foresight House. Enter Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail

MRS. FRAIL. What have you to do to watch me? 'Slife, I'll do what I please.

Mrs. Foresight. You will?

Mrs. Frail. Yes, marry, will I. A great piece of business, to go to Covent Garden Square in a hackney-coach and take a turn with one's friend!

Mrs. Foresight. Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Mrs. Frail. Well, what if I took twenty? I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation. Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. Foresight. But can't you converse at home? I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent; but the place is public, and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous; what if anybody else should have seen you alight, as I did? How can anybody be happy, while they're in perpetual fear of being seen and censured? Besides, it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but me.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, here's a clutter! Why should it reflect upon you? I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now. If I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring Garden, or Barn Elms, with a man alone, something might have been said.

Mrs. Foresight. Why, was I ever in any of those places? what do you mean, sister?

Mrs. Frail. "Was I?" What do you mean?

Mrs. Foresight. You have been at a worse place.

Mrs. Frail. I at a worse place, and with a man!

Mrs. Foresight. I suppose you would not go alone to the World's-End.

Mrs. Frail. The world's end! what, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. Foresight. Poor innocent, you don't know that there's a place called the World's-End. I'll swear you can keep your countenance purely, you'd make an admirable player.

Mrs. Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs. Foresight. Very well; that will appear who has most. You never were at the World's-End?

Mrs. Frail. No.

Mrs. Foresight. You deny it positively to my face?

Mrs. Frail. Your face! what's your face?

Mrs. Foresight. No matter for that; it's as good a face as yours.

Mrs. Frail. Not by a dozen years' wearing. But I do deny it positively to your face, then.

Mrs. Foresight. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face, for I'll swear your impudence has put me out of countenance; but look you here now — where did you lose this gold bodkin? O sister, sister!

Mrs. Frail. My bodkin?

Mrs. Foresight. Nay, 'tis yours; look at it.

Mrs. Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin? O sister, sister! — sister every way.

Mrs. Foresight [*aside*]. Oh, devil on't, that I could not discover her without betraying myself!

Mrs. Frail. I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lay open one's self.

Mrs. Foresight. It's very true, sister; well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels — take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Mrs. Frail. With all my heart: ours are but slight flesh wounds, and if we keep 'em from air, not at all dangerous: well, give me your hand in token of sisterly secrecy and affection.

Mrs. Foresight. Here 'tis, with all my heart.

Mrs. Frail. Well, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have. To tell truth, and speak openly one to another, I'm afraid the world have observed us more than we have observed one another. You have a rich husband and are provided for; I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son that is expected tonight, and by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjuror; the estate, you know, is to

be made over to him: — now if I could wheedle him, sister, ha? you understand me?

Mrs. Foresight. I do, and will help you to the utmost of my power. And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward daughter-in-law, who you know is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle; now if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

ANGELICA'S PROPOSAL

From 'Love for Love'

Scene: — A Room in the Foresight House. Enter Angelica and Jenny

ANGELICA. Where is Sir Sampson? did you not tell me he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Angelica. How! I'm glad on't. If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jenny. I hear him, madam.

Angelica. Leave me; and d'ye hear, if Valentine should come or send, I am not to be spoken with. [Exit Jenny.]

[Enter Sir Sampson]

Sir Sampson. I have not been honored with the commands of a fair lady a great while: — odd, madam, you have revived me! — not since I was five-and-thirty.

Angelica. Why, you have no great reason to complain, Sir Sampson; that is not long ago.

Sir Sampson. Zooks, but it is, madam; a very great while, to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

Angelica. You're an absolute courtier, Sir Sampson.

Sir Sampson. Not at all, madam; odsbud, you wrong me; I am not so old, neither, to be a bare courtier; only a man of words: odd, I have warm blood about me yet, and can serve a lady any way. Come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth, you do! Come, don't despise fifty; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age.

Angelica. Fifty a contemptible age! not at all; a very fashionable age, I think. I assure you, I know very considerable beaux that set a good face upon fifty. Fifty! I have seen fifty in a side-box, by candle-light, outblossom five-and-twenty.

Sir Sampson. Outsides, outsides; a pize take 'em, mere outsides! hang your side-box beaux! No, I'm none of those, none of your forced trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud when they should bring forth fruit; I am of a long-lived race; . . . none of my ancestors married till fifty; . . . I am of your patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away. Well, madam, what are your commands? has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat? or —

Angelica. No, Sir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands. I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir Sampson. Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should! — [*Aside.*] Odd, would she would like me, then I should hamper my young rogues: odd, would she would; faith and troth, she's devilish handsome! [*Aloud.*] Madam, you deserve a good husband, and 'twere pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging! that is, a very young fellow. Pize on 'em! they never think beforehand of anything; and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder — out of a frolic, and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hanged by the law, the next morning: odso, have a care, madam.

Angelica. Therefore I ask your advice, Sir Sampson. I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like, if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense; . . . for I would neither have an absolute wit nor a fool.

Sir Sampson. Odd, you are hard to please, madam; to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But faith and troth, you speak very discreetly; for I hate both a wit and a fool.

Angelica. She that marries a fool, Sir Sampson, forfeits the reputation of her honesty or understanding: and she that marries a very witty man is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover, because I would have such a one in my power; but I would no more be his wife than his enemy. For his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion than his jealousy is of his love.

Sir Sampson. None of old Foresight's Sibyls ever uttered such a truth. Odsbud, you have won my heart! I hate a wit; I had a son that was spoiled among 'em; a good hopeful lad, till he learned to be a wit; and might have risen in the State. But a pox on't! his wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Angelica. Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir Sampson. How, madam? would I could prove it!

Angelica. I can tell you how that may be done. But it is a thing that would make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

Sir Sampson [*aside*]. Odsbud, I believe she likes *me*! [*Aloud.*] Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet: and I wish, madam, they were in a better posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty and merit. — If I had Peru in one hand, and Mexico in t'other, and the Eastern Empire under my feet, it would make me only a more glorious victim to be offered at the shrine of your beauty.

Angelica. Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter?

Sir Sampson. Odd, madam, I love you! and if you would take my advice in a husband —

Angelica. Hold, hold, Sir Sampson! I asked your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent. I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about Valentine: for if a match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me; for you know he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir Sampson. Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance! if we were to go through with it. But why must the match only be seemingly carried on? Odd, let it be a real contract.

Angelica. Oh fy, Sir Sampson! what would the world say?

Sir Sampson. Say! they would say you were a wise woman and I a happy man. Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live, and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Angelica. Ay; but that is not in your power, Sir Sampson; for when Valentine confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir Sampson. Odd, you're cunning, a wary baggage! faith and troth, I like you the better. But I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favor of myself. Body o' me, I have a trick to turn the settlement! . . .

Angelica. Will you? Well, do you find the estate, and leave the other to me.

Sir Sampson. O rogue! but I'll trust you. And will you consent? is it a match, then?

Angelica. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir Sampson. With all my heart: come in with me and I'll lend you the bond. You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson. Odzooks, I'm a young man: odzooks, I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear. Odd, you're devilish handsome: faith and troth, you're very handsome; and I am very young, and very lusty! Odsbud, hussy, you know how to choose, and so do I; odd, I think we are very well met. Give me your hand — odd, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft — as what? — Odd, as t'other hand; give me t'other hand, and I'll mumble 'em and kiss 'em till they melt in my mouth.

Angelica. Hold, Sir Sampson: you're profuse of your vigor before your time: you'll spend your estate before you come to it.

Sir Sampson. No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my possessions — ha! baggage! . . . Odd, Sampson's a very good name for an able fellow: your Sampsons were strong dogs from the beginning.

Angelica. Have a care, and don't overact your part. If you remember, Sampson, the strongest of the name, pulled an old house over his head at last!

ALMERIA IN THE MAUSOLEUM

From 'The Mourning Bride'

[*Enter Almeria and Leonora*]

ALMERIA. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.

Leonora. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Almeria. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind

Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.

We'll listen.

Leonora. Hark!

Almeria. No, all is hushed and still as death. — 'Tis dreadful!

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,

Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,

To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,

By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,

Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe

And terror on my aching sight; the tombs

And monumental caves of death look cold,

And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;

Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear

Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leonora. Let us return; the horror of this place,

And silence, will increase your melancholy.

Almeria. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.

No, I will on: show me Anselmo's tomb;

Lead me o'er bones and skulls and moldering earth

Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them:

Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse

Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride

Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought

Exerts my spirits; and my present fears

Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show me,
 Lead me, for I am bolder grown; lead on
 Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
 To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.
Leonora. I go; but Heaven can tell with what regret.

*The Scene opening discovers a place of tombs; one monument fronting the
 view greater than the rest*

[*Enter Heli*]

Heli. I wander through this maze of monuments,
 Yet cannot find him. — Hark! 'tis the voice
 Of one complaining. — There it sounds: I'll follow it. [Exit.]

Leonora. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
 The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
 Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms!
 What do I see? O Heaven! either my eyes
 Are false, or still the marble door remains
 Unclosed: the iron gates that lead to death
 Beneath, are still wide-stretched upon their hinge,
 And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Almeria. Sure, 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
 And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
 Invites me to the bed where I alone
 Shall rest; shows me the grave, where nature, weary
 And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
 May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
 Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
 Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
 To his cold clayey breast: my father then
 Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
 Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
 My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
 And range the starry orbs, and milky ways,
 Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
 In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
 To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!
 O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo:
 Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
 To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso:
 O Alphonso!

[*Osmyn ascends from the tomb.*]

Osmyn. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Almeria. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osmyn. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up Alphonso?

Almeria. Mercy! Providence! O speak!

Speak to it quickly, quickly! speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes!

Osmyn. Amazement and illusion!

Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers; [Coming forward.]

That motionless I may be still deceived.

Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve

That tender lovely form of painted air,

So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;

I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.

'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!

Nor dead nor shade, but breathing and alive!

It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!



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